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LAPLAND AND THE LAPPS.

WHILE the tide of human migration was flowing from Asia into Europe, extending its course further and further westward and northward, one wave obliterated the traces of the other as they followed each other in rapid succession; and when at length the fountain source was dammed up, and the influx subsided, and the light of history gradually dawned upon the nations of Europe settled in the localities which they now inhabit, but few vestiges remained to tell of the first wave that had broken over the various countries. As civilisation has advanced, these vestiges of the earliest occupants of the lands

have become more and more overlaid, and even in those countries where the original race is considered as having continued to occupy the soil, its characteristics have been so much changed, that its past cannot be read by the light of its present. On one point of Europe only, waves of the first human flood are still coursing over the land, offering to the philosophical observer an opportunity of becoming acquainted with society in its most ancient and primitive form. This point is the northernmost tract of the Scandinavian peninsula, where a nomadic race, seemingly the first that ever occupied the soil, still roves in unimproved simplicity among the forests and the fells.

At what period the Gothic-Germanic race, which now inhabits Norway and Sweden, first entered those countries, still remains an unanswered question, as far as indubitable historic evidence is concerned; but whatever may have been the time at which the immigration took place, the archaeological monuments of the countries, and the traditions of the people, leave no doubt as to their having, on their arrival, found the country inhabited by another race, with whom they had to sustain a long and severe struggle for supremacy. These older occupants of the hyperborean north, were in all probability the Finns, a race still spread over part of north-eastern Europe and northern Asia, and whose name occurs for the first time in the *Annals* of Tacitus, who describes them as a poor and savage race, living by the chase alone, roaming about without settled homes, clad in the skins of wild animals, having no shelter but the trees of the forest, and making the bare earth their bed. But Tacitus spoke of the Finns of more southern countries; whether those of Scandinavia were in an equally barbarous state at the time of the arrival of the Gothic tribes, it is not possible to determine; but if the conflicts between the gods or Asar, and the Jotuns, Svartalfer, and other beings mentioned in Scandinavian myths and traditions, do indeed represent the struggles of the Goths with the earlier inhabitants of the country, it may be inferred from these, that there were varieties among the Finnish tribes; for while some of the opponents of the Asar are represented as powerful giants, others are described as contemptible dwarfs, dangerous only through their wiles and cunning.

However this may have been, when Scandinavia, in the ninth century of our era, first emerges into the dawning light of history, we find only scattered remnants of a Finnish occupation in the more southern divisions of the country; while in the north, from Halagoland, in Norway, extending eastward to the White Sea, and as far south on this side as Halagoland on the other, the whole of the country was still occupied by them, and bore in consequence the name of Finmark, or Land of the Finns, now applied to Norwegian Lapland only. From the early accounts of this ancient Finmark, given to King Alfred of England by two Norsemen, Ottar and Ulfsten, who had visited the country to levy tribute, it appears that the Finnish tribes on the Norwegian coast were

then a pastoral people, and also supported themselves by fishing; whereas the more eastern tribes were greatly in advance of these, and practised agriculture and other arts. In the history of the heathen north, the Finns subsequently appear under the various denominations of Biarmer, Carelians, Esthonians, Quæna, Kures, Trefinns or Terfinns, and Skridfinnar, the latter being converted by the monkish chroniclers of the middle ages into Scretæfænnæ, Scritifinni, Scricfinni, and several other modifications or corruptions of the Scandinavian name *Skridfinnar*, derived from the snow-skates (*Skridsko*) in use among them, and probably applied to the particular tribes who bore it to distinguish them from the eastern and south-eastern Finns, who seem not to have made use of these skates, although the nature of the country and climate they inhabited made these contrivances equally desirable.

It is with the Skridfinnar alone—supposed to be the branch of the Finnish family now bearing the name of Lapps—that we are concerned. This name of Lapp, which even at the present time is not recognised by the people themselves, does not appear in history before the end of the twelfth century, and its origin is enveloped in much obscurity; some deriving it from the Finnish word *Lappu*, signifying limit, extremity, and supposing it to have been applied to the Lapps because of their being a frontier tribe: others suggesting that it may be derived from *Lappu*, a word in the Lappic language denoting a mountain cleft or cavern, such having, in all probability, been the first habitations of the Lapps.* That the name originated with the eastern Finns, may be concluded from the fact, that it was not known in Scandinavia until the period mentioned above, when the conquests of St Eric brought the Swedes into contact with the Finns of Finland. *Sameh* is the name which the Lapps give themselves; and as even to this day they look upon the appellation of Lapp as an insult, it may very likely have been given to them in contempt by the kindred tribes, who, proud of their higher standing-point in the scale of civilisation, would not deign to confer on the savage 'cavern-dwellers' the name of *Sameh*, so closely allied to their own name of *Suomi*; for that the Finns of Finland, or Quæns† as they are sometimes called in the Scandinavian Sagas, and are still called in Norway, had, at the

* There are various other theories about the origin of this name, but their enumeration would hardly interest our readers; and to us none seem so well founded as those named in the text.

† This name of *Qvæn*, so closely resembling the Scandinavian word *Qvinna* or *Qvinde* (woman), led Adam of Bremen, the oldest geographer of the north, into the strange mistake of locating in the north of Scandinavia a country inhabited by a race of Amazons; and to these Amazons, Scandinavian geographers of a later date, with less excuse for their error, applied all that is related by Greek writers of the Amazons of Scythia; until a very recent period, indeed, dreams of this land of Amazons haunted the imaginations of some Swedish scholars. At present, the name of *Qvæn* is used in Norway only to distinguish the industrious and cultivated Finnish or Finland colonists who have settled there, from the Lapps, who, in Norway, bear the name of Finns exclusively. In Sweden, on the contrary, where the Finns proper alone bear this denomination, the name of *Qvæn* has entirely disappeared.

period of their arrival in these regions, attained a higher degree of culture than the Lapps, is proved by their early knowledge of agriculture and of the art of forging iron, and also by the superiority of their language over that of the Lapps, although both have evidently sprung from the same root. The contempt of the Finlanders for the Lapps is indeed so great, that they would fain deny all kindred with them; but etymological evidences are too strong even for national prejudices to upset.

A political history the Lapps cannot be said to have. In their social history, the first great marking epoch was, probably, their transition from the state of hunters to that of pastorals, which had very likely taken place not above a century or a century and a half before the visit of Ulfsten and Ottar; for these travellers mention, among the riches of the people, not only flocks of tame reindeer, but also a certain number of these animals used as decoys to catch the wild ones; and this circumstance seems to indicate that the tame deer cannot have been long enough in that state to increase their numbers manifold. Another such marking epoch in the social condition of the Laplanders has not since then occurred; for now, as then, they lead a nomadic life, subsisting on the flesh and milk of their reindeer herds, and sometimes also by fishing.

The territories at present comprised under the name of Lapland, extend over an area of about 120,000 square miles, and are divided between Norway, Sweden, and Russia. The mountains of Lapland form part of the Kjölen range, which extends like a backbone among Sweden and Norway from north to south, and in this northern part of the peninsula, runs very near the Norwegian coast. On the Norwegian side, the mountains rise so abruptly from the sea, which forms innumerable indentures among their rocky walls, that a very few miles inland, they already attain a height of from 2000 to 2500 feet; the highest, the Sulitelma, in 67° 10' north latitude, being 6000 feet above the level of the sea; but on the Swedish side the descent is much less rapid. Here the mountains, at a distance of twenty miles from the highest ridge, have already dwindled into hills; and the further you proceed eastward, the more the country falls, until it forms almost a level plain of twenty or thirty miles in width along the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. The valleys between the hills are in many instances several miles in breadth; but the greater number are occupied by vast alpine lakes, some of which are from thirty to sixty miles long, and from three to five, and even ten miles broad. These lakes, together with the numerous *elvers* or rivers that intersect the country in all directions—the larger ones springing from the chief mountain-range, their tributaries issuing, on the contrary, from the side-branches, which run almost at right angles with the former—are of immense importance in a country which possesses few or no regular roads, and where, in addition to these waterways, communication is chiefly facilitated by the snow, which, for eight months in the year, covers mountain, plain, and valley. The

highest ridges of the Kjölen mountains are barren of vegetation, the region of eternal snow commencing at 2500 feet above the level of the sea; lower down, the mountains are, in some places, covered with stunted birches and the most hardy kinds of pine-trees. The forests in the more level regions consist chiefly of birch, fir, pine, alder, and aspen. The soil in the plains along the Gulf of Bothnia is more fertile than in the other parts of Swedish Lapland, and particularly near the river Tornea and the Russian frontier, where the country assumes quite a smiling aspect, being covered with fine forests, intersected by large grassy tracts, and even cornfields—rye growing as far as 66° north latitude, and oats, barley, and potatoes as far as 65°. In Norwegian Lapland, also, patches of cultivated land sometimes cheer the eye, wearied with the monotonous grandeur of barren mountains and silent fjords; but in either country, these rare tracts, giving evidence of the industrious hand of man, bear no proportion to the trackless forests, the immeasurable swamps, and stony hills and valleys, that cover these wide-spread regions.

Russian Lapland presents a different aspect. This is an extensive and sandy plain, on which rise here and there a few isolated hills. Large forests in some parts cover the plain, while in others, it offers to the eye nothing but sandy wastes; but around the numerous lakes, and on the banks of the rivers, the soil brings forth a rich crop of grass, and cultivation has been tried with so much success, that in Kemi Lappmark, for instance, the nomadic Lapps have quite disappeared, and have been succeeded by industrious agricultural Finns. Russian Lapland is separated from Swedish Lapland by the rivers Muonio and Tornea, and from Finmark or Norwegian Lapland by the Tana-Elf; but the boundary-line between Sweden and Norway runs along the summit of the Kjölen mountain-range, and is marked with marvellous accuracy and care. But although the Lapps may thank these political boundary-lines for exemption from being taxed by two governments,* they by no means respect them when their own convenience is concerned; and, indeed, should a limit be put to their annual migrations backwards and forwards between the two countries, their utter ruin would probably soon ensue; for however hardy the reindeer moss, there are, nevertheless, regions which it particularly affects, and asperities of climate to which it succumbs; and the reindeer itself, far more delicate than the plant on which it feeds, requires certain changes of climate at various periods of the year. Now, nowhere does the reindeer moss grow more willingly and more luxuriantly than between the line which forms the limit of the fir-trees and the highest birch region—that is, about 300 feet perpendicular height; but, as we have seen, the mountains of Norway ascend so abruptly that they very soon rise above these lines: in consequence, the reindeer moss finds but a comparatively very small area within the favourite

* The nomades are considered to belong to the country in which they have their winter-stations.

region whereon to spread, and Norway could not, therefore, support a population of pastoral Lapps throughout the year; for the well-being of the reindeer is the condition for the wellbeing, and, indeed, of the existence, of the nomadic Lapp. In Sweden, on the other hand, the land swells so gently from the east, that many miles intervene between the limits of the fir and the highest region of the birch, and the moss, therefore, here covers uninterrupted areas of immense extent, and affords pasture for innumerable herds of deer. But, on the other side, the woodless mountain-slopes in Sweden are in most places not high enough, and the air not cold enough, to afford the animals in summer a refuge against their pitiless tormentors—the gnats and other insects; and they would pine and perish, could they not be driven, during the hottest months of the year, into the snow-regions of the Norwegian mountains.

The climate of Lapland is very severe, the country being covered with snow in some parts during three-fourths, and in others during two-thirds of the year, the frost being most intense between November and March. During the summer months, on the contrary, the heat is almost insupportable, and is rendered still more so by the length of the days, the sun being in the most southern districts above the horizon nineteen or twenty hours, and in the more northern, several weeks. The indigenous animals are, besides the reindeer, bears—which are now, however, becoming rare—wolves, wolverines, lynxes, foxes, hares, martens, otters, and squirrels. Least in size, though frequently most formidable by their numbers, are the lemmings, a kind of mountain-mice, that live upon grass, reindeer moss, and the catkins of the dwarf-birch (*Betula nana*), which grows on the high mountain-ridges beyond the regular forest region. For some reason, which has never, we believe, been discovered, these little animals, at intervals of ten, or twenty, or more years, descend in countless swarms from the Kjölen mountains, where they have their homes, and marching in serried ranks, move onward in a direct line, never deviating to the right or to the left, surmounting all obstacles, swimming across rivers and lakes, climbing over houses, eating their way through hayricks and corn-stacks, until, having traversed Finmark on the one side, or Swedish Lapland on the other, they end their lives in the Western Ocean or in the Gulf of Bothnia, leaving, however, desolation behind them, for they devour every green thing along their path. The birds most common in Lapland are capercailzie, ptarmigan, woodcocks, and a variety of aquatic birds; and also eagles and falcons.

The Lapps may be divided into nomades and non-nomades, the Fisher Lapps constituting the latter class, to which belong by far the greater number of the Norwegian and all the Russian Lapps. It is, however, only in their mode of life that there is any difference; for in personal appearance, in social habits, in national costume and character, they are all alike. They are short of stature, have a swarthy complexion, short black hair, a wide mouth, high cheek-

bones, a pointed chin, and eyes weak and watery—a fault attributed to exposure to constant smoke in their tents, and to the glare of the snow, which, during so great a part of the year covers every object that surrounds them. Otherwise, they are a vigorous race, capable of enduring much hardship, and undergoing great bodily fatigue, the women being no less hardy than the men. The nomadic Lapps may again be divided into Fjell-Lapps, or Mountain Lapps, and Forest Lapps, there being some slight differences in their mode of life. Although fjell is in Swedish the generic name for mountains, in Lapland, the word is especially applied to the high mountain regions beyond the boundary-line of the forest region, and here it is that the Fjell-Lapps principally roam with their herds, and hence they have acquired their name. In spring and in autumn, their haunts are upon the lateral mountain-ridges in Swedish Lapland, which run from west to east, and where their chief stations or autumn stations, called in their own language *fjaktja-saje*, are established on the skirts of the wooded region. The features which mark these stations are, a *njalla*, or small store-room, formed of raw logs, rudely put together, and raised upon a pole firmly planted in the ground, to protect its contents against the ravenous attacks of rats and mice, and of the wolverine or glutton, whose sharp teeth and claws would soon demolish the wooden walls and roof of the safe, were it not for the perpendicular pole, which it cannot climb. In this place of safety, the Lapp, on leaving the station towards the approach of winter, stores the provisions which he may require when he returns in spring; for at this period of the year he never slaughters a deer, the animals being then in a poor condition, and their skins worthless, owing to the punctures in them caused by the escape of a little insect, which, having been deposited in autumn under the skin of the deer in the form of eggs, makes its way out in spring, leaving the animal's hide perforated with innumerable little holes. At the side of the *njalla* there is generally a shed, open at the sides, under which the Lapp hangs his clothes to dry, and also fish and meat; and here also the sledges and other things used only in winter, are stowed away during the summer. Such are the only stationary homesteads possessed by the Mountain Lapps; their dwelling-house is the tent, which they carry about with them wherever they roam.

The tent of the Mountain Lapp, like that of all other Lapps, is formed of boughs of trees, planted in a circle in the ground, and made to meet at the top. Around these sticks is wrapped a long strip of coarse kersey, the folds overlapping each other; sometimes, also, they are covered with reindeer hides. At the top, the sticks protrude beyond the covering, and an opening is thus afforded for the escape of the smoke when a fire is lighted in the tent; while at the bottom, the covering cloth is allowed to trail on the ground, in order the more efficiently to prevent the wind from penetrating into the interior. On the side from which the wind comes, a

second covering is frequently added, and the opening for the door is always left at the opposite side. The door itself is formed of a piece of kersey, stretched on a frame of sticks of a pyramidal shape, which is fastened to the tent by a leather thong, fixed at the apex of the pyramid. The doorway is frequently so low as to oblige persons seeking ingress or egress to crawl upon all-fours, the great object being to prevent a draught, that would increase the smoke which always prevails in the tents. The ground within the tent is strewn with brushwood, covered over with reindeer hides, which serve as seats in the daytime, and as beds at night, the wealthier among the Lapps having also sheep-skins for coverings. In the middle of the floor, immediately below the opening in the top of the tent, a space is left clear for the hearth, which is formed of several large stones; and above this, suspended from a horizontal pole, hangs the caldron in which the family meals are cooked. This caldron, a few wooden bowls, and some horn-spoons, constitute all the household furniture of the Mountain Lapp, unless we reckon among this the child's cradle, scooped out of the trunk of a young tree, and suspended from a pole in the tent, when the family are at home, but fastened with cords to the mother's back when they are travelling.

The tents are frequently not more than eight feet in diameter, yet are inhabited by families consisting sometimes of many members; together with a number of dogs, their faithful allies in keeping their herds together, and in protecting them from the wolfs or *dudder-dadscha*—lords of the mountain—as these voracious animals are called in the language of the people. The Lapps have, indeed, a most wonderful capacity for packing themselves up into the smallest space possible; but, on the other hand, the whole family is seldom gathered together at one and the same time under the protecting folds of the tent, for men and women, girls and boys, must take it by turns to watch the herds, each being accompanied by a certain number of the dogs belonging to him or her in particular. These dogs, which bear a great resemblance to a fox, are small, but very intelligent, and are invaluable to the Lapps, who often exchange one of their very best reindeers, or sometimes even two, for such a dog.

However repulsive may be the interior of a Mountain Lapp's tent when a number of human beings, in skin pelisses reeking with moisture and grease, are huddled together round a steaming caldron, helping themselves from the same dish as best they may, while a number of dogs are partaking of their meal after very much the same fashion; or when men, women, children, and animals lie stretched out for their night's rest within the same confined space; there are, nevertheless, moments in the daily life of these people that afford a very attractive and poetic picture. This is towards evening, when the herd is being gathered together round the tent to be milked. On all the hillsides far and near, deer are then seen in motion. The busy dogs run barking among

them, bringing in the stragglers, urging on those that stop to browse, driving the great mass nearer and nearer. What beauty in the movements of the nimble, light-footed animals, with their large and stately antlers! Not a footfall is heard as they speed along, only that peculiar crackling in their knee-joints which has been compared to the noise of electric sparks. And when the whole flock, 400 or 500, or more, have arrived round the tent, what variety of attitude!—some lying down; others standing with uplifted head, as if listening for a distant sound; others, again, browsing, or making a trial of strength with antlers interlaced, or running from group to group with playful mien; while some, caught by a rope woven of rushes, thrown round their antlers, are being dragged by the young men to the women who are to milk them, the entire family being assembled on the spot to take part in this most important business; and the whole presenting a picture of patriarchal life very pleasing to behold, particularly if the tent be pitched in one of those wildly picturesque spots in which the mountains of Norway and Sweden abound.

Each reindeer-cow, or *vaja*, has its particular name, which it answers to when called, and also its particular physiognomy, it would seem, as among the many hundreds of which a herd consists, each is known by its name. The milking of the deer, which is always performed by the women, is a slow business, as the reindeer has but two teats, and the milkmaid operates upon these with one hand only, while in the other she holds the little wooden bowl which serves as milkpail, and which, when full, is emptied out into a bladder fixed in her bosom in the folds of her tunic. Such, at least, is the custom among the Mountain Lapps; but the Forest Lapps, who are generally more wealthy, suspend a copper caldron from a tree in the neighbourhood of the milking-place, and into this the contents of the small wooden bowls are emptied. The reindeer-cow gives but little milk in proportion to its size, a quart a day being the utmost; but what is wanting in quantity is made up by the richness of its quality, which is more like cream than milk. In some places, the Lapps churn butter of the milk; but the butter is quite white and hard like tallow, the milk being much better suited for making cheese, for which, indeed, it is mostly used, the caseous element in it being from six to ten times greater than in cow-milk. The Lapps form their cheeses in round baskets made of rushes, and the Forest Lapps dry them on shelves under a shed erected for the purpose; but the Mountain Lapps, who have no fixed summer station, and, consequently, no sheds, place them on narrow shelves fixed in a frame, in the manner of a venetian blind. This frame they place near the opening at the top of the tent, immediately above the hearth, that the cheeses may be exposed to the joint action of the smoke and the air. Nevertheless, they dry very slowly, and they get a very grimy appearance; but the smoke preserves them from mildew and from turning acid.

Cheese-making days are days of good cheer in a Lappic tent,

for as much curds and whey as will suffice for one meal for the family is always left in the caldron, in which the rennet and milk have been mixed; and being boiled with a little addition of water, the cheesy substance is distributed among the members of the family, the whey being the portion of the dogs. Cheese is a favourite food among the people; but being easier of transport than reindeer meat, on which they chiefly subsist, it is generally put by to be used as travelling provisions; and, in consequence, travelling provisions (*fælmæt*) have among them come to be synonymous with titbit. Cheese is made only in summer, and more particularly in the months of July and August; for, up to July, it is usual to allow the calves to suck.* In September and October, the reindeer-cows already begin to go dry; and all the milk which they then give, and which is not immediately consumed by the family, is put by in small kegs in the store-room at the autumn station, whither the nomades have returned by this time. Sometimes, also, it is mixed with various berries which the country produces, and kept over winter to be eaten in spring. The very small quantity of milk that can still be obtained from the deer at the end of October and November, is allowed to freeze into cakes, and being considered a great delicacy, is reserved for company; for the Lapps, in general, never allow a guest to leave their tent without partaking of their cheer.

Immediately after midsummer, the Mountain Lapp breaks up from his temporary home on the skirts of the forest region, and moves upwards into the higher mountain tracts, and westward into Norway, to escape from the heat and the gnats. Here he remains during the whole of July and part of August. Towards the close of this last month, he begins again to move eastward, but in shorter day-journeys, and sometimes halting for longer or shorter periods on the road. In September, he is back again at his autumn station; and if the country be free from wolves, now allows his deer to roam at liberty, well knowing that the instincts of the animals will keep them in the familiar tract. The freedom thus allowed the animals has a beneficial influence on their condition; and by the beginning of October, the time for slaughtering, when the herds are again gathered together, they have grown fat, and are in excellent condition. At the autumn station, the Mountain Lapp remains until about the middle of November, when the lakes are frozen, and may be easily crossed on the ice; and he then proceeds down into the shelter of the woods, and moves further and further eastwards, sometimes to the very shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. But in April, while the lakes are still frozen, he again wends his steps westward, and in the beginning of May he is back at his autumn station, having completed his annual series of migrations.

Such is the life of the Mountain Lapps, whose sole occupation is the tending of their reindeer flocks, on which they are entirely

* When the calves are to be weaned, the teats of the mother are rubbed with dung, which is washed off each time she is to be milked.

dependent for subsistence; for although—if there be a lake in the neighbourhood of their stations—they do sometimes fish a little, they do not practise fishing as a regular subsidiary means of livelihood, nor do they follow the chase as such, for the only game which is found high up among the mountains is the *Snee-Rypor* (mountain-ptarmigan), and even these they rarely attempt to catch. But this life, though so monotonous, and seemingly so easy, is one of excessive hardship; for the flocks require constant attendance, and while watching them night and day, the owner is exposed to the excessive rigours of a most trying climate, his poor tent, sheltered by no protecting forests, affording but a sorry refuge against the pitiless storms that visit these regions; while even the comfort of a fire is often denied him, for the only fuel to be had in these high mountain regions is the twigs of the birch-dwarf, and these are not very plentiful, and are mostly so saturated with moisture, that the leaves give only a flame, the twigs emitting nothing but smoke.

The Forest Lapps, though in number inferior to the Mountain Lapps, are in general more wealthy, and lead a much easier life. During the whole summer, the former remain with their herds within the wide-spread forest tracts of the Swedish Lappmarks, moving only within certain prescribed limits, each Lappic family having assigned to it a particular lot, for which it pays tribute. On this lot are erected a number of wooden huts, at distances of a half or quarter of a Swedish mile* from each other, and each having attached to it an enclosure, into which the reindeer are driven when they are to be milked. Side by side with each cabin is also a shed with shelves for drying cheese, and covered sheds for stowing away various things; but a store-room, or *njalla*, for provisions, is in general only found near the chief hut or station.

The history of the yearly migrations of the Forest Lapp we will begin with the spring, when he comes up from the lowlands. As soon as he arrives within the limits of his own pasture-ground, which is about the end of April or the beginning of May, he lets loose all his reindeer, and allows them to roam at liberty until midsummer, or the end of June, during which interval he employs himself in fishing, hunting, or shooting, these occupations being followed by all Forest Lapps, as an additional source of income; and thus the time is turned to double advantage, for the liberty enjoyed by the deer so greatly improves their condition, that the animals belonging to the Forest Lapps are generally much larger than those of the Mountain Lapps. Immediately after midsummer, when the gnats—which are so numerous in the country, that it is believed that the soil is fertilised by their decaying bodies—begin to be troublesome, the gathering of the reindeer commences, and is effected in the following manner. The first step taken is to catch one deer to serve as a decoy. For this purpose, the Lapp resorts to

* There are about five English miles to one Swedish.

some glade in the forest, which, on account of its openness to the wind, is less infested with gnats than other parts, and where, therefore, he knows he will find a number of deer congregated; and having caught one of these by means of a rush-rope noose, which the Lapp uses with the same dexterity as the South American his lasso, he attaches a bell to its neck, and then driving it before him, the others, attracted by the sound of the bell, gradually gather around it. However, the deer thus gathered together in the most cases belong to several owners, for the herds being allowed to roam at liberty, and the various pasture-grounds being unenclosed, the animals cannot, of course, be expected to keep within the limits of their owner's grounds. The next undertaking is therefore to separate the deer of the several proprietors. For this purpose, the owners of two contiguous pasture-grounds meet, and separate from the herds gathered in their respective grounds the deer belonging to themselves, as also to their neighbours on the other side; the one taking, for instance, those belonging to the allotments on the south of his own; the other, those belonging to the allotments on the north of his. Each then proceeds to the northern or southern limit of his grounds, and there meets his neighbour on this side, receiving from him such of his deer as may have been found in his district, or further north or south as the case may be, and delivering over those which belong to the neighbour, or to the stations south or north of his; and so on, until each household has gathered together the whole of its herd, and separated it from those of others. This separating of the deer is a task intrusted to the heads of families only, and is called *rathkam*—that is, searching. Sometimes, also, a number of Lapps will agree to meet on a certain day in a certain locality, with their respective gatherings, to make the necessary exchanges at once, and this is called *quoktelis rathkam*; the preliminary steps taken to fix the day of meeting being called *vadset sahait*—going for news. At the end of two weeks, the gatherings and separations are generally concluded, and each family is again in possession of its own herd, which is then kept together during six weeks, and milked daily. Two or three times a day, besides, the deer are driven into the enclosures near the cabins, to rest and ruminate, fires of wet peat being lighted to drive away the gnats by the smoke. It is this custom of driving the deer so frequently into the enclosures, that has led to the establishment of the several cabins or stations within the pasture-grounds of each individual family of Forest Lapps; for as the deer suffer from fatigue, and it would also occasion much loss of time to drive them into the enclosures from great distances, it has been found more expedient to divide the land into various stations, and to drive the deer from one to another, gradually as the pasturage in each is consumed. If possible, the stations are always located near some lake or rivulet, so that if there be more members in the household than are required to tend the herds, these may improve their time by fishing. In the middle of August, when the heat begins to abate,

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and the nights, in particular, are cool, and the gnats less tormenting, the reindeer are again left to their own devices for another period of six weeks, during which the Forest Lapps avail themselves of their leisure time to fish, to shoot, and to catch birds in snares. About Michaelmas, the herds are again gathered in the manner described above, and then begins the migration towards the lowlands, where the Forest Lapp as well as the Mountain Lapp spends the winter.

The moving of a Lappic tribe with its herd, sometimes numbering several thousand head of deer, affords a curious and beautiful sight, particularly if the road lies along one of the large lakes in which the country abounds, and which, in autumn and winter, when covered with ice and snow, afford the best and easiest road. In front walks a Lapp, leading one deer, that serves as decoy to lure the others on, and pronouncing the peculiar call which the animals are wont to obey; and at a distance of a few steps follows the whole herd *en masse*, generally led on by the largest ox-reins, and looking like a wandering wood, with their fine antlers tossing in the air; while the stately forests, all hoary with snow, stand back, as if gazing in amazement at their dwarfish image moving by. The trampling of the animals' hoofs on the ice, the crackling in their knee-joints, and from time to time the monotonous decoy-song of the Lapp, are the only sounds that disturb the stillness; and there is a look of imposing grandeur in the onward march of the obedient multitude, that may well make the Lapp's heart swell with pride. After the herd, follows the *räido*, or luggage-train—that is, a long string of sledges, each drawn by one deer, but attached the one to the other, and loaded with the tents, the household goods of the tribe, &c., three reindeer being required to draw as much as would make one horse-load. These sledges bear a great resemblance to a boat with a broad flat keel, and rounded sides, and the way in which the reindeer are harnessed to them, is of the most primitive description. In the stem of the boat is a strong loop of cord, twisted of reindeer sinews, and to this is attached a leather thong, that is passed under the stomach of the animal, and fastened to a collar of raw hide, stuffed with hair, which it wears round its neck. The reins are fixed to the animal's head, and are so indifferently obeyed, that the driver is frequently obliged to get out and lead the deer; and it is in order to obviate the tendency of the undisciplined animals to diverge from the beaten track, that it has become customary to fasten a long string of sledges together.

These migrations of the Lapps do not take place without a plan, each family moving this way or that according as caprice may determine. There are, on the contrary, regular rules established among them as to the direction and tracks which each is to follow, and from which they do not willingly deviate, it being of much importance that a greater number of herds should not move along a given track than can find pasturage within easy distance; for,

summer and winter, the reindeer must provide for themselves. In summer, they live principally upon grass and leaves; in winter, exclusively upon the reindeer moss, and the lichens which, in Lapland, cover the trees to a great extent. In proportion to the rest of its body, the reindeer has very large hoofs, which, on the one hand, prevent it from sinking so deep into the snow as would otherwise be the case, and, on the other, enable it to shovel away the snow, which often covers up the moss to a depth of five or six feet. However, as if to provide against the animal's spending its strength to no purpose, nature has endowed it with so true an instinct, that it can discover the existence of moss under the thickest layer of snow, whereas it is said never to make an attempt at shovelling away the snow where there is no moss below. When the snow is very deep, the labour of getting at the moss is, however, so great, that the animals suffer much in consequence, particularly the young ones, which, being weak, are obliged to content themselves with the pickings in the openings laid bare by the older ones, after these have satisfied their hunger; but when a short thaw is followed by hard frost, and a crust of ice is thus formed on the surface of the snow, then is the time of hardest trial for the reindeer, and they die by hundreds from absolute starvation, for there is but one substitute for their ordinary food—namely, the lichens on the trees; but these cannot be had in large quantities, and such years are, therefore, most disastrous for the nomadic Lapp. If, in addition to this misfortune, the wolves infest the country, utter ruin generally ensues for many.

As reindeer-flesh constitutes the chief food of the Lapp, and the skins are an important article of commerce, besides serving the Lapp himself for various purposes, the periods of the year in which the animals are in prime condition have been carefully selected as slaughtering-time, and every male Lapp is early initiated into the mysteries of the butcher's craft—not a very simple one among this people. The animals are first stabbed in the back of the neck, and when thus brought to the ground, again in the heart. When dead, the carcass is skinned, the entrails are taken out and cleaned, and the blood collected in the cavity of the chest is gathered in the paunch. The carcass is then cut up into all the chief parts of which it consists, every joint being dexterously parted with the knife without the assistance of a hatchet; and the meat being carefully separated from the bones, is hung up to dry and freeze. The bones, however, are not thrown away, but, on the contrary, form the best part of the treat which is always given in the tent of the Lapp on slaughtering-days—marrow-bones being considered a great delicacy. The next business is to skin the head and legs of the deer—these parts of the skin being used exclusively for shoes—and to cut the sinews of the legs, and hang them up to dry, to be made use of in future as sewing thread. While the husband is thus occupied, the wife is busy cleansing the entrails, preparing some for bags for the blood-puddings and for the melted kidney-fat, which are to be

preserved for the winter, and cutting up the others to make part of the savoury meal, the cooking of which belongs to the husband's department—the women in Lapland being only privileged to cook the victuals made of milk. When the soup, the entrails, and the marrow-bones are ready, the father of the family conscientiously divides the various delicacies among the members of the household, not forgetting the dogs nor the stranger within his door.

Strangers who have travelled in Lapland, are not much impressed with the hospitality of the Lapps; but this may be owing to the timidity of the people, for among each other they seem sociable, and particularly fond of a little quiet chat. When a visitor enters the tent, he is greeted with the word *puorist*—that is, 'Well! good-day!'—and if he be a friend, he and his host rub the tips of their noses against each other, and repeat in a slower and more impressive tone, *puorist*. To kiss with the nose, as they call it, is as usual among the Lapps as to kiss with the lips is among other European nations; and it is only perfect strangers among their own people that they greet with a shake of the hand, although this is the usual mode of greeting foreigners. The first question is, *Mah sakan*—'What news?' and if the stranger has any to relate, he is listened to with a degree of eager attention often ludicrous in its manifestations. The usual subjects on which information is sought are—Lapps, reindeer, and wolves; where this or that Lapp may be stationed at that particular time; what others have been heard of; how the reindeer pasturage is in this or that locality; but, above all, whether there be 'peace;' that is to say, whether there be no wolves about.

The Forest Lapp stands far above the Mountain Lapp in general culture, and enjoys many more comforts, in consequence of his greater industry and of the more favoured tracts he frequents. The Mountain Lapp, when he comes home to his tent drenched with rain or snow, has in the most cases not even a shed under which he may hang up his clothes to dry, for it is only at his autumn station that he possesses such sheds; and though perishing with cold, he may, as we have seen, not even have a fire in his tent to warm himself by, and he becomes, in consequence, slovenly, and disgustingly filthy in his habits. He seldom changes his habiliments, and as rarely combs his hair or performs bodily ablutions, and he is usually filled with vermin. Although he may be rich, he is frequently exposed to great hardships, and sometimes even to downright starvation, for it may happen, that when in search of some of the stray flock of his herd, he loses his way in the mountains, or is overtaken by a snow-storm, or some other of the numerous casualties which may occur in these wild regions, and is unable to reach his home again for a great many hours. Reindeer-flesh is his principal and sometimes his only food, for many of the Mountain Lapps do not even milk their deer, and they hardly possess the necessary vessels for dairy and culinary purposes. The Forest Lapp, on the contrary, in his

wooden cabin, under the protecting branches of the forest, is as well secured against the inclemencies of the weather as the Swedish peasant in his home, and his meals he may diversify with the produce of his fishing and his shooting, adding, as dessert, a dish of wild-berries and reindeer-milk. In his dress, he is neat and tidy, and in his habits, comparatively cleanly, for he combs his hair and performs daily ablutions, and the vessels and utensils used for domestic purposes, he likewise keeps clean and in nice order; whereas the Mountain Lapp only licks his bowl clean with his tongue or finger, and throws his culinary vessels aside, without any cleansing process whatsoever.

The Fisher Lapps include almost all the Norwegian and the Russian Lapps; in Swedish Lapland, on the contrary, it is only poverty that induces a Lapp to give up the nomadic life, and become a regular fisherman; and even under such circumstances, the love of the roving life in the forest and on the mountain is never extinguished, and should fortune favour him, he would not fail to return to this mode of life. Such favours of fortune are, however, very rare, for the Fisher Lapps of Scandinavia, at least—and it is of these we are chiefly treating—are almost invariably exceedingly poor.*

The dwelling-places of the Norwegian Fisher Lapps in so far differ from the tents and huts of the nomadic Lapps, that they are constructed of earth, and are often larger in size; but the conical shape which characterises the tent of the Mountain and Forest Lapp, also distinguishes the *gamme* of the Fisher Lapp; and on the outside, these mud-cabins, therefore, when covered with snow, bear a strong resemblance to the sepulchral tumuli so common in the Scandinavian countries; the more so as they have neither windows nor chimney, and the door, which is of a peculiar construction, so as always to close of itself, is sometimes difficult to discover. Immediately within the hut is a short and narrow passage, with one door leading into the dwelling-room of the family, and another to the stable—if it so be that the Fisher Lapp, as is generally the case, has been able to add to the comforts of his life by the possession of a cow or a few sheep or goats. The poorer Lapps, who have but one room in their *gamme*, share this with whatever domestic animals they may possess; and the fifth and bad smells which always reign in these dwellings, are then much increased. The internal arrangements in the *gamme* are the same as in the tents; and here also there is an opening in the roof immediately above the hearth, to allow the smoke to escape. In rainy weather, or when it snows, this opening is closed with a screen made of a bladder, and stuck upon a long pole; and on these occasions the smoke, always very troublesome, becomes perfectly intolerable to all but those who, like the Lapps, have been inured to it from infancy. The food of the Fisher Lapps, who do not possess either

* A herd of one hundred deer is considered the very least on which a family can subsist.

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cows, goats, or sheep, consists almost exclusively of fish, and in all cases the cattle also is partially fed on the produce of the sea. From the scorbutic affections which are the usual consequences of a constant fish-diet, but from which the Lapps in Finmarken are singularly exempt, they are supposed to be saved by the constant use of the *rumen acetosella*, which they mix with the milk they drink, and also of the herb *angelica*, which grows throughout Lapland, and is much in use among all the Lapps. Close to his gamme, the Fisher Lapp has a kind of wooden frame, on which he hangs his fish to dry, a shed under which he keeps his fishing-tackle, and a heap of birch-twigs for burning; and further his premises do not extend.

So far as we have hitherto seen them, the Lapps are probably very nearly the same as when they made their first appearance in the history of the north; but they are not now the sole occupants of the wide-spread territories through which they roam, and their contact with the new-comers has introduced some modifications in their condition and character, while the establishment of settled colonies has also, in a great measure, changed the aspect of the country. The plunderings to which the Finns dwelling along the coast of Norway were subjected, during the heathen period, from the Vikings who passed these coasts on their numerous expeditions to Biarmeland—now Russian Lapland—were ultimately superseded by regular levies of tribute, made upon them by powerful lords in the adjoining province of Nordland. At a later period, after Harold the Fairhaired had brought the whole of Norway under the dominion of one supreme ruler, the right to levy the *Finnefærd*, or tribute of the Finns, was vested in the *Lænsmand*, or governor of Nordland, on condition of his paying a certain yearly contribution to the crown. In the year 1305, the town of Bergen obtained a monopoly of trade with Finmark, in which, shortly afterwards, the town of Trondhjem was allowed to participate. From this period dates the establishment of Norwegian colonies in Finmark, for the fisheries on the coast soon attracted numerous immigrants; and in spite of the frequent piratical attacks of the Russians, Finmark became in a short time a very flourishing province. Unwise government interference with the freedom of trade, however, caused various fluctuations in the prosperity of the country, but which, probably, had no influence on the state of the Lapps, except in as far as when the Norwegian population increased in consequence of the flourishing trade, they were gradually driven from the most favourable positions on the coast; and when the Norwegian population decreased in consequence of the decline of this trade, they became exposed to the contaminating influences of the offscourings of Norwegian society, Finmark having been made a place for the deportation of criminals. As subjects of the Norwegian crown, the Lapps have become Christians; but their history in Norway, where their number is now about 4000, differs little from that of the Norwegian fisher population of the province.

The Lapps, as well as the other inhabitants of Finmark, take no part in the great winter-fisheries at Lofoden, but confine themselves to their own coasts, the waters around which, though affording a less abundant harvest, possess this advantage, that fishing may there be carried on all the year round with greater profit; but their want of enterprise, and the inferior tackle and implements they make use of, render the fisheries much less profitable to the natives than to their neighbours the Nordlanders, who, when the spring fishing-season on their own coasts is over, come up here with their craft to fish during the summer and autumn months.

Although the Fisher Lapps, or Finns, of Finmarken, are described by unbiassed observers as a gentle, inoffensive, and rather intelligent race, who, in point of education, religious as well as secular, are quite equal to the lower classes of Norwegians in the same province, they are, nevertheless, held in the greatest contempt by the latter, and still more by the Quæns who have settled here, and who attribute to them every vice. In 1743, a royal edict was issued, to the effect that it was the king's will and desire that the Lapps should be held in the same esteem and consideration as all his other subjects, and should not be looked down upon on account of their origin; yet such are the antipathies of race, that even to this day the term 'respectable people' is used in Finmark in contradistinction to the term Finn, which, the reader will remember, is the name by which the Lapps are known in Norway. Mixed marriages occur very rarely, and when they do take place, they are mostly very unhappy, on account of the contempt to which it exposes both parties, and the terms of opprobrium which, in consequence, they apply to each other. A Norwegian or Quæn woman never marries a Lapp, but a Norwegian man does sometimes marry a Lapp woman.

In Sweden, the progression of events has been very similar to that of Norway; but here a wider field is left for observation of the Lapps in their original nomadic state, and in their connection with the more civilised race; and in the sequel, as in the preceding pages, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to Swedish Lapland.

Long after Lapland was nominally incorporated with Sweden, the Lapps remained as independent as before of the Swedish crown. This independence was, no doubt, chiefly owing to their nomadic state, and to the utter absence of a political constitution among them, which, of course, put subjugation by an armed force out of the question. Neither in the language nor the traditions of the Lapps, are there any vestiges of a kingship, or any other central authority having ever existed among them; for although some historians make mention of Finn kings in the middle ages, on nearer investigation, these seem merely to have been some head of a family, assuming leadership for a temporary purpose; and the chiefs mentioned by Ziegler and Schæffer, as clad in red uniforms, and called kings, were only the chiefs of the Bircarli, whom we shall mention hereafter. *Attje* (father), *Podnje* (old man), and *Kalles*

(self-dependent man), are the names of highest dignity in the Lappic language; and in these we trace the outlines of the constitution of Lappic society—submission to paternal authority, and respect for old age and vigorous manhood. All words denoting authority of a less primitive description are borrowed from the Swedish language. Even the fabulous legends which abound among the people, and which bear the impress of very ancient date, do not turn round any prominent personalities, such as gods or heroes, nor describe conflicts carried on for the common good by tribes or communities of any kind; they merely represent man as in conflict with a being of another order, called *Stallo*, to whom is not, however, attributed gigantic stature or stupendous qualities, but who is described as of somewhat greater size and strength than man—that is, the Lapp—and as particularly fond of human flesh. Being, however, of a stolid, stupid nature, *Stallo* is generally represented as defeated by man, for whom he has laid snares, and whom he intends to eat, escaping from him by stratagem, and catching him in his own traps. *Stallo* is also represented not only as eating human beings, but as occasionally devouring his own kith and kin; and his wife, *Rutakis*, is depicted as a crabbed, snarling old woman.*

* These *Stallo* stories—which, if there be any historical foundation for them, would seem to denote that the Lapps, at one period of their existence, had to struggle against a savage race of cannibals—are of a most primitive character. Here is one:—*Stallo* had set a snare to catch the children of man; but the father discovering this, purposely fixes himself in the snare, and, pretending to be dead, makes himself stiff, to appear as if frozen. When *Stallo* comes and finds him, he exclaims with joyful surprise: 'Ha! ha! the old boy himself has fallen into the snare!' He then carries his prey to his tent, and puts him into a corner to thaw. In the meanwhile, he goes outside to chop some wood. His three sons stand looking at him; he tells the eldest to go into the tent and fetch another hatchet for him. The boy goes in, but comes out again without having found the hatchet, which the Lapp has secreted. *Stallo* then commands his second son to search for it; but he likewise returns without having succeeded. *Stallo* then says to the youngest boy: 'You are always the cleverest; you go and search, and I am sure you will find it.' The boy goes in, but does not find the hatchet; but on coming out again he says to his father, as if in confidence: '*Atjam, atjam, tjamatjah jolhuraddi!*'—('Father, father, his little eyes are running round!') 'Yes, yes, my boy,' answers *Stallo*, 'that's all right; then he is about to thaw.' *Stallo* himself now goes into the tent to look for the hatchet; but as he puts his head through the door, the Lapp chops it off with the hatchet, and thus kills him. He then puts the sons also to death; and thus is exterminated one *Stallo* family.

Another legend relates that *Stallo* had set snares to catch beavers, and having made a fire in the wood hard by, had taken off his clothes and laid himself down to rest. Before this, however, he fastened a cord to the snare, which at the other end was attached to some contrivance near the fire, which would sound the alarm and awake him as soon as the beaver entered the snare and touched the cord. A Lapp, who had been on the watch, had observed all this, and as soon as *Stallo* fell asleep, he went and pulled the cord. *Stallo*, starting up, hurries to the net, but finds no beaver: on returning to the fire, however, he discovers that all his clothes have been burned; for while he was looking after the beaver, the Lapp had hurried round and thrown them into the fire. But *Stallo* thinks that he is himself the author of the misfortune, and upbraiding himself for his carelessness, he sits and warms himself by the fire until the alarm again sounds. Again he runs to the snare, and finds it empty, and what is worse, this time, on returning, he finds that the fire has been put out. This is again the work of the artful Lapp. *Stallo* now begins to feel cold, and in his distress has recourse to the moon, which is just rising above the horizon. 'See, father! thy son is cold!' he cries, stretching his arms towards the moon; but he is, nevertheless, left to perish with cold.

The Swedish monarchs casting about for some means of making their nomadic subjects contribute to the wellbeing of the realm, bethought them at length of the same means as the Norwegians, and farmed out the Lapps, as it were, to certain individuals called Bircarli, as to whose origin great obscurity reigns, but who were probably enterprising traders in contiguous localities, who were acquainted with the advantages to be derived from a monopoly of trade with the Lapps, at a period when the furs, in which their country abounded, were so highly valued in Europe.

The subjection and administration of the country by the Bircarli, seem to have been limited to such overreaching as a right to levy tribute from, and a hereditary monopoly of trade with a half-savage people would necessarily lead to; and their oppression of the Lapps on the one side, and their want of submission to the crown of Sweden on the other, eventually induced King Gustavus I. to withdraw the privileges granted to them by his predecessors, and Lapland has thenceforward been administered like the rest of Sweden, with such slight modifications as the peculiar character of the country and the people may necessitate. However, the Bircarli, who had founded trading communities at the mouths of all the great rivers in West Bothnia, availing themselves of their superior knowledge of the country and of the people, continued for a very long period after they had lost their sovereign power, to enjoy *de facto* a monopoly of trade with the Lapps, among whom they sent travelling agents to make their purchases. To put an end to this state of things, King Charles IX., in the commencement of the seventeenth century, appointed regular fairs to be held in the various districts of Lapland, at which trade was to be free to all persons who attended; and, furthermore, ordered that sheds for the convenience of the traders should be erected at the public expense at the various church-places where the fairs were to be held; such church-places—that is to say, places where churches are built, or at least public worship is performed, and, in some instances, a few settlers have congregated in the neighbourhood—being the nearest approach to towns in the interior of Swedish Lapland.

The Lapps had most probably been visited by Christian missionaries during the Catholic period in Sweden, but it is not known how far the latter succeeded in christianising the people. Gustavus Vasa, the first Protestant king of Sweden, seems also to have been the first who introduced any permanent measures for the spread and maintenance of the Christian religion among the Lapps; he having ordered that they should meet annually, at certain periods and in certain localities, to be instructed and examined in its tenets, similar meetings or gatherings having previously been instituted for purposes of taxation; but regular churches were not built in Lapland before the reign of Charles IX. Up to this period, and for some time after it, the Lapps, though nominally Christians, seem to have retained many of their old heathenish superstitions and idolatries—a circumstance the less to be wondered at, as many

of the men sent to impart to them a knowledge of the purer faith, were but very imperfectly acquainted with the language of the people they were to teach, and in many instances even were totally ignorant of it. However, during the reigns of Gustavus Adolphus and his daughter Christina, the Gospels, the Psalms, various portions of the Old Testament, the Swedish Catechism, and several other religious books, were translated into the Lappic tongue; and the pastors, who, until then, had only visited their flocks from time to time, were ordered to take up their abode near their churches, lands and tithes being assigned to them for their subsistence, and the whole country divided into parishes. A school for imparting the rudiments of education to Laplanders was also founded by Gustavus Adolphus at Lyksele, in Umea Lappmark; and at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a similar benefit was conferred on the other Lappmarks, and from this period the real conversion of the people must be dated.

Each Lapp school, indeed, only admitted six pupils, who were clothed and fed, and received a course of instruction of two years' duration, at the public expense; but besides that the pupils from these schools exercised a beneficial influence in their families, and were expected, in their turn, to become instructors, there were a certain number of so-called *Catechets* who were bound, for a very small remuneration, to act as private teachers in the families of such Lapps as might desire to have their children educated, but could not gain admittance for them into the schools. In 1820, however, this system was abandoned for one that seems not to have borne as good fruits. According to the new system, the various Lappmarks are divided into a certain number of districts, to each of which a catechet is appointed, who is to travel about among the Lapps within the district, and impart instruction to them in their tents, and who thus holds the position of an ambulatory school-master, ever in search of his pupils; for as the districts are of considerable extent, and the Mountain Lapps do not move in bodies, but each household, on the contrary, keeps as wide apart from the others as may be desirable, on account of the pasturage, the catechet has to travel from one to another, and can seldom remain more than one, or, at the most, two weeks in each family.* During their *tournées*, the catechets are bound to note down on what day they arrive in each family, what persons they teach and examine, what are the results of these examinations, and every

* The imperfections of such a system are obvious, and are keenly felt by the Lapps themselves, who are by no means indifferent to the advantages of education, and who, in their zeal, sometimes devise remedial measures. Thus, for instance, occasionally when starting on their annual migrations, they leave their children at some one or other of the church-places under the care of one or more catechets as the number of pupils may require, these pupils being as often grown-up persons as children; for it is generally such of their offspring as are by nature particularly dull, or stupid, and troublesome, that the Lapps in preference put to school; such persons being in their language called *muorum*, which means, being turned into trees.

other matter that they may deem worthy of record, these notes having ultimately to be submitted to the missionaries, who exercise a kind of superintendence over the catechets. The missionaries are appointed in addition to the regular clergy, it being their duty to travel like the catechets among the Lapps while on their yearly migrations; to attend to their spiritual wants, to examine them on religious subjects, and to assist them in all ways with advice; but as the limits within which the missionary has to perform his duties in many cases embrace an area of from 400 to 500 square miles Swedish, and the Lappic households roaming within this territory may amount to as many as 200, he cannot, of course, at the utmost, devote more than one day in the year to each family, as much time is consumed in travelling through the trackless wilderness, without a guide, and encumbered with his own luggage, for the missionaries are too poor to be able to afford to pay for assistance. If they possess a horse, they may drive themselves, where the country is of a character to admit of it; but through the forests, where the pathways are encumbered with the trunks of fallen trees, a vehicle can with difficulty pass; and down the mountain-sides in winter, when covered with deep snow, snow-skates are the only aids a man can avail himself of; while in summer, lakes and elves must be crossed in rickety little boats, which must be drawn over land from one lake to the other.

To the religious instruction which the Lapps receive from the catechets and missionaries, must be added that imparted from the pulpit. There are fifteen or sixteen pastorates in the Swedish Lappmarks, and in the churches belonging to these, divine worship is performed every Sunday for the few Swedish settlers who live on the spot; but a full service is only performed every second or third Sunday, when the settlers living at a distance, as also the Lapps, are expected to attend. The service is performed in the Swedish or the Lappic language, according as the majority of the persons present belong to the one or the other people: in all cases, however, the beginning of the prayer or hymn is always given out in the language of the minority, so as to enable them to follow in their own books; and the texts of the day are read in both languages. The sermon is always preached in Swedish first, and afterwards, if necessary, repeated in Lappic by the pastor himself, if he be competent, if not, by an interpreter.* Although the churches are pretty well attended on the alternate Sundays, it is doubtful whether the devotional feelings of the people would suffice to draw them from a distance sometimes of six or ten Swedish miles, were it not that each church Sunday becomes a kind of market-day, on which, by mutual interchange, they provide for their immediate wants. The settlers in Lappmark are in general too poor to lay in a stock of all the various provisions

* Some of the Lappic tribes are perfectly familiar with the Swedish language, and all understand and speak it sufficiently well for ordinary intercourse with the Swedes.

they may require for a long period, and they have no town or village in the neighbourhood to which they may repair to supply their daily wants; the opportunities for barter afforded by the church-meetings are therefore of the greatest importance to them; and no settler or Lapp sets off for church without carrying with him some superfluous article or other, such as a pot of butter, a reindeer hide, some dried fish, &c., in the hope of being able to exchange it for some other article—such as salt, flour, window-glass, &c.—of which he may be in want. However much this primitive traffic may look like Sabbath desecration in the eyes of a highly civilised community, enjoying almost unlimited means and facilities for supplying all its wants—in a country like Lapland, where the population is very thinly scattered over an immense area, presenting every difficulty with which locomotion can have to contend, the opportunities for an interchange of commodities, and for entering into social relations of various kinds, contribute almost as much to the spread of civilisation, as the humanising doctrines taught from the pulpit. In so far, therefore, this Sunday traffic may be defensible; but there is, nevertheless, one circumstance connected with it that has a most demoralising effect. The love of spirituous liquors is as strong among the Lapps of Sweden as of Norway, and the Swedish government, fearing the evil consequences to which this love might lead if left free to gratify itself at all times, has prohibited the sale of brandy in Lapland except on certain days in the year.* However, even Lappic ingenuity knows how to defeat government prohibitions, and a Lapp never concludes any commercial bargain without the mediation of a dram, which is given and accepted, not sold. Now, as the brandy-bottle is introduced even on occasion of such primitive traffic as that carried on on Sunday in the church-places, this often leads to most scandalous scenes, and to a true desecration of the Sabbath.

The number of churches in the Lappmarks being very few in proportion to the great extent of country over which the population is spread, and the Lapps being, during their summer wanderings in the mountains, at a distance of some twenty or more Swedish miles from the nearest church, prayer-houses, or chapels of ease, have been erected in various localities within more easy reach, and to these the pastors resort once or twice in the summer, to attend to the spiritual wants of their flock. In these chapels, the service, being performed exclusively for the benefit of the Lapps, is held in their language only; but so little do they appreciate the advantages offered to them, that they look upon attendance at the chapels as an oppressive burden, and would probably make their appearance there in very small numbers, were they not (though erroneously, we believe) under the impression that they would be fined for non-attendance; and how far the true spirit of

* Such, at least, was the case a few years ago, and we are not aware of any change having been introduced.

Christianity has penetrated among this people, may be judged from the fact, that the rich Lapps sometimes hire substitutes to represent them at the prayer-meetings. But in spite of these disgraceful and commonly occurring incidents, it must not be supposed that the Lapps have remained wholly uninfluenced by the Christian religion, for there are among them instances of truly pious characters, who give proofs of a sincere worship in spirit and in truth, so far as their simple, unenlightened intellects will enable them; and it is not unusual in Lappic families—at least among the tribes which we have classed as Forest Lapps—to have family-worship at home on the Sundays when they are unable to attend church.

On no occasion does the evil spirit that inhabits the brandy-bottle play so conspicuous a part among the Lapps as during the annual fairs held in the principal church-places throughout the various Lappmarks. These church-places, as we have already said, are the nearest approach to towns that are to be found in the Swedish Lappmarks, where, indeed, they are in general called church-towns, though in many cases the pastor, and two or three impoverished Lapps or Swedes, are the only persons who dwell on the spot, the rest of the town being made up of wooden *Stugor*, or one-roomed houses, stalls, and stables, erected for the convenience of the persons frequenting the place on church-days and fair-days. These cabins—for they are little else—are in most instances built in regular streets, but in some they are strewn about, or crammed one upon the other in the most irregular and inconvenient way, without any attention to the requirements of health, cleanliness, or safety against fire. The Forest Lapps, like the Swedish settlers, and the traders from the towns of West Bothnia who attend the fairs, have their separate cabins at the church-places; but the Mountain Lapps, with their customary *insouciance*, install themselves without ceremony in the parsonage, or in the cabin of some settler—spreading themselves at night all over the floor, with their heads pillowed on each other's bodies. The same want of consideration is shewn in their other arrangements. Instead of providing themselves, as do all the other visitors of the fair, with the necessary culinary vessels for cooking their provisions, they rely upon the chance of obtaining the loan of whatever they may require in this way; and when one has been so fortunate as to secure a caldron, and another comes and finds it on the fire, the last-comer puts in his bit of meat also, and another and another does the same, until the caldron can hold no more. The marvel is, how each individual can make good his claim to his own particular piece of meat when the whole is cooked.

The busy bustling look of animation which prevails in the church-places on fair-days, and along the roads leading to them, a day or two previous to the opening of the fair, is very different from the usual aspect of bleak, barren, thinly populated Lapland; for all the business of the country is transacted on these occasions. The judges

come to hold the assizes, the dean to make his annual visitation, the tax-gatherer to collect tithes and tribute, the district doctor to inquire into the sanitary condition of the people, the traders to purchase whatever commodities the Lapps and *Nybyggare* (settlers) may have to dispose of, and to provide in exchange for their wants; and the latter come, not only to sell and to barter, to pay taxes, to lay complaints before the justices, to be examined by priest and doctor, but also the more eager for the social enjoyments of the occasion that the greater part of the year is spent in solitary laboriousness; for those who would win a living from the stony soil of Lapland, lead no holiday life; and neither does the roving career of the pastoral Lapps, as we have seen, exempt them from hard work.

The town-traders are in Lapland called burghers *par excellence*, (in Lappic, *Borkarl*, which may probably be derived from *Bircarl*); and every burgher has a certain number of Lapps with whom more especially he transacts business; but the intimacy which thus springs up between them by no means supersedes the mediation of the universal commercial agent—the brandy-flask; for the first thing the Lapp expects when he presents himself at the stall of his burgher, is *puorist-kokse* (the dram of welcome). If the trader linger in making the offer, the Lapp is not too delicate to remind him of what he considers his due; and he expects, moreover, a present of *sma-veisa*—that is, hooks-and-eyes, scissors, needles, and other such things. In return, however, the Lapp bestows upon the Swede a haunch, or perhaps a quarter or a saddle, of reindeer; but such generosity must be rewarded with an additional number of drams; in this instance, to be bestowed on relatives and followers as well, whom he brings with him to witness the delivery of *vuossiam-pierko* (the meat for cooking), which custom renders obligatory. Not until these ceremonies have been gone through does the regular business begin, and even then the Lapp takes good care not to dispose of more than one article at a time, as in every new bargain is included a further measure of brandy, which is received in a tin flask brought for the purpose. When this is full, he ceases bargaining for that day, but proceeds with his bottle and his companions to some comfortable nook, where the drinking-cup goes round, until the company, elevated beyond the region of common prose, begin to converse in song, it being usual among the Lapps to express their feelings in this way whenever they are greatly excited. The tunes of the Lappic songs are of the utmost simplicity, consisting of but one musical strophe, and are sometimes of a wild and joyous character, sometimes expressive of that deep melancholy which is peculiar to the music of all barbarous nations, and seems, as it were, an utterance of the soul's consciousness of its own state of bondage. During the convivial meetings just alluded to, these various characteristics of the music are alternately shewn; for the brandy loosens the bonds of quiet phlegma which usually fetter the Lappic spirit; and the passions of this seemingly passionless people

speak out in wild extravagance of manner, in tears of joy or sorrow, and in long embraces, during which a musical dialogue is kept up.

If the fair lasts several days, the same scenes are repeated each day; among the non-Lappic attendants, hearty conviviality also reigns, and more particularly in the parsonage, which, with the true hospitality of the wilderness, is open to as many guests as can possibly find room within its walls. On some occasions, the guests become in their turn entertainers, for it is an old custom in the Lappmarks, that whoever visits a fair for the first time must stand treat, which generally consists of a bowl of hot rum-punch, a favourite beverage throughout the Scandinavian countries, and which never fails to awaken a spirit of jovial hilarity. Thus, although many of the features which contribute to the animation of fairs such as they still exist in most European countries, are wanting in a Lapland one, the latter is not without its great attractions in the eyes of those that frequent it, and to a casual observer, the gaiety and peculiarity of the scene are increased by the Asiatic-looking costumes of the Laplanders. This costume consists of pantaloons, which are worn by both sexes, and a kind of long caftan or shirt, called *Kapte*, worn over the pantaloons, and made, like the latter, of kersey, or coarse woollen cloth of various colours. The women generally prefer red for their trousers, but other colours are also used. For the *kapte*, the favourite colour is light blue; but black, green, white, and gray are not uncommon, whereas red, yellow, or brown, is never worn. The collar of the *kapte* is mostly of a darker colour than the *kapte* itself, and is often bordered with a red cord, and elaborately embroidered with silver thread—as much as a reindeer-cow being frequently paid for the embroidery of such a collar. Linen is an unknown luxury among the Lapps, but under the outer *kapte* they often wear a second of white or gray kersey, or an old skin pelisse, which, having first done duty as overall, is, when the hairs are worn off, converted to this use. In the northernmost Lappmarks, pelisses of reindeer hides, with the hair turned inwards to the body, are worn next to the skin in winter; and altogether, clothes of kersey and cloth are only worn by the wealthy Lapps, the poor being obliged to rest contented with reindeer hides for outer and inner garments. In summer, tunics of tanned reindeer hides, but made exactly like the *kapte*, are worn over the latter, as a protection against rain. On the feet, the Lapps wear shoes with pointed and upturned toes, made, in winter, of raw reindeer hides, in summer, of tanned reindeer leather. Instead of stockings, they use a species of grass, which grows in the country, and is carefully prepared for the purpose, it being hackled or beaten until it is torn into fine shreds, and then made up into thin plaits, and hung up to dry. This is the only hay that the Lapp ever makes, but insignificant as this haymaking may seem, it is of great importance to him; for these plaits being

carefully stuffed into his shoes, protect his feet most effectually from the cold, and at the same time absorb the moisture from the skin. Therefore, when he leaves his autumn station, he never fails to take away with him a winter supply of these hay-sock. A couple of plaits, called *pilkah*, last from one to two weeks. The head-covering of the Lapps is a conical cap, made of four triangular pieces of dark blue cloth, bound in the seams with red. In this point, also, there is no difference between the dress of the two sexes, except in the southern Lappmarks, where the women's caps are red, bound with some darker colour. One piece of finery, however, the women have reserved to themselves, and this is a large cape of dark-coloured cloth, but decked in most fantastic fashion with silver ornaments of various kinds, such as rings, buttons, crosses, round, oval, and square plates, &c., the whole frequently representing a value of from fifteen to twenty reindeer. This cape, which is only worn on solemn occasions, is matter of no little pride to its wearer and her relatives, for it gives an imposing idea of the riches of the family, a subject on which the Lapps are by no means indifferent; for, as their mode of life admits of no distinctions of rank, the ambitious among them are the more anxious to display their advantage over their fellows in point of riches. The silver cape, as it is termed, is used by the women only; but the silver belt, which is a leather one decorated with silver ornaments, is worn by both sexes, and the men wear under another name, that of breast-cloth, a cape very similar to that of the women; but instead of being adorned with silver ornaments, it is tricked out with pieces of cloth of various colours. This breast-cloth being lined, serves as a pouch or pocket, an opening for the introduction of the hand being left in the lining, between which and the outer stuff the Lapp carries his money, his spoon, and other small articles.

The fairs are, of course, the principal places for parading silver capes and belts, and the more so as among the many other matters of business transacted, there are also matrimonial alliances, relative to which, among the Lapps, the heart is seldom consulted; but in the preliminaries of which the brandy-bottle again plays a conspicuous part. The mode of proceeding in these matters is generally as follows: the parents and relatives of the suitor, down to cousins three and four times removed, assemble, and having provided themselves with an abundant supply of the persuasive spirit, demand an interview with the parents of the chosen maiden, who are also surrounded by a numerous company of relatives and friends. The leader of the suitor's party, called *Sognon-aive*, opens the subject, addressing the maiden's parents, and enumerating the advantages of the match. The latter, backed by their relatives and clients, on their side endeavour to prove that the conditions offered are not very tempting; and now the brandy-bottle is called in to aid the eloquence of the *Sognon-aive*. The more obstinately the bride's party adhere to their opinion, the more liberally they are

plied with brandy, until subdued, if not persuaded, they at length request to see the bridal-gifts, which, in fact, represent the sum which the man pays for his wife. If these prove satisfactory, the matter is at once settled, bride and suitor, if present, being the only persons whose opinion is not asked or given throughout the whole transaction. Should a match thus settled by any chance be broken off, the bridal-gifts must be returned; if not, the offending parties render themselves liable to be sued for the debt before the legal tribunals. So far, however, are the Lapps in general from refusing to satisfy these conditions, that it is, on the contrary, usual on such occasions to add some present to the gifts when returned, to make up for the brandy expended to no purpose.

The last day of the fair, the so-called *Vadmarsdag*, is the most important in the estimation of the Lapp, for this is the day on which ardent spirits may be freely sold and bought, and on this day, therefore, the trader expects to regain whatever he may have lost by the *gratis* distribution of brandy on the preceding days. The following morning, the fair breaks up; and long strings of strange-looking vehicles, some drawn by reindeer, some by horses, leave the church-place, many of the occupants being still so overcome by the potations of the preceding night, as to necessitate their being tied down to the bottom of the sledge or car.

That these constant temptations to intoxication, whenever the Lapps come into contact with a higher civilisation, have not only directly a demoralising effect, but also indirectly tend to keep them in a low condition, there can be no doubt; but these opportunities fortunately occur only at long intervals, and there is, besides, in the life of a nomade, a simplicity which wards off the worst vices of society. The Lapps are, therefore, upon the whole, by no means a very degraded people; and many virtues, such as chastity, conjugal fidelity, hospitality, reign in their humble tents. Theft of reindeers has hitherto been the most common crime among them, the temptation of appropriating a stray deer in the woods, where no human eye can watch the deed, and where the wolf may so easily bear the blame, being generally too great for their power of resistance. Of late, however, a new passion has been kindled in the soul of the Lapps—that of religious fanaticism—and they are beginning to appear in a new and fearful character.

The Swedish and Norwegian state-churches tolerate no rivals, and use whatever spiritual power they possess to keep their members in due subjection. Baptism and confirmation are enforced by the aid of the civil authorities, and even participation in the Lord's Supper is in a measure rendered compulsory, for the clergyman may refuse to publish the bans of Christian wedlock for those who have not communed at least once in the year. Nevertheless, dissent has crept into Sweden and Norway, and for many years an illiterate sect, strangely enough denominated *Läsare* (Readers), have rendered themselves conspicuous, and have made many converts, especially among the uneducated classes;

their denunciations, prophesyings, and pretended visions being of a nature to take hold on the imagination of the rude masses. Thirty years ago, the influence of this sect, whose Shibboleth is salvation by faith, and by faith alone, had already extended to Lapland; and many a Lapp who remained deaf to the more moderate lessons inculcated by the regular clergy, was moved by the fanatic ravings of the Læsare; yet, until within the last few years, the naturally phlegmatic temperament of this people saved them from falling into the worst excesses of religious fanaticism, and some of the least civilised among the tribes were even, by the preachings of the Læsare, redeemed from a state of brutal sottishness and violence. Of late, however, the Lapps also have been infected with the rage of prophesying, and of converting the world with fire and sword, if necessary; and some tribes among the Mountain Lapps have enacted in Norway, scenes which equal in savage fanaticism the wild excesses of the Anabaptists of Germany in the sixteenth century.

Leopold von Buch, in his travels in Norway and Lapland, relates that great complaints were made in Finmark of the injurious influence exercised by the Lapps in regard to the cultivation of the soil in that province. It was told that this people, having no respect for boundary-lines or enclosures, constantly allowed their deer to break through hedges, to trespass on private property, and to consume the produce of meadows and fields, destined to serve as winter fodder for the peasants' cattle; and that even when the deer merely passed over the pasture-grounds, the grass was rendered useless, because the cows evinced an unconquerable disgust for anything which the hoof of a reindeer had touched. Were this statement to be depended upon, the Lapps would have great reason to deplore the day when Swedish or Norwegian settlers first established themselves in the lands once exclusively theirs; for in that case, certain qualities inherent in the nature of the animals that constitute their sole possessions, would place them at war with civilisation, and they could look forward to nothing better than gradual extinction. This supposed antipathy of the cow to the reindeer is, however, probably only a fond conceit of the Norwegian peasant, who thus attributes, even to the brute creation, the same inveterate prejudice against the Lapps that he nourishes in his own heart; for in Swedish Lapland, where the Lapps during their migrations often halt with their herds in the vicinity of a *Nybygge*, as the Swedish settlements are called, no such notion seems to prevail, nor does the passing by of a Lappic tribe seem to cause any apprehensions for the safety of crops and enclosures. On the contrary, the nomadic Lapps and the *Nybyggare* entertain very friendly relations; and the presence of the nomadic pastoral hordes in the country, is looked upon as greatly facilitating its colonisation by Swedes. When the Swedish colonist first settles on new lands in Lappmark, he generally possesses no more than one cow, that feeds upon the coarse grass which is the natural produce of the

marshy grounds that abound in all directions: his future fields he has to win from the forest; and though in summer he may support himself and his family on the milk of the cow, with the addition of fish from some neighbouring lake or elv, and game from the forest, in winter he would be reduced to a state of great distress, could he not purchase reindeer for slaughtering from the Lapps as they pass by his settlement. To the Lapp, this trade in reindeer is also very profitable; for when the number of his herd exceeds the amount necessary for the support of his own family, this number would otherwise only contribute to swell his sense of self-importance—a circumstance which has indeed such great weight with him, that he sometimes refuses to sell in spite of the advantages offered. It is, however, only the very rich who can indulge in this pride; and in general, as the settler's stock increases, a lively bartering trade is established between him and the Lapps on whose migratory track he has settled. Sometimes, also, when the settler has already a prospering farm, other arrangements are entered into, the Lapps agreeing to deliver a certain number of reindeer fit for slaughtering in autumn, on condition of the settler receiving as boarders, during the summer months (when he has more milk and fish than he can consume in his family, and which he could not otherwise dispose of), either some old and infirm member, or some helpless infant belonging to the Lappic family, whose presence would be burdensome during the summer migrations.

The good understanding existing between the nomades and the settlers, is further evinced by the custom which prevails among the former of erecting small store-rooms in the immediate vicinity of the cabins of the settlers who live on their route, in which they stow away such valuables as they fear to leave in their cabins in the church-places, where they might easily be robbed, or at their harvest stations, which are deserted during the greater part of the year. In these latter places, they never leave anything more precious than their spring provisions, whereas, in the store-rooms around the Nybygge, where their treasures are under the watchful eye of the settler, they even deposit money; and thus it has become less common than it used to be among the Lapps, to bury their hoards in some secret spot, in which, at their death, it was lost to their heirs.

But notwithstanding these amicable relations, there exists, nevertheless, among the Swedes also a social prejudice against the Lapps. The races are by nature so distinct, that a kind of instinctive antipathy seems to keep them from entering into any intimate connection as long as the Lapps retain all the characteristic features of their nationality. Thus, although the Swedes may associate with this people, apparently on a footing of equality, when there is a question of marriage, matters assume a very different aspect. Marriage between a Lapp who continues his Lappic mode of life, or even his Lappic costume, and a Swedish maiden, is

unheard of; and even when he becomes a settler, and adopts Swedish dress and manners, he runs a great risk of being disdainfully rejected by the maiden, who considers it vastly below her dignity to become a *Lappfru* (Lappwife). In a certain measure, the same state of things obtains as regards the Swedish men and the Lappic women: so long as the latter retain their original costume, the Swedes never condescend to ask them in marriage; but if a Lappic maiden has served from her early years among the Swedes, and has assumed their dress and manners, which is frequently the case, such marriages are not very uncommon. But when the Lapps become settlers, and conform to Swedish manners, their Lappic origin, and the consequent prejudice against them, seems to be forgotten already in the second generation. In the third generation, even the physical characteristics of the race are said to be partially obliterated; and intermarriages between them and the Swedes are then so frequent, that a great number of the present Swedish inhabitants of the Lappmarks are in reality of Lappic origin—on the mother's side at least.

The relations between the Lapps and the Swedes are, however, different in the different Lappmarks. In Jæmteland's Lappmark, for instance, which originally belonged to Norway, great hostility is said to exist between the nomades and the Swedish settlers. Upon the whole, Swedish Lapland, which constitutes one-third of the Swedish realm, must not be supposed to form one province between the various parts of which constant and lively intercourse is kept up, for the case is quite the contrary. Between Jæmteland's and the other Lappmarks there is no intercourse whatever; and the mountain-ridges and wild forest tracts which separate several of the other Lappmarks, also form boundaries across which little or no communication is kept up.

A sudden transition from the nomade life to that of a settler is, we believe, unheard of; but when a nomadic Lapp becomes impoverished by the decrease of his herd, either through some of the contagious diseases to which these animals are subject, or in consequence of unpropitious seasons, he generally settles down on the borders of some lake, and becomes a Fisher Lapp. If circumstances favour him, he acquires, in course of time, a few goats, then a cow, and he is then already half-way a settler, for he must now build a stall,* and make hay; and gradually, as his herd increases, he abandons his Lappic habits, and contracts those of a Swedish peasant. In many cases, also, as we have seen, the young Lapps who take service in Swedish households, renounce their Lappic costume, and after this they never return to their former habits and mode of life. Whether the nomadic Lapps are likely to be ultimately absorbed in this way, we have not sufficient data for calculating; but that such absorption, though leading to extinction

*The Swedish Fisher Lapps live in tents, not in mud-huts like the Norwegians.

LAPLAND AND THE LAPPS.

of nationality, would also in time lead to a higher degree of civilisation than can ever be attained by a nomadic people, there can be no doubt: however, at first the Lapps who from nomades become settlers, can hardly be looked upon as gainers by the change, for although the soil and climate of the Lappmarks are, by those best acquainted with the subject, declared to be far less inimicable to cultivation than is generally supposed, the agriculture of the country is still in so low a stage, that the soil cannot be said to feed even the scattered population which at present inhabits it. It is to be hoped, however, that at a period of the world's history when the production of the useful metals can hardly keep pace with the consumption, and when ship-building is acquiring such an extraordinary development, the resources of a country so rich in ores and in timber as Lapland, and with so many lakes and rivers, which even, when not navigable, might easily be rendered so, will not long be left undeveloped; and that the energies of the Swedish people and government will be brought to bear upon a part of the realm which, though at present not much more than a barren wilderness, may eventually become of vast importance.





CHARLES JAMES FOX.

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URKE once said of Charles James Fox, that he was born to be loved; and this was his great characteristic and his greatest praise. For the man who, in spite of many faults, inspires those around him with affection, who lights up with smiles the faces of all among whom he appears, must necessarily be the possessor of a warm heart and finely tempered mind. Most other statesmen, even when highly patriotic, infuse little warmth into their intercourse with the public; but Fox seems to have regarded parliament, and even the whole nation, as part of his own family, and to have thrown much of the warmth of friendship into his dealings with them. In consequence, all his contemporaries who were not severed from him by the violence of party-

spirit, watched over his reputation with something like brotherly solicitude; and even to this hour, when members of parliament appeal to the authority of Mr Fox, they do so with feelings very different from those with which they refer to the opinions of other statesmen.

There must, accordingly, be more than ordinary interest in following the career of such a man, so as, if possible, to discover the secret of his popularity. Other leaders of party have possessed much greater external advantages, have commanded the influence of more powerful families, possessed greater fortunes, equal knowledge, and talents and genius and eloquence scarcely inferior to his, yet no one, perhaps, was ever regarded with so much love and attachment by the country, or so earnestly admired by his friends, or so respected and esteemed by parliament, as Charles James Fox. Wise and learned as he was, his eloquence seemed to proceed less from his head than from his heart: it was the spontaneous expression of great qualities and great affections. He loved the country sufficiently to induce him to give up all his faculties to the study of its interests, and his faculties were sufficiently great to enable him thoroughly to comprehend these interests in all their amplitude and complexity. Study was the easy and natural habit of his mind, which was so large, that it readily admitted whatever was great in the intellectual world, and so full of genial warmth, that it naturally matured and brought to perfection whatever it embraced. He has been compared to Demosthenes, and no man of modern times ever so much deserved to suggest such a comparison. It is, however, praise enough to say, that he might have equalled Demosthenes, had the circumstances of the times, and the habits of society, and the practice of parliament, been such as to induce him to submit to so severe a discipline as that which rendered the Athenian the prince of orators—the model which all succeeding times have acknowledged to be inimitable, the man in whom knowledge and fire, and judgment and discretion, and grandeur of sentiment and severity of logic were united to carry eloquence to its highest pitch; who for two thousand years has excited perpetual imitation, and yet been found to be unapproachable in his greatness.

II.

Fox was born on the 13th of January 1749. His father, Lord Holland, was a new man who had raised himself to distinction by industry and court patronage. Through his mother, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, he was descended from the royal families of England and Navarre—a circumstance on which he himself seems never to have set any value, though it no doubt influenced the judgment and predilections of others. Enough is not known of his early life; it is certain, however, that he was the spoiled

child of his father, who, with unpardonable weakness, petted and flattered him, and laid the foundation of those defects of character which became so startlingly apparent in after-years. Numerous anecdotes have been related by contemporary retailers of gossip, for the purpose of illustrating the events of his boyhood; but they are most of them of no significance. The following may, perhaps, deserve to be repeated, because they shew by what criminal excess of paternal indulgence the mind of the young statesman and orator was from the first corrupted. His father having determined to lay open a view of Holland House to the public, promised his son Charles that he should be present when the intervening wall was exploded by gunpowder. It happened, however, by accident, that the workmen performed this part of their task without giving notice to the young favourite. An expression of regret would have satisfied most fathers on such an occasion; but with an eccentric display of affection, which many persons perhaps will consider ludicrous, Lord Holland had the wall built up again, in order that Black Charley, as he was called, might have the gratification of witnessing its second overthrow!

Everybody remembers the equanimity with which Sir Isaac Newton bore the destruction of his papers by his dog Pompey; Lord Holland seems almost to have rivalled him in patience and good-nature. 'One night, when Secretary of State during the war, having a number of important expresses to despatch, he took them home from his office, in order to examine their contents more attentively before he sent them away. Charles, then about eight years old, came into the study, to which he had free access, and taking up one of the packets which his father had examined and set apart for sealing, he perused it with much seeming attention for some time, then expressed his disapprobation of the contents, and threw it into the fire. The secretary, far from being ruffled by this incident, or attempting to reprimand his son, turned immediately to look for the office-copy, and with the utmost composure and good-humour made out another.'

III.

One of the greatest blemishes in the character of Fox was his love of gambling, which accompanied him through the greater part of his life, and exposed him to some of the keenest vexations he ever endured. The seeds of this unhappy vice are supposed to have been sown by his father, whom, at the age of fourteen, he accompanied to Spa. All places which people frequent for the recovery of their health, are more or less detrimental to their morals. Fox, though a boy, seems immediately to have been absorbed into the vortex of play, which his father, instead of checking, encouraged by allowing him five guineas a night to be wasted on this destructive amusement. Can we wonder that the

love of excitement thus early fostered, should have produced at a later period such bitter fruit?

Like most other persons of distinction, Lord Holland desired to give his son a public education, and sent him first to Westminster School, and afterwards to Eton. His progress in those seats of learning is described in terms of general eulogium. He is said to have astonished his masters as much by the levity of his conduct as by the quickness and brilliancy of his abilities; while he already exerted over his school-fellows that fascination which in after-years he exerted over men. The elements of the character are, in fact, always the same—the discrepancies supposed to be observable in many cases between the boy and the man, being attributable to the want of discernment in those who undertake to judge, and not to any real change in the object. With the instincts of true generosity, Fox always espoused the cause of the weak against the strong. He had an innate love of justice in his disposition, was full of tenderness and compassion, and desired, above all things, to diffuse happiness around him. Fortune also, in his case, favoured the development of his amiable virtues, so that nearly all his companions became his friends. It was among them that he laid the first foundation of that empire which he afterwards exercised over the minds of his contemporaries. To shew in what light he was viewed at Eton, we introduce a copy of verses written by his school-fellow, the Earl of Carlisle, who had the sagacity to foresee his future eminence:—

‘How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen! while around you stand
Both peers and commons listening your command.
While Tully’s sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words;
What praise to Pitt, to Townsend, e’er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.’

Much the same language may be applied to the progress of Fox at Oxford. He devoted himself attentively to study and to pleasure, and surpassed most of his companions in both. The excesses of youth have been not unaptly described as bills drawn at a long date, which have to be taken up with fearful interest in after-life. Fox’s dissipation at Eton and Oxford sapped the foundations of his health, though evidence of the mischief did not immediately appear: even in his studies, there was a large share of intemperance. He returned from the Eleusis of the university, to devote himself fiercely to his books, and after having wasted the night in blameable indulgences, is reported to have read at least nine or ten hours a day. Of this assiduous application to learning, the fruits were afterwards manifest throughout his life. He always retained his admiration of classical literature; and inspiration derived from Homer and Euripides, often directed those thunders of eloquence with which he shook the House of Commons. Fox found in the great authors of antiquity, particularly in those of Greece,

manifestations of a kindred intellect, with all that originality and love of independence which characterise the great and noble of all generations. He was worthy to have lived and spoken at Athens, and to have associated with that 'old man eloquent' who

'Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
Shook th' Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.'

IV.

When he was supposed to have finished his studies at the university, he obtained his father's permission to travel on the continent. Over this portion of his life a thick veil, not, however, unadorned with gorgeous figures of embroidery, has been thrown by his biographers. He had agreed, it appears, to correspond with his friend, Richard Kirkpatrick, in verse; but if he adhered to his engagement, all these poetical effusions, save one, must have perished. The only remaining specimen is dated from Dover, and runs as follows:—

'From the time that I left you, dear Richard, at Almack's
(For which I have no rhyme but the old 'one of Calmucks),
I slept while I came a confounded slow pace,
Till at last I arrived about eight at the place.
From hence we are now just about to embark,
And hope to reach Calais before it is dark.
I begin, I can tell you, already to curse
The engagements I made to write always in verse;
For the muses are coy, and the more that I woo 'em,
The more difficult 'tis, as I find, to get to 'em;
They are whimsical women, but in spite of their malice,
I will send you a letter to-morrow from Calais.'

The stagyrite, the master in learning and statesmanship of Alexander the Great, who explored the whole world of philosophy, and explained with equal clearness the laws which regulate poetry and eloquence, and the institutions of society and the movements of the universe—this man, we say, was a coxcomb in dress, loved to strut about the streets in purple, and to adorn his person with all the elegances of a fop. Charles James Fox had, in youth, the same weakness, and in most of the capitals of Europe astonished the politer circles by the extravagance of his attention to dress. This, however, was the most harmless of his propensities. He seems at the same time to have indulged in all the most reckless vices of youth, and to have contracted wherever he went a load of debt, which it required the utmost stretch of parental indulgence to discharge. Lord Holland now paid the penalty of his unwise fondness. Instead of properly checking, he had fostered the strongest passion of his son; and when, in a state of unaffected alarm, he sought to exercise his authority as a father, he found it scarcely equal to the task of reclaiming him from his irregularities. Letter after letter was despatched insisting on his immediate return, but it was not until he had utterly exhausted

his pecuniary resources, and probably also his credit, that Fox yielded a reluctant obedience to the summons. To balance, in some degree, the evils arising out of this premature tour, it may be observed, that he acquired during its continuance a strong relish for Italian literature and poetry, which certainly aided in imparting to his language that warmth and richness for which it was afterwards distinguished. In a letter to Kirkpatrick, he thus alludes to the growth of these favourite studies:—

‘I employed almost my whole time at Oxford in the mathematical and classical knowledge, but more particularly in the latter, so that I understand Latin and Greek tolerably well. I am totally ignorant in every part of useful knowledge. I am more convinced every day how little advantage there is in being what at school and the university is called a good scholar: one receives a good deal of amusement from it, but that is all. At present, I read nothing but Italian, which I am immoderately fond of, particularly of the poetry. You, who understand Italian so well yourself, will not at all wonder at this. As to French, I am far from being so thorough a master of it as I could wish; but I know so much of it, that I could perfect myself in it at any time with very little trouble, especially if I pass three or four months in France. I should not run on in this manner about myself, if I were not convinced that you did not mean a compliment when you desired me to give some account of myself, but that you are really so good as to interest yourself in what concerns me. . . . I have so bad a taste as to differ from you very much about the French stage. I allow the French actors to be much better than ours, but I think our plays infinitely better. Here at Florence the people are clever at every other species of writing imaginable but the dramatic. All Italian plays are imitations either of Greek, Latin, or French ones; but if the Italians are in this respect inferior to the French, English, &c., they are fully revenged in every other. For God’s sake, learn Italian as fast as you can, if it be only to read Ariosto! There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages that I understand put together. In prose, too, it is a very fine language. Make haste and read all these things, that you may be fit to talk to Christians. Fitzwilliam is here, and, as you may imagine, we live a great deal together. Adieu, dear Richard: my letter is rather too long.’

Lord Holland, however, had not altogether mistaken his son’s character: he foresaw that his honourable ambition would prove at least a match for his passions; and therefore, in his nineteenth year, procured, by the means usual in those days, his return to parliament. Both the Speaker and the House of Commons winked at this flagrant breach of rules, and Fox found himself, while almost a boy, numbered among the legislators of the British Empire. This circumstance may in part account for his immense success as a constitutional statesman and orator. He completed his education in parliament, by listening daily to the most distinguished

speakers—and few ages have seen greater—who then sat on the benches of the House of Commons, or had been recently translated to the peers: among these, was Lord Chatham, whose style of eloquence could hardly fail to awaken the strongest feeling of emulation in the breast of the youthful senator.

Fox immediately began to exercise his virgin eloquence, and soon became a favourite with the House. Like all truly great men, he was simple in his manner, and modest in his appreciation of himself. He knew he had great abilities, but he saw others with great abilities likewise, while they were in possession of what he was conscious of wanting—we mean, experience and familiarity with public business. He treated all the notabilities of the House with deference and consideration, and while earnest in the advocacy of his own opinions, was always careful, in the most graceful and winning manner, to concede the same right to others. His handsome, manly countenance, and singularly sweet, flexible, and affectionate voice, completed the spell, and inspired the entire body of the Commons of England with a growing fondness for the eloquence, at once learned and ingenuous, of the youthful orator.

No report has been preserved of any of his early speeches which can at all suffice to convey a correct idea of their character. But, apropos of the fascination of his personal appearance, Lord Holland relates the following curious anecdote:—‘I have in my possession a singular proof of the figure and impression Mr Fox made on his first appearance as an orator. A young artist, and, I believe, a reporter of debates, a Mr Surtees, of Mainsforth, in the county of Durham, happened to be in the gallery when he first spoke. At that period, no stranger was allowed to make notes, or take any paper or note-book into the gallery for that purpose. But this gentleman, struck with the appearance of the youthful orator, tore off part of his shirt, and sketched on it, with a pencil or burned stick, a likeness of him, which he afterwards tried to finish at his lodgings, and which, owing to the care of Mr Sharpe and kindness of Mr Fletcher, is still preserved in my possession at Holland House, retaining many traits of resemblance to the dark, intelligent, and animated features of Mr Fox.’

V.

Descended from a Tory family, and having nearly all his connections among the Tories, he naturally entered the House as a member of the court-party. His prejudices were strong in proportion to the earnestness of his character. He cherished an especial dislike for the Bedford family, and, if we may rely on the testimony of Burke, was in the habit of attacking it on all occasions in society. In the House, his wit, his quickness, his popular and engaging manners, rendered him an exceedingly useful ally to ministers. During the proceedings against Wilkes,

he, on one occasion, gave proof of great readiness, though, in all likelihood, it was only a felicitous hit. Wedderburne, accomplished in professional learning, and supremely confident in the extent of his experience, having, in the discussion on some point of law, affirmed that there was but one precedent on record that could be referred to—Fox immediately rose, corrected the learned gentleman, and mentioned another case, while the whole House literally roared with applause. In another debate, Fox undertook to combat the objections of the Rockingham party, and thus drew down upon himself the ridicule of Burke, who, however, with his usual deference for rank and powerful family connections, was careful to restrain himself within certain limits. No offence was taken by the young orator—more on account of the goodness of his own nature, than from the moderation of his antagonist. Privately, a friendship already existed between these two remarkable men. Burke—then double his age—had become acquainted with him at his father's table, where the most distinguished literary men of the age were accustomed to assemble. Here the incipient statesman could not fail to admire the easy eloquence and unbounded mental resources of the greatest rhetorician of modern times. Burke's conversation, for its gorgeousness and splendour, has been compared to a Roman triumph; and though this be mere extravagance, there can be no doubt he was a brilliant talker, extremely addicted to display, and, therefore, likely to excite and dazzle the imagination of an ambitious youth, who hoped, at some future day, to exercise the same faculty as well in society as in the senate.

Political employment is almost necessarily the result of position. A man is born and brought up among those who have the distribution of offices at their command; he inspires them with friendship and confidence in his abilities; his relatives are their friends; and when on the look-out for fresh coadjutors to fill certain posts, they, as a matter of course, select those most familiar to them. Fox had been brought very early into contact with Lord North, who liked him for the frankness and warmth of his character, while he, on his part, entertained the strongest admiration for the minister. An anonymous writer, who knew Fox personally, has given us a brief but interesting account of his opinions of this statesman. 'It always appeared to me,' he says, 'that Mr Fox had a very lively regard for Lord North, as he never mentioned him but in a strain of eulogy. He said that he was the most accomplished wit ever known; and, in domestic life, in the circle of his friends and followers when collected at his table, had all the candour, without the grossness of Walpole. He appeared as if he never felt an insult, or immediately did he forgive it. His face was very plain, and his features coarse, but his smile was heavenly. You could not see him without becoming attached to him. He left all his cares and arts in the House of Commons, and was no longer a minister than whilst on the Treasury bench.' To

corroborate Fox's opinion of Lord North's wit, we may relate the following anecdote:—Lord North generally disregarded invectives; but when he saw an occasion of retort, his wit turned the laugh of the House against his opponents. Thus, when Alderman Sawbridge presented a petition from Billingsgate, and accompanied it with much vituperation of the minister, Lord North began his reply: 'I will not deny that the worthy alderman speaks the sentiments, nay, the very language of his constituents,' &c. He was often asleep in the House, but when an opponent exclaimed: 'The noble lord is even now slumbering over the ruin of his country, asleep at a time'—'I wish to God I was!' muttered Lord North, opening his eyes on his discomfited opponent.

VI.

Fox's early entrance into official life, and his intercourse with ministers, do not, however, appear to have inspired him, on the whole, with any great respect for courts and cabinets. As one of the lords of the Admiralty, and afterwards of the Treasury, he obtained an insight into official life which merely served to reveal to him the internal organisation of government; for nearly the whole of his after-life was passed in the exciting and stormy atmosphere of opposition. Even while seated on the ministerial side of the House, he experienced a strong leaning towards liberal opinions. Some of his ideas were strikingly at variance with the received prejudices of the age, and, indeed, may be described rather as the growth of a poetical and romantic mind, than as the mature convictions of a legislator. The reason, perhaps, may be, that he entered much too early upon the consideration of great social questions, which have perplexed the understanding of philosophers and statesmen of the greatest wisdom and experience in human affairs.

However this may be, he soon found it impracticable to co-operate with the minister, notwithstanding his heavenly smile and social qualities. Horne Tooke, it appears, had written an article for the *Public Advertiser*, in which he attacked Sir Fletcher Norton, then Speaker of the House of Commons. Woodfall, the printer, was called up to the bar, and readily gave up the author of the obnoxious article. But Horne Tooke, pleading his own cause, and the evidence breaking down, the anger of the House reverted to the printer. Lord North desired that he should be committed to the gate-house, but Mr Fox, in order to place him under the protection of the City, proposed that he should be committed to Newgate, which gave unpardonable offence to his chief, especially when the Opposition moved that he should be placed in custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and through the division among the ministerialists, carried their point by a large majority. Soon afterwards, Mr Fox was dismissed from office with marks of

studied insult. While seated on the Treasury bench, a letter was handed to him, conceived in the most offensive language; and to render the insult more pointed, it was brought him by a common door-keeper. This curious document was as follows:—

‘His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name.—NORTH.

TO THE HON. C. J. FOX.’

Thus delivered from his political trammels, Fox was now at liberty to join the liberal party, to which, by his genius and temper, he properly belonged. But from taking this step he was still restrained by considerations of filial piety. He knew that his going publicly over to the Opposition would have greatly afflicted his father, and he therefore postponed the declaration of the change which had taken place in his mind, till Lord Holland’s death had rendered all reserve on this point unnecessary. He now, therefore, took his stand among the antagonists of ministers; and for more than thirty years, with very brief intervals of official life, shed the glory of his eloquence over the Opposition benches. While in office, he had never lent his support to some of the most obnoxious acts of the minister, had never countenanced the proceedings against America, but had condemned every attempt to tax the colonies without their own acquiescence. Burke welcomed with open arms the seceding orator, who was destined at a future day to eclipse him in the senate, to take the lead of the liberal party out of his hands, to acquire unparalleled popularity throughout the country, and, by exciting in the elder statesman’s breast the feelings of disappointment, resentment, and envy, to drive him to support the cause of legitimacy and authority, which the whole character of his mind ought to have led him to espouse from the first. Still, Burke performed distinguished services for liberal principles during the great contest with America. Again and again did he fill ministers with dismay, denouncing their projects, unmasking their principles, and revealing in glowing language to the public the crimes and delinquencies by which a state, priding itself on the patronage of freedom at home, sought to enslave that portion of its citizens who had taken up their abode in one of its distant dependencies.

VII.

It is impossible, in this brief view of Mr Fox’s career, to criticise his several speeches, to point out their merits or defects, or to mark all the various stages by which he ascended to the highest position in parliament as an orator and a statesman. The misfortunes of his times enabled him to display all his wonderful abilities in the defence of freedom and humanity. Burke, with boundless

ingenuity, and the inexhaustible resources of knowledge and imagination, advocated the cause of America. Fox stood by his side, inferior in age and experience, inferior in general acquisitions, inferior in the practice of oratory, but superior in warmth, in tenderness, in unaffected humanity, in generosity, and in genius. The one astonished the House; the other melted it into the love of what was right. The one appealed to the reason, or, with rhetorical flourishes, to the passions; the other went directly to the heart, and, by awakening all the noblest feelings of our nature, succeeded in rousing those who were not bound by the chains of official dependence, into an open condemnation of the wrongs which England was then inflicting on her transatlantic children.

It would be satisfactory to be able to represent Fox as equally great and estimable in the relations of private life; but this, unfortunately, is not to be done. His passion for gaming, and his love of pleasure, kept him for ever in difficulties, notwithstanding the ample fortune he had inherited from his father. He was constantly beset by Jews and money-lenders, and there was a little back-parlour in his house in South Street on which he bestowed the name of the Jerusalem Chamber, because it was there he habitually contended with the Israelites. His perpetual state of pecuniary embarrassment must have reconciled him to the inheriting of a sinecure from his father, which, however, he soon disposed of for considerably less than its value. By way of illustrating the shifts to which his pecuniary difficulties led him to have recourse, we may borrow a story from Horace Walpole, which though incorrect in some particulars, is admitted by Lord Holland to be true upon the whole:—In the summer of this year, a woman who had been transported, and who, a few years before, had advertised herself as a *sensible woman*, who gave advice on all emergencies for half-a-guinea, was carried before Justice Fielding by a Quaker, whom she had defrauded of money under pretence of getting him a place by her interest with ministers, to whom she pretended to be related. She called herself the Hon. Mrs Grieve, and gave herself for cousin to Lord North, the Duke of Grafton, and Mrs Fitzroy. She had bribed Lord North's porter to let her into his house, and as her dupes waited for her in the street, they concluded that she had access to the minister. Before Fielding, she behaved with insolence; abused the Quaker, and told him she had disappointed him of the place because he was an immoral man.

Her art and address had been so great, that she had avoided being culpable of any fraud for which she could be committed to prison, and was dismissed, the Quaker only having power to sue her at common-law for the recovery of his money, and for which suit she was not weak enough to wait when at liberty. But the Quaker's part of the story would not have spread Mrs Grieve's renown, if a far more improbable dupe had not been caught in her snare. In a word, the famous Charles Fox had been the bubble of this woman, who undoubtedly had uncommon talents, and a

knowledge of the world. She had persuaded Fox, desperate with his debts, that she could procure him, as a wife, a Miss Phipps, with a fortune of L.80,000, who was just arrived from the West Indies.

There was such a person coming over, but not with half the fortune, nor known to Mrs Grieve. With this bait she amused Charles for many months, appointed meetings, and once persuaded him that as Miss Phipps liked a fair man, and as he was remarkably black, he must powder his eyebrows. Of that intended interview he was disappointed by the imaginary lady's falling ill, of what was afterwards pretended to be the small-pox. After he had waited some time, Mrs Grieve affected to go and see if Miss Phipps was a little better, and able to receive her swain; but on opening the door, a servant-man, who had been posted to wait upon the stairs, as coming down with the remains of a basin of broth, told Mrs Grieve that Miss Phipps was not well enough to receive the visit. Had a novice been the prey of these artifices, it would not have been extraordinary; but Charles Fox had been in the world from his childhood, and been treated as a man long before the season. He ought to have known there could not have been an Hon. Mrs Grieve, nor such a being as she pretended to be. Indeed, in one stroke, she had singular finesse: instead of asking him for money, which would have detected her plot at once, she was so artful as to lend him L.300, or thereabouts, and she paid herself by his chariot standing frequently at her door, which served to impose on her more vulgar dupes.

His experience, from this time forward, lay chiefly among the members of the liberal party, and among others, he became acquainted with Sheridan, though at what period is not exactly known. Lord John Townshend gives the following account of their first meeting, and of the impression they made on each other:—'I made the first dinner-party at which they met, having told Fox, that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talents and genius from the comedy of *The Rivals*, &c., would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. The first interview between them—there were very few present, only Tickell and myself, and one or two more—I shall never forget. Fox told me after breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely; and Sheridan told me next day that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most—his commanding superiority of talents and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which shewed itself in every word he uttered!'

There exists, unfortunately, no means of discovering in what manner Fox at this period conducted his studies. We are told,

indeed, by traditional anecdotes, that after spending half the night in the wildest dissipation, he used frequently to sit up during the remainder with a wet towel tied about his temples, reading the great orators and poets of antiquity. His ideas of what kind of knowledge is useful to a man, were not by any means those which are generally received. Yet we are not to infer from his fondness for elegant literature, and his contempt for political economy, that he devoted his time to frivolous acquisitions. On the contrary, it is perfectly clear, both from his speeches and from the circumstances of his life, that he was deeply versed in history, particularly that of our own country; and not only so, but that he had rendered himself familiar with our legal antiquities, with the nature of the laws as they then existed, and with the principles which should regulate their reform in all succeeding ages. He gave up much time to the reading of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, partly, no doubt, through admiration of the style in which they are written. In one of his letters, he observes: 'You of course read Blackstone over and over again; and if so, pray tell me whether you agree with me in thinking his style of English the very best among our modern writers—always easy and intelligible, far more correct than Hume, and less studied and made up than Robertson.' At the same time, he pursued his classical and poetical studies, from which it is evident he derived the greatest advantage. Homer was his favourite author, and next to him Euripides, who had likewise the honour of inspiring the same preference in Milton. Another of his favourites was Ariosto, whom he preferred to Tasso, for the luxuriance of his imagery and the grand sweep of his imagination. Afterwards, when he undertook to give advice to others, he dwelt with peculiar emphasis on this branch of reading. 'I am of opinion,' he says, 'that the study of good authors, and especially poets, ought never to be intermitted by any man who is to speak or write for the public, or, indeed, who has any occasion to tax his imagination, whether it be for argument, for illustration, for ornament, for sentiment, or any other purpose.' As was natural, he held Demosthenes in the highest estimation, and recommended the study of his speeches to his nephew, Lord Holland, in a way which deserves to be remembered:—

'As to your studies, I am sorry they are not more intense, but not much surprised—(the Fitzpatrick indolence will come out). However, I am glad you have begun Herodotus, whom I was quite sure you would like; there is a flow, and ease, and pleasantness in him, that I know in no other prose-writer. I used to think the second book about Egypt one of the most entertaining; though, perhaps, the account of Xerxes' expedition and the affairs of Greece is more interesting. If you do not like algebra, I cannot help it; the liking of such studies or not is mere matter of taste; and if one does not feel them pleasant, I know no way of being persuaded that they are so. But with respect to

Demosthenes, if you go on, and are shewn the good parts of him, I think you cannot but see in him a superior force of understanding and expression to all other writers. I am so' convinced of this, that if you do not feel it at first, I would advise you to read him over again; and desire some of those who admire him to point out to you the passages most to be admired, and the beauties of them, and to make yourself quite sure that it is not owing to inattention if you think less of him than I do. I never read anything of his in the original except the first Philippic, the three Olynthiacs, and the *Περὶ Συναγωγῆς*; but I not only admire them very much, but the passages which I read, ill translated from him as I guess, in Gillies' History this year, have greatly confirmed the opinion I had of him. There is a force and pointedness in him arising naturally out of the *business*, and not produced by any far-fetched or affected antithesis, to which all orators are forced to have recourse to avoid flatness and dulness, that is in my judgment peculiar to him.'

Burke seems never to have set much value on the society of women; but Fox, quite consistently with his love of poetry, and of whatever else is beautiful or graceful in nature, seems always to have delighted greatly in female society, in which he probably acquired his partiality for that easy idiomatic English observable in his speeches. Among his friends, was Mrs (afterwards Lady) Crewe, to whom he addressed a copy of verses, which it may be worth while to give here:—

'Where the loveliest expression to features is joined
By nature's most delicate pencil designed;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;
Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure, philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love!
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter—O tell
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenced that for once I am wise,
And gaze without love upon Amoret's eyes;
That my wishes, that never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.
Is't reason? No; that my whole life will belie,
For who so at variance as reason and I?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?
O no; for in this all the world will agree—
One folly was never sufficient for me!
Is my mind on distress too intensely employed,
Or by pleasure relaxed, by variety cloyed?
For, alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.
That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
But, though versed in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,
I am still but too ready to feel them again:
If, then, for this once in my life I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me,

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For though lightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms.
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, though their splendour we praise,
So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, our hearts can inflame.'

VIII.

The admirers of Fox in his own age, and that which immediately succeeded, were much too Quixotic in their defence of his irregularities. They pretended that the rankness of the weeds only proved the excellence of the soil. They would appear to have forgotten that when we write, our paramount duty is that which we owe to the public; and that, consequently, whether treating of friend or foe, we are constrained to be impartial, to censure failings and excesses, to condemn vices, and to bestow our praise on great and good qualities wherever they exist. In Mr Fox's case, it must be acknowledged that he performed immense services for the cause of freedom; but at the same time, it is not to be dissembled, that had his private life at this period been less blameable, those services would have been much greater. It is no doubt true that a man has a right to frame his own theory of happiness, in which he is to consider himself as well as the public; but no scheme of philosophy, however large or lenient, will enable us, even in self-defence, to make an apology for gaming or habitual intemperance.

We should be lost in a multitude of minute details, did we attempt to follow Mr Fox through every stage of his parliamentary career. No great question was brought before the House of Commons in which he did not take a part. The House and the public were dissatisfied till they knew his opinions; while his friends in the legislature never calculated on success unless when they could reckon on the aid of his splendid abilities. In advocating the principles he upheld, and in defending his own opinions, he rather resembled the orators of antiquity, than the speakers of an age in which the relics of feudal manners were still suffered to exhibit themselves. Plain truth can never be commonly spoken, or the interest of an empire be faithfully served, in a senate among whose members the practice of duelling prevails. Among the members of such an assembly the feeling should be, that they are responsible only to the public, so that no private considerations whatever may interfere with the revelation of their inmost thoughts. This was Fox's conviction, and in strict conformity with it he acted. The ministers of the day being in extreme want of supporters, held out very strong inducements to all who would desert the liberal party, and give the aid of their talents or their votes to the government. Among the converts of this class, in 1780, was a Mr Adam, who, having acted with the Opposition up to the close of one session of parliament, was found at the commencement of the next on the Treasury benches, his reason having probably in

the interval been convinced through his interests. Possessing considerable ingenuity, he stood up in the House, and gave a tolerably specious history of his transformation. With this, however, Mr Fox was not satisfied. He accordingly arose, and with an unsparing hand stripped the learned gentleman of all his pretexts, excuses, apologies, and subterfuges, and left him naked and helpless in the midst of the senate, chafed, galled, and infuriated at the disgraceful exposure. Agreeably to the practice of the times, Mr Adam now bethought him of repairing by pistols what he had lost by logic, and sent Mr Fox a challenge. The duel was fought, and both still remained alive—the one to plunge still deeper into obscurity; the other, to rise to the heights of political renown, and to wreath his name with glory as one of the greatest statesmen, and incomparably the greatest orator of the freest nation in modern times.

IX.

All this while, Fox distinguished himself by his attacks on the American war; and in his speech on the declaration of war against Holland, drew a startling parallel between Russia and England, maintaining that the former had increased in power and influence ever since the accession of Catharine, whereas, from the moment George III. had appeared upon the scene, this country had rapidly declined in resources and renown. He took, as Burke also did, a correct view of the American struggle. He did not regard the revolted colonists as enemies, but as friends, alienated by ill-usage; and in all his addresses to the House, persisted in drawing the most touching picture of the ties that had been broken, of the warm affections that had been quenched, and of the natural desire which both parties should have felt to be found side by side with each other contending against some common foe.

If we have at all succeeded in conveying an idea of Mr Fox's character, it will already be felt that he was a man of great political wisdom, of immensely extended views, of the most unquestionable patriotism, and, in spite of his own defects and failings, one who earnestly desired to promote the happiness of the majority. His heart was large, and embraced, as it were, the whole kingdom in its sympathies. He was very full, too, of faith in human nature. Experience could not teach him that moral scepticism, which induces men to doubt the results of actions the most harmless, when not regulated by secular prudence. He had an inexhaustible store of romance in his nature; he thought the passions and feelings of the heart might be allowed to develop themselves without injury, not remembering that we no longer live in that 'bella età de l'oro,' when truth, as one of our poets expresses it, was on every shepherd's tongue.

In this temper of mind, he brought forward his bill for the amendment of the Marriage Act, originally introduced by the

aristocracy for the protection of property, and the privileges of great families. Though belonging strictly to their order, Mr Fox felt no sympathy with their social policy; he thought more of the happiness of individuals—though, to speak our opinion frankly, we think it may be doubted whether what he intended for the public good, would not have turned out in practice to be an inexhaustible source of mischief. The object of his bill was to do away with the necessity of bans or licence, and to fix the majority of men at eighteen, and of women at sixteen. This measure further provided that no marriage was to be declared null, or by any suit at law, after the parties had lived together as man and wife for one year.

When speaking in defence of his own views, Fox drew an extraordinary picture of the evils resulting from the established system. In reply to the argument, that the reason of parents ought to regulate the predilections of children, he proved to the satisfaction of the House, that if stern reason alone were consulted, marriage in most cases would never be contracted at all. He maintained, that where their own happiness is concerned, the most illiterate are better able to judge than the wisest philosophers; and that in what regards the passions, the heart of youth is wiser than the hoary head of age. On this subject, he was opposed by Burke, whose colder nature left him free to consult the ordinary dictates of prudence.

‘A meeting of the Whigs,’ says Alison, ‘was held to consider this great schism which had broken out in their party, and the following resolution appeared in their official journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, on the subject:—“The great and firm body of the Whigs of England, true to their principles, have decided on the dispute between Mr Fox and Mr Burke; and the former is declared to have maintained the pure doctrines by which they are bound together, and upon which they have invariably acted. The consequence is, that Mr Burke retires from parliament.” Mr Burke, in alluding to this resolution, said, on the same night, that he knew he was excommunicated by one party, and that he was too old to seek another; and though in his age he had been so unfortunate as to meet this disgrace, yet he disdained to make any recantation, and did not care to solicit the friendship of any man in the House, either on one side or the other.’

The following is the summing up of the Tory historian:—‘Nothing can be imagined more characteristic of both these illustrious men, and of the views of the parties of which they severally were the heads, than the speeches now given. On the one side are to be seen warm affection, impassioned feeling, philanthropic ardour, vehemence of expression, worthy of the statesman who has been justly styled by no common man, “the most Demosthenian orator since the days of Demosthenes.” On the other, an ardent mind, a burning eloquence, a foresight guided by observation of the past, benevolence restrained by anticipation of

the future. In the impetuosity of the latter in support of the truths with which he was so deeply impressed, there is perhaps some reason to lament the undue asperity of indignant prophecy; in the former, too great stress is laid upon political consistency under altered times. But time, the great test of truth, has now resolved the justice of the respective opinions thus eloquently advanced, and thrown its verdict with decisive weight into the scale with Mr Burke. There is, perhaps, not to be found in the whole history of human anticipation, a more signal instance of erroneous views than those advanced by Mr Fox, when he said that the French constitution was the most stupendous fabric of wisdom ever reared in any age or country; that no danger was to be apprehended to the balance of power in Europe, now that France had obtained democratic institutions; and that, if that great power was subverted, no peril was to be apprehended to European liberty from the strength or ambition of Russia. On the other hand, all must admit the extraordinary sagacity with which Mr Burke not merely predicted the consequences to itself and to Europe, which necessarily would arise from the convulsions in France, but also pointed out so clearly that vital distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the Gallic race on the shores of the St Lawrence, and the remarkable difference in their capacity to bear democratic institutions, which was destined not to produce its natural effects for half a century, and of which we are now only beginning to see the ultimate results.'

The House, however, declared, by a large majority, in favour of Fox's measure, which was sent up triumphantly to the Lords, the very authors of the bill against which it was directed. Its fate, accordingly, was never doubtful from the beginning, for though several peers spoke in its favour, the lateness of the season was adduced as an overwhelming argument against going into the consideration of so important a subject. It was therefore laid aside, and never again introduced into either House.

X.

His motions against Sir Hugh Palliser's appointment to be governor of Greenwich Hospital, and against the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, excited a large share of attention at the time, but involve no principle of permanent interest. In conjunction with Burke, however, he incessantly led the attacks which the Opposition made upon the government. Ministers, unsuccessful abroad, covered with opprobrium by their mismanagement of the American war, and further damaged by the rashness with which they involved the country in fresh contests in Europe, were now beginning to feel their incapacity to stem the torrent of parliamentary hostility. The most lavish corruptions failed to procure them a sufficient number of adherents

in the House of Commons. Their majorities perpetually diminished; their eloquence and their confidence dwindled together. The country became impatient of their control, and indignant at the burdens they so uselessly heaped upon it. In the spring, therefore, of 1782, Lord North's administration came suddenly to an end, and the task of organising a new ministry devolved upon the Marquis of Rockingham. This nobleman stood high in the estimation of all his liberal contemporaries, who bestowed upon him praises which it would now be difficult, perhaps impossible, to justify. No doubt, he possessed many moral qualities of a high order. He was generous, frank, unselfish, and appeared to enjoy a peculiar gratification in elevating genius to its proper eminence. He was, accordingly, respected and beloved by all around him, and his memory is still encircled by a brighter halo than that which surrounds the names of much greater men. Under him, Fox accepted the post of secretary for foreign affairs. The views of the new minister were highly liberal and enlightened. 'The public measures for which he was said to have stipulated with the court before he would consent to enter into any negotiation for office, were these:—1. Peace with the Americans, and the acknowledgment of their independence not to be a bar to the attainment of that object. 2. A substantial reform in the several branches of the civil-list expenditure, on the plan proposed by Mr Burke. 3. The diminution of the influence of the crown; under which article, the bills for excluding contractors from seats in parliament, and disqualifying the revenue-officers from voting in the election of members, were included.'

The new ministers, to prove themselves in earnest, immediately entered upon their duties, setting on foot the preliminaries of a peace with the United States, taking steps for the conciliation and better government of Ireland, introducing into home affairs the principle of economy and retrenchment, and giving promise of the most important services and advantages to the country. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham, which happened in July, clouded this brilliant prospect. The Earl of Shelburne, who succeeded him, was in no way calculated to realise his enlarged scheme of government, and everything reverted into the old track of jobbing, corruption, and the preferring of private before public interest. Even before the death of the late premier, Fox had made the discovery, that it would be impossible for him, with his ideas of public faith and honour, to remain in the cabinet. It is not unlikely that he entertained the hope, which his great genius and knowledge fully justified, of succeeding to the premiership; and when he saw a man every way his inferior placed over his head, he may have expressed that disgust which a great man in such situations naturally feels. But he would probably have repressed his indignation had the measures of ministers been such as he could have approved of. They were the direct contrary; and he therefore retired to the more congenial post of leader of the

Opposition. His theory of political administration may, perhaps, be censured as Utopian. He aimed at a disinterestedness and a purity of motive scarcely reconcilable with the form of the British constitution, and in almost perpetual seclusion from office, paid the penalty of his political stoicism.

The Earl of Shelburne's administration, like that of his predecessor, was destined to be extremely short-lived. In the month of February 1783 he gave in his resignation. A ministerial interregnum followed, during which the affairs of the kingdom remained in great disorder, without any responsible government at home, the finances neglected, the military establishments unreduced, and the negotiation with foreign states, then of the greatest importance, completely at a stand.

XI.

To this succeeded an extraordinary ministry, formed by a coalition between the Whig and Tory parties. In this, Mr Fox, unfortunately for his character for consistency, consented to take a part. His thick-and-thin admirers, neglecting their own characters, in their eagerness to defend him, are unable to discover anything blameable in this transaction; but we are constrained to take a different view of the matter, and to agree with those who severely censure his acceptance of office in such a cabinet. Burke's biographers have found themselves in much the same dilemma with those who have undertaken to whitewash Fox. It is much better to acknowledge frankly the faults and inconsistencies of those whom you admire, than, by seeking to attribute to them what they never possessed, to have your own judgment called in question on all other occasions.

Fox now betook himself to the study of Indian affairs, and to the framing of that bill which has obtained so great a celebrity in our history. It was a measure of mixed character, based on an imperfect knowledge of Indian affairs, but exhibiting in parts a faithful application of those great principles of government to which he was all his life sincerely attached. His speeches, however, on the subject, as well as those of Mr Burke, were tinged with strong prejudices against the East India Company, whose supporters, on the other hand, may be said to have provoked severe condemnation by their extravagant eulogiums and pretensions. About the middle of December, it became evident that the coalition could no longer maintain its ground; but there was a very general impression, both in parliament and in the country, that Mr Fox would now rise to the first post in the councils of the state, and be able to impress his own grand character on the public transactions of the period. An influence, then irresistible, prevented the realisation of this hope. George III. had conceived a personal antipathy against Fox, which led him to declare, he

would sooner leave the kingdom, and retire to Hanover, than accept him as his prime minister. To give vent to this feeling, he contrived the most offensive method possible for dismissing Mr Fox and Lord North. Mr Frazer and Mr Nepean were ordered to wait at midnight on these two ministers, to require them to deliver up their seals of office—as a personal interview, they were informed, would be disagreeable to the king.

Mr Pitt was now made First Lord of the Treasury; he had discovered the means of securing to himself the countenance of the court, and thenceforward, almost to the period of his death, wielded despotically the destinies of the empire. Immediately on his accession to power, he entered into a contest with Mr Fox, which was carried on with very doubtful success during three months in the House of Commons. On the one side was arrayed all the power of the crown—then extremely formidable—with the entire strength of the Tory party, and whatever the administrative could put in practice to insure a majority; on the other, the unparalleled genius, eloquence, wit, and knowledge of Mr Fox, all the brilliant leaders of the Opposition, a chivalrous spirit of liberalism, and the unequivocal approbation of the country.

These antagonistic influences were soon engaged in a struggle out of doors. In 1784 occurred the famous Westminster election, which supplied a stage on which the court and country parties exhausted all their resources. The great Whig families, particularly the house of Devonshire, enthusiastically supported Mr Fox. The beautiful duchess is said to have ridden through Westminster with a fox's tail depending from each of her carriage windows. Her canvass was incessant. She waited upon nearly all the electors, and is said to have won a vote from a chivalrous butcher by allowing him to kiss her. Whatever money and influence could effect was, on the other hand, accomplished by the court. The agents of ministers roamed through the borough; menaces, surmises, insinuations of danger, were lavishly employed to sway the decisions of the electors. It was regarded as a regular stand-up fight between the people and the court. Nothing could surpass the state of excitement into which the whole metropolis was thrown. Mr Fox was elevated into a sort of popular idol; and when he was on his way to Westminster, to pronounce those harangues which shook the whole empire, and resounded to the furthest corner of the civilised world, people fought with each other to obtain a glimpse of him on the street, paid lavishly for a seat at a window in the streets through which he passed; while little boys were brought out by their fathers, and held up enthusiastically, that they might cherish throughout the remainder of their lives the recollection of having seen the man. When we now read the speeches and addresses delivered on that occasion, we are sometimes led to wonder at the effect they produced; but half the power of eloquence consists in its adaptation.

The great oration for the crown, the mightiest display of oratory known to the records of mankind, fail now to awaken those sentiments of enthusiasm and intense admiration to which they gave birth in the Athenian Agora. The same remark will apply to Fox's speeches delivered in Palace Yard. The people saw before them the champion of their rights, and, what was more, the antagonist of the court, which they detested. They came fully disposed, therefore, to applaud what he should say; and when they listened to the music of his voice, to his resounding language, to his thrilling appeals to every popular sentiment, to his denunciation of the minister, to his enumeration of grievances on the one hand, and acts of oppression on the other—their fervour was raised to its highest pitch, and they became utterly insensible to the allurements of court flattery, and even to the witchery of gold.

Fox, therefore, was returned for Westminster by an immense majority; but the popular party soon found that they had not yet triumphed. A method was invented by the minister for defeating their wishes, and at the instigation of the unsuccessful candidate, a scrutiny was set on foot, which it was resolved should be interminable.

XII.

Excluded from parliament by this manoeuvre, Fox and the popular party had recourse to another system of tactics. He was elected for the Scotch boroughs of Dingwall and Kirkwall, and appeared in his place to watch over the proceedings of his unscrupulous adversaries. After eight months of vexatious delay, the high-bailiff of Westminster was summoned to the bar of the Commons, and questioned respecting the prospects of the scrutiny. He confessed that in the way things had hitherto been carried on, the process would extend through four years at least, which appeared to be so scandalous an act of power, that it was not to be endured. After a severe struggle, in which the minister exerted his utmost authority, and tarnished his character, the House of Commons decided in favour of Mr Fox, who was acknowledged to have been duly elected, and who afterwards brought an action in the courts of law against the high-bailiff, and recovered £2000 damages, which he distributed among the charities of Westminster.

The period which immediately followed was one of extreme vexation and defeat to the whole liberal party, at the head of which Mr Fox now stood. He had been content for many years to follow Mr Burke; he had then for awhile divided public respect and admiration with him; he now, with the force and vivacity of superior genius, advanced beyond him, and took up a position which his rival could not regard without the most painful feelings. This, it must be acknowledged, was but too natural. Fox enjoyed

all the advantages of family connection, and could bring to bear upon parliament the united force of the Whig aristocracy; he was, besides, a man of warm feelings, enthusiastic, sociable, and pre-eminently popular in his manners. He won upon people by his happy smile, by the sunniness of his countenance, by the sweetness of his voice, by the simplicity and unaffectedness of his manners.

Burke commanded advantages of a different kind. He possessed the rare merit of being the artificer of his own fortune: he rose from the ranks. It was his genius that, wherever he went, distinguished him from those around. His conversation was beyond comparison dazzling and magnificent: he overtopped, he outshone every one who came in contact with him. Fox himself seemed to be an ordinary person when Burke was pouring forth the riches of his convivial eloquence; but when the cause was withdrawn, the effect ceased. Burke contrived to render himself agreeable, useful, and sometimes necessary to the great; but, as a rule, people did not love him. He was retired, thoughtful, uncommunicative, and at times unsociable. It is matter of no surprise, therefore, that he did not carry along with him the affections of the many, as Mr Fox unquestionably did.

In parliament, the great point now was to accomplish a reform in the representation. Mr Pitt sought for awhile to appear favourable to the improvement of our institutions, while he really regarded all progress in that direction with a jealous and hostile care. At the same time, we should probably allow that the leaders of the liberal party, including Mr Fox himself, were not always so judicious as they might have been. At all events, they sought to carry nothing by conciliation, but taunted and goaded those in authority with the most reckless disregard of consequences. Fox especially distinguished himself in this course of proceeding. If he brought about reform, he did not wish to obtain it as a boon from the minister, but as a conquest achieved over him by the force of public opinion. Cautious politicians may condemn this policy; but it is, after all, extremely problematical whether reformers ever gain much by temporising and concession-making. To a weak people or popular party, nothing is yielded by authority; whereas they who have the power to take if they choose, are seldom refused when they condescend to ask.

XIII.

We at length arrive at the period of George III.'s madness, on which it would be disagreeable to dwell. Fox stood on the side of the Prince of Wales, and advocated his claim to exercise the regency by right; while Pitt, for very obvious reasons, took the opposite side. The discussion of this subject was carried on with extreme acrimony. In the journals, in the House of Commons, in the Peers, and even in the country, Fox lost a portion of his

popularity by his adherence to the cause of the prince, who was disliked on account of his extravagance and his vices. He was generally believed, moreover, to have been married secretly to a Roman Catholic lady, which incensed the Protestantism of the nation, and led it to regard with something like horror his accession to the throne, however transient and temporary. The ministerial party triumphed in parliament. Mr Fox, under pretext of ill health, precipitately retired to Bath; and the king's recovery, soon afterwards, put an end to the difficulties of the situation.

We now approach the period in Mr Fox's life which may be said to have imparted to it, as it did to so many of his contemporaries, his distinguishing characteristic. In July 1789, the Revolution broke out in France with the storming of the Bastile; and the whole of Europe may be said to have felt at once that a mighty change had been effected in all the elements of civil society. By a kind of instinct scarcely susceptible of explanation, men ranged themselves into two parties—the one standing by the old principle of government, the other going over to the new. Mr Fox, it is well known, was among the latter; his mind in its entire structure had a democratic tendency. With all his simplicity, modesty, and humility, he evidently recognised no superior in the world; not because he was insincere in his profession of the above-named virtues, but because he believed that all lead and power in human affairs ought to belong exclusively to intellect and virtue. In other words, he was persuaded that the business of the world should be carried on by those who are best qualified to conduct it.

Burke, as others have already observed, ought never to have joined the liberal party. Excepting the accident of birth, he had nothing in common with the people; and if, during many years, he advocated popular rights, and appeared to be actuated by popular sympathies, it was rather through the force of circumstances than through any predilections of his own. His ideas of reform were capricious and inconsistent. Turned away by his imagination, he sometimes appeared to be swayed by ultra-democratic principles, but speedily retreated from the position he had rashly taken up, and took refuge under the shadow of the feudal system. He was, besides, not at all endowed with the spirit of martyrdom, and he looked upon perpetual exclusion from office as nothing less. Had the Rockingham administration, or even the coalition, proved durable, he might have been able to justify to his reason his profession of liberal principles. It had been his fate, however, to encounter the sufferings usually allotted to those who struggle for abstract right without the enthusiasm by which they are in most cases supported and comforted. When a man believes himself to be toiling for the good of the world, he encounters afflictions with pride, makes sacrifices cheerfully, endures poverty, obloquy, and neglect without repining; and if it be his chance to

meet an obscure death, and to pass away without having achieved his object, he has still the inward consolation of having aimed at what was noble, and of pronouncing with his last breath a sincere parting blessing on his race.

Burke, as we have said, had nothing of this disposition in his nature. It was his wish to run a career of ambition, from which he was probably withheld by becoming accidentally the private secretary of Lord Rockingham. Had that nobleman been a Tory, Burke would at once have found his right place in our political system. As it was, he got entangled with reformers, and found no plausible opportunity of escape till the French Revolution, by alarming the privileged orders throughout Europe, traced out a path by which defection without absolute disgrace was rendered practicable.

XIV.

From this time forward, Fox and Burke were found in opposite camps; and while the former regarded the circumstance with profound regret and affectionate sorrow, the latter seems to have rejoiced at it as a happy deliverance—first, from the galling sense of inferiority as a popular leader; and second, from the necessity of upholding a theory of government for which he had never experienced any sincere attachment. The rivals now employed all the forces of their mind in recommending their views to parliament and the nation. Fox thought the time was come for the universal triumph of liberty and justice; while Burke, on the other hand, experienced the conviction that all the grandeur and glory of the world were departing for ever. How could they then continue friends? Fox, with his genial heart and unparalleled magnanimity, would have conceded to his old associate the privilege of abusing the new principles without offence; but Burke, smarting under the consciousness of something like apostasy, regarded every enthusiastic declaration in favour of the new order of things as a tacit reproach to himself, or even as a personal affront. Events speedily precipitated them against each other. During the debate on a bill for giving a new constitution to Canada, the rupture took place. Burke had just then published his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, which had completely severed his connection with the Whig party. Into a criticism on that famous production, we shall not now enter; it will be sufficient to say, that it was directly at variance with all the author's former speeches and professions, and the symbol, as it were, of a new political creed. Fox regarded the defection of his old friend with feelings of the deepest regret; but in his speech on the Quebec Bill, as it was called, in which he deprecated the division of the province, and clearly foretold the evils and inconveniences which afterwards arose from the measure, he made some observations which applied, or were supposed to

apply, to Mr Burke's attack on the French Revolution. Any one who reads those remarks dispassionately will discover no just grounds of offence in them. But Mr Burke was not present when they were delivered, and probably heard from some officious friend a grossly distorted account of their import. On the first occasion that offered, therefore, he appeared in his place in the House, and with a fury and violence almost beyond description, made a general assault on all those who had adopted what he termed the new principles of government. Instead of confining himself to argument or reasoning, he indulged in the most damaging insinuations against Mr Fox and his friends, whom he accused of treasonable designs to subvert the constitution and destroy the prosperity of their country. The language in which he made these charges was so vehement and reprehensible, that he was frequently called to order, and ultimately compelled to desist and sit down by the universal feeling of the House.

Mr Fox on seconding Lord Sheffield's motion—'That dissertations on the French government were out of order on such an occasion—observed that no occurrence throughout the whole course of his life had ever taken place which so severely attacked both his feelings and his principles as the charges which were directly and indirectly—by innuendo and by implication—made against him by the right honourable gentleman. He particularly felt them at this crisis, and he peculiarly felt them in coming from the man whom he had ever flattered his understanding and his pride with believing to be the friend and patron of his knowledge, actions, sentiments, opinions, and principles. It was a matter of the utmost concern to him to find that the space of twenty-five years had been so ill employed as at the conclusion of it to be obliged to acknowledge that the only poignant pain of mind he had endured was that which he suffered from the man who first and best *taught* him what it was to feel. He said he was sorry to find himself bound to support the motion; and much more so, that his right honourable friend had made it necessary, by bringing on an extraneous discussion in a manner which was not only unfair, but which he could not but think a direct injustice to himself. If the right honourable gentleman's object had been to debate the Quebec Bill, he would have debated it clause by clause, according to the established rule and practice of the House. If his object had been to prevent dangers apprehended to the British constitution from the opinions of any man or set of men, he would have given notice of a particular day for that particular purpose, or taken any other occasion of doing it rather than that on which his nearest and dearest friend had been grossly misrepresented and traduced.'

Further on in the speech, alluding to the time when Burke and he had fought the battle of freedom side by side, he said that, 'when Washington gained a victory, they mutually rejoiced; when Montgomery fell, they mutually wept; when they agreed, they agreed like men; when they differed, like philosophers: nor

did they ever differ till an occurrence happened which, both as men and philosophers, should have made them reciprocally happy, and he was firmly persuaded would have done so, had not the demon of discord interfered, and slyly disseminated the contentious seeds between them in an unlucky moment.'

XV.

But the seeds of discord had in reality been sown, and their friendship was to be brought on that day to an end. Burke had come evidently prepared to make the sacrifice, and eagerly offered up the intimate of three and twenty years on what he called the altar of the constitution. While the gorgeous rhetorician was pouring forth his anathemas against France, and ostentatiously lamenting the consequences to himself, Fox whispered, 'there was no loss of friendship.' Burke replied that there was, and proceeded to shew the impossibility of their ever more going on cordially together. When he sat down, Fox rose to speak, but his emotions overcame him. He burst into a fit of tears, and persons present on that memorable night relate that his sobbing was even heard in the gallery. Not a murmur, not a whisper was heard throughout the House, which preserved for several minutes a reverential silence. When he had in some degree mastered his feelings, he proceeded to express, in language the most touching ever used by an Englishman, his sorrow at the occurrence of that evening. He sketched the history of their friendship, of which he had obviously entertained the most exalted idea; he dwelt on the happiness it had procured him, and on the hope he had cherished that it would last during life. But the die was cast—Burke was not to be moved; and from that day forward the two great orators, who had hitherto kept side by side, moved in separate orbits, and were impelled by motives directly the reverse of each other.

It would be wholly impracticable, in this brief review of Fox's career, to recount his political labours during this eventful period. The tide soon turned against him. The French Revolution, after exciting in this country the most wide-spread admiration and enthusiasm, began by degrees to awaken alarm. A feeling of alienation was generated; and the sincere friends of liberty, who lamented and condemned the excesses of the people of Paris, were involved by the British public in its hostility against the Revolution. Fox, meanwhile, steadfastly maintained the political ground he had taken up—not that he approved of all he saw done in France, but that he expected a better state of things to arise out of the confusion and anarchy in which he saw her plunged.

Pitt, through a concurrence of circumstances, had now acquired something like a parliamentary dictatorship, and wielded the

whole resources of the nation with irresistible sway. Burke poured forth letter after letter, and volume after volume, against the French Revolution. Of the friends of liberty, some lost heart, and became indifferent; others retired from public life; others deserted their principles, and went over to the enemy. Fox, however, remained firm at his post, and with the fire of his eloquence, the comprehensiveness of his views, and the grandeur of his sentiments, preserved many from waxing faint. Still, there was no great reaction in the public mind, till after having plunged into war with France, and uselessly expended L.100,000,000 in ways not to be described or believed, some feelings of remorse were awakened in the country, which began to give expression to a desire for peace. But the star of slaughter was now in the ascendant, and all the efforts made by the friends of humanity proved fruitless.

XVI.

In this state of public affairs, Mr Fox began at length to think of retirement. He had never relinquished the pursuit of his beloved classical studies. From personal defeat, and the humiliation of his party in the House of Commons, he had taken refuge in the philosophy of Homer and Euripides, whose magic numbers, like the harp of the prophet, had power to still the turbulence of his soul. As early as 1796, he commenced a correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield on classical subjects, which was carried on for five or six years in the midst of party warfare and political excitement. A sketch of what he thought and said on this subject would form a beautiful chapter in his life, but within our limits it cannot be introduced. We must hasten on to the period of his marriage and his residence at St Anne's Hill.

It boots not now to inquire why a man of affections so warm, and passions so powerful, waited till his fiftieth year to take to himself a wife; it is our business merely to relate the fact. That he was warmly attached, however, to the woman of his choice, cannot be doubted, any more than that the few later years of his life spent in her society, and under her influence, were the happiest he ever knew.

St Anne's Hill, near Chertsey, was an extremely beautiful place. From its window, London was visible in the distance, and the intervening country has all the charms and attractions belonging to an English landscape. It is verdant, clothed partially with woods, diversified by hill and dale, and rendered cheerful by the flashing of sparkling brooks and streams. Here Fox spent his days like a philosopher. In summer, he rose between six and seven; in winter, before eight. After breakfast, which took place about nine o'clock, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs Fox, and spent the interval till dinner in the study of Greek

authors, particularly the poets. He dined between two and three in summer, and about four in winter, and after taking a few glasses of wine, finished the repast with coffee. The afternoon was dedicated to walking and conversation, till tea-time, when reading aloud or writing commenced and continued till near ten. From one of his letters to Gilbert Wakefield, we find that he never neglected his classical studies, but continued with unabated ardour the perusal of those great authors, whose works he had admired from his earliest youth :—‘ I wish to read some more, if not all, of the Greek poets, before I begin with those Latin ones that you recommend ; especially as I take for granted that V. Flaccus (one of them), is, in some degree, an imitator of Apollonius Rhodius. Of him or Silius Italicus I never read any ; and of Statius but little. Indeed, as during far the greater part of my life the reading of the classics had been only an amusement and not a study, I know but little of them beyond the works of those who are generally placed in the first rank ; to which I have always more or less attended, and with which I have always been as well acquainted as most idle men, if not better. My practice has generally been *multum portius quam multos legere*. Of late years, it is true that I have read with more critical attention, and made it more of a study ; but my attention has been chiefly directed to the Greek language and its writers, so that in the Latin I have a great deal still to read ; and I find it a pleasure which grows upon me every day. Milton, you say, might have reconciled me to blank verse. I certainly, in common with all the world, admire the grand and stupendous passages of the *Paradise Lost* ; but yet, with all his study of harmony, he had not reconciled me to blank verse. There is a want of flow of ease, of what the painters call a free pencil, even in *his* blank verse, which is a defect in poetry that offends me more perhaps than it ought ; and I confess, perhaps to my shame, that I read the *Fairy Queen* with more delight than the *Paradise Lost* : this may be owing, in some degree perhaps, to my partiality to the Italian poets.’ A light supper concluded the day, and at half-past ten the whole family were in their beds.

Like the statesmen and philosophers of antiquity, Fox was much addicted to gardening, and often speaks in his letters of the pleasure with which he watched the coming signs of spring, the crocuses and other early flowers, that

‘ Come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.’

He was peculiarly fond of roses, of which he cultivated thirty kinds in his grounds ; and in simple occupations such as these, he forgot, or endeavoured to forget, the fiery excitement of the House of Commons, the pleasure of political contention, and the admiration of applauding audiences.

XVII.

He now devoted himself also to another pursuit—that of literature, and began the history of James II., to collect materials for which he projected a visit to Paris. This he undertook in the summer of 1802, in company with Mrs Fox, Mr (afterwards Lord) St John, and his private secretary, Mr Trotter. On the way, they made excursions into Holland and the Netherlands, proceeding by easy stages, and enjoying as they went along a great deal of light reading in the carriage. On this occasion, they went through *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, whose intrigues and adventures enabled them to while away the hours till they arrived in the French capital.

Here we think Mr Fox gave proof of one of his most remarkable weaknesses. He had all along persuaded himself that Napoleon was the friend of freedom, and of this preposterous idea he did not cure himself even by the near observation of what was going on in Paris. He does not appear, as many have supposed, to have had any political object in view, but simply to consult the memoirs of Bouillon, from which he made numerous valuable extracts. His days he spent among the public archives; his evenings, in society; and one passed with Talleyrand at Neuilly is thus described by his secretary. 'The circle at M. Talleyrand's in the evening was at first agreeable and entertaining. The variety of character was great and striking: the Italian princess, German duchess or prince, members of the ancient French nobility, strangers of rank and talent, literary characters, ambassadors, their secretaries or friends, members of government, senators, &c. The poet and the philosopher mingled in the crowd; yet all was conducted with elegance and attention. Here Mr Fox met various distinguished men, and conversed with every one with ease and vivacity. The house at Neuilly was large and handsome; the distance from Paris, five miles. It was, however, much more agreeable at this season of the year, and in extremely hot weather, to drive out to the evening circle than remain in town. After some hours—except a select few invited to a supper—the company dispersed.'

Mr Fox remained in Paris till the month of November 1803, when he returned to England, to attend to his duties in parliament. Here, on one occasion, he was supported by Mr Pitt, and in return seconded a motion which that statesman brought forward. Together they overthrew the wretched administration of Mr Addington, and Pitt again became prime minister; but instead of giving Fox a place in his new cabinet, which would have inspired the entire kingdom with satisfaction, the premier, jealous of all interference with his authority, sternly excluded his rival from all place and power.

In this proceeding there was so much littleness of mind, that the whole Grenville party, including Mr Wyndham, from whom Mr Fox had been separated by the events of the French Revolution, returned to him. Pitt did not long enjoy his triumph; worn out by cares and intemperance, and weighed down by remorse for the condition into which his policy had brought the country, he sank a few months afterwards into the grave. And now was formed what has been called the ministry of All the Talents, in which Fox held the office of secretary for foreign affairs. His faith in Napoleon was not yet entirely dissipated, and he hoped, through negotiation, to effect a peace between France and England. While his diplomacy was proceeding, a man came to him one day at the Foreign Office, and made a formal proposal to proceed to Paris and assassinate the Emperor; clearly pointing out the means by which success might be attained. Fox, as might have been expected, listened to the proposal with extreme horror and disgust, and dismissed the speculative assassin in the way which he thought most becoming. This was well. The dagger cannot be suffered to enter into our system of international relations, because it would soon reduce us to a state worse than barbarism. But it may be questioned whether Mr Fox was justified in the step he afterwards took, when he communicated the proposal to Napoleon himself. The Emperor's words to the minister through whom the communication was made were these: 'I recognise here the principles of honour and virtue by which Mr Fox has ever been actuated. Thank him on my part.'

XVIII.

The country, however, was not destined long to enjoy the benefit of Mr Fox's talents, whether as a statesman or diplomatist. His constitution had been for some years breaking up; his body increased in size, his extremities diminished, and it ultimately became apparent that dropsy had supervened. All that medical skill could accomplish was done to preserve so valuable a life, but the complaint baffled the skill of his physicians, and on the 13th of September 1806, he died without pain, and almost without a struggle.

The character of his patriotism and his eloquence may, we trust, be gathered from our brief narrative. Some have endeavoured to represent him as inferior to Mr Burke, which, in extent of reading and variety of acquirements, we think he was. He never exhibited that richness of illustration, and that exuberance of fancy, for which his great rival was distinguished. But in native genius he rose far above him, as well as in those qualities of the heart which chiefly endear a man to those around him. In order to do justice to Fox, however, it is by no means necessary to disparage either Mr Burke or Mr Pitt. They were both, in their

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way, very great men. From the study of the writings left us by the former, there is no man who may not largely profit; and the speeches of the latter are models of a very magnificent style of eloquence. But we are mistaken if either of them was ever loved by his friends or by the country as Mr Fox was. Indeed, we know of no public man in our history who could fairly be said to equal him in this respect, and this in spite of many defects of character, which often appeared to be on the point of ruining him altogether. The innate goodness of his heart, however, triumphed over everything. With the simplicity of a child, he confessed his faults, and sought to make amends for them. He was, accordingly, the idol of the liberal party in his own age, and has ever since been regarded as the model of a popular statesman who seeks sincerely to promote the good of mankind, without any reference to his own private interests. Fox was, in fact, without selfishness. He delighted in being loved by the public, and was, beyond measure, greedy of its approbation. But he cared for nothing beyond. Artificial distinctions, wealth, titles—he despised them all, and cared only to live in the hearts and memories of his countrymen.





CHERUMAL THE MAHOUT:

A TALE OF THE MALABAR COAST.

I.

IN approaching the Malabar coast from the great Indian Ocean, the first object visible is a chain of serrated mountains, whose bluish summits can scarcely be distinguished from the azure of the sky. On advancing nearer, a lower range of hills, tinged with the sombre hue of the forests that cover them, are seen distinctly, ranging in regular lines like the steps of a gigantic terrace. At length the sandy beach, covered with cocoa-trees, seems to rise above the restless silvery foam of the waves. These beautiful trees, the symbol of a tropical climate, grow in close groups all along the

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coast—from the island of Salsette to Ceylon, where they attain an extraordinary height. Beneath their shade, and that, still thicker, of the bananas, are built many small villages, inhabited by poor fishermen. Their cabins are so low, and so well hidden by the rank foliage, that the navigator coasting along the shore at the distance of half a league, does not even suspect their existence. On every spot where nature has formed a port, at the extremities of gulfs, and at the mouths of rivers, rise cities more or less celebrated in history—Bombay, Goa, Cananore, Cochin, Calicut, Quilon. A number of petty sovereigns divide amongst them this region, fertile in the richest productions of the earth. They live in the tranquil luxury of Asiatic sloth, under the costly protection of the Honourable East India Company. The rajah of Travancore possesses the largest of these territories, and yet his province is but 140 miles in length, and from forty to fifty in breadth. This pleasant district presents a succession of high hills and deep valleys, watered by many streams, which preserve in this spot, beneath the torrid zone, a perpetual cool freshness. On the declivity of the mountains, in the most elevated part of the kingdom of Travancore, grow solitary and mysterious forests, which contain the most precious aromatic vegetables—the incense and the sandal trees. There, amongst odoriferous flowers, shaded by tufted branches, nestle and sing the most beautiful birds—humming-birds and parrots. Hideous greedy apes swarm there in numbers, always ready to descend into the plains, and pillage the orchards and gardens. Amongst the closest thickets in the depths of the jungles, wander unmolested the elephant, the tiger, and the buffalo—formidable beasts, before which trembles the naked and unarmed Hindoo. Agriculture is more flourishing in the valleys of the plain than in any other province of the Indian peninsula. By its position at the very extremity of the land, Travancore enjoys the benefit of a double harvest: on account of the rainy season occurring twice a year, rice grows there luxuriantly without the aid of artificial watering. The harvest never fails; and the peasant, who sees himself secure of his food, has abundance of spare time to cultivate betel and cocoa nuts, pepper, spices, and all the delicious fruits which Providence has bestowed on these privileged regions. They would, indeed, form a terrestrial paradise, if a heavy taxation did not deprive the labourer of the greater portion of the produce of his labour. On a soil, the richest perhaps in the world, the husbandman lives poor and miserable.

This was the first part of India visited by Europeans; Vasco de Gama having landed at Calicut in the month of May 1498. He found the country governed by different Hindoo princes, the principal of whom he called the Zamorin Rajah. Previously to this, there seem to have been several colonies of Oriental Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans established here, each of whom has since increased in number. The bulk of the inhabitants are, however,

Hindoos of various castes, from the Brahmins to the Niadis; a class which, still more wretched than the Pariahs, are not permitted to enter towns or villages, but reside in the woods, and live by hunting and robbing.

The descendants of Europeans, particularly the Portuguese, are numerous; as also those of the Arabic Mussulmans, or their converts, called Mapillas. About the year 1766, Malabar was subdued by Hyder Ali; during the war, the rajah of Calicut committed suicide, and the other chiefs were compelled to abandon their territories, and take refuge in the mountains. In the war between Tippoo Sultan and the British (1790), several of these chiefs joined our army; and when Tippoo had been compelled to relinquish a large portion of his territories, the province of Malabar was placed under the government of Bombay, and the Nair chiefs were reinstated in their former possessions. They failed, however, in all their engagements as to the revenues, and their mode of government was found to be wretched in the extreme. They were, in consequence, deprived of authority, allowed one-fifth of the revenues for their support, and the province was transferred to the government of Madras. Since then, the country has been much improved, and yields a considerable revenue.

The inhabitants of the kingdom of Travancore, like those of the neighbouring states, enjoy a very indifferent reputation for honesty. They are accused of being rogues, liars, expert at deceit in every kind of dealing; in a word, troubled with exceedingly few scruples as to the means they employ in struggling against poverty. As soon as a European ship casts anchor off the coast, it is sure to be surrounded by canoes and *pirogues*, from which it is boarded by fishermen, petty merchants, and *dobashis* or interpreters. These surround the captain and passengers, vociferating shrilly and all together. It seems on board as if a bazaar had issued by enchantment from the depths of the waters. One man holds in his hand a basket of fruit, another carries under his arm a stuffed cayman, a third shews freshly-caught fish floundering in the bottom of his boat; but amid the confusion of coming to anchor, let the busy sailors take good care not to leave on deck a sounding-lead, a mallet, or a bag of nails: these swarthy beings, without the aid of pockets or pouches, manage, with incredible dexterity, to make away with whatever falls beneath their hand. Accustomed to permit the crows and the kites to pick up in their very huts the grains of rice and the fishbones which fall from their mouths during their meals, they perhaps imagine that they in their turn have a right to glean from the decks of great ships whatever chance places within their reach.

Two of these honest dwellers on the coast, two brothers, who exercised the trade of fishermen, had taken up their abode in a small village situated near Alepe, at the northern extremity of the kingdom of Travancore. One evening, according to custom, they lay down beneath a cluster of palm-trees, after having hung on the

branches their wet nets, and hauled up their pirogue on the beach : the monotonous sound of the waves breaking on the sands soon lulled them to sleep. Towards midnight, the land-breeze freshened, and the large parasol-like leaves which sheltered them from the dew began to quiver. Tiruvalla, the elder of the two brothers, awoke, stood upright, looked all around at the sea and sky, and stretching his stiffened limbs, began to prepare for going out to fish : his brother Tirupatty followed his example. Without exchanging a single word, obeying the instinct of habit, they replaced in their pirogue nets, oars, and sail. As they were in the act of embarking, Tiruvalla stopped his brother.

‘If you wish,’ he said, ‘we will go out to meet the European ships : this is the season when the *Feringhees* visit the coast.’

‘Good!’ replied Tirupatty. ‘What shall we carry with us on board to tempt the strangers?’

‘Cocoa-nuts, half dried up—you understand? It would be a pity to sell those full of fresh milk to wine-drinkers.’

‘Wait. I’ll also carry that ugly bird with the yellow head, whose cage I unhooked yesterday from the stern of the Portuguese brig that came from China.’

‘Do so,’ said Tiruvalla; ‘and a few dozens of green bananas will complete our cargo. If we have good-luck, I vow that I will go to-morrow to the pagoda, and hang around the neck of the god Pouliar a fine garland of blue lotus.’

Their preparations completed, each brother scattered on the water a handful of rice, in order to propitiate the favour of the god of the waters. With vigorous arms, they pushed the pirogue across the threatening surf—which, on that shore, forms a barrier somewhat difficult to pass—leaped into the frail skiff, and got under-way. When the little sail was hoisted on the bamboo mast, they fell into their usual silence. The younger of the two lying down in the bow, was luxuriously rocked by the motion of the waves, while he looked up at the stars. Seated in the stern, the elder held under his arm the paddle, which served as a rudder. They sailed swiftly out to sea, leaving behind them a furrow of foam, which, in the dark night, shone with a thousand phosphorescent sparks. From time to time, in order to dissipate the drowsiness induced by the refreshing coolness of the air and the silence of the waters, they chanted, in an under-tone, one of those melancholy, monotonous songs peculiar to primitive nations, and which nearly resemble the cooing of the wood-pigeon. An hour before day-break, the land-breeze fell; the light fog which descended slowly from the mountain summits, spread like a gauze veil over the sleeping waters. The now useless sail and mast were replaced in the bottom of the pirogue, and the brothers prepared to cast their nets. Their naked limbs shivered with cold in that mild atmosphere, which our cumbrous clothing makes us find too warm. Suddenly the sun lighted up like a beacon the peak of a distant hill; a flood of rosy light glided over the mountain-slopes, and swept along the

sea, chasing before it the morning fog. At length, the last star had vanished, and a distant sail appeared, gently swollen by the first breath of the sea-breeze.

'A sail!' cried Tirupatty, shewing with his finger the white point, which his brother also was watching attentively.

'Let us haul in the net,' said the latter, shrugging his shoulders. 'I see half-a-dozen fine fish jumping within it, and they will be worth more to us than that Mussulman ship. Are your eyes blinded by sleep that you don't recognise the peaked sail of an Arab *baggerow*? Her crew would not give a single *paica** for your Chinese bird!'

'And all the fruits of Travancore,' added Tirupatty, 'would not, in their eyes, be worth a paste of dates mixed up with flies instead of cloves!'

He threw into the bottom of the pirogue the fish which were struggling amongst the meshes of the net. As they continued fishing, the *baggerow*, whose immense sail shivered in the freshening breeze, advanced towards them; she was the *Fatah-er-rohaman* of Muscat, manned by a crew of twenty-five sailors from the eastern coast of Arabia. Naked to the waist, they wore brilliant-coloured scarfs, twisted round their heads, whose long fringes floated on their shoulders. These children of Ishmael viewed with indifferent eyes the still distant land and the little pirogue which lay floating on the waters. In the stern, the *nakodah* (master), Yousouf Ali, was gravely smoking a long pipe; the brown caftan which he wore enveloped him completely, and allowed nothing to be seen but his slender fingers and his severe profile, set, so to speak, in the frame of a jet-black beard. The form of the vessel, whose poop rose like the hump of a camel above the sea, while her lengthened prow dipped into the waves like the beak of a bird; her simple, primitive rigging consisting of a single mast and sail, like that of the barks used by the Greeks at the siege of Troy—all in the appearance of the *baggerow* served to recall those primitive ships which, in the days of Alexander, frequented the mouth of the Indus, and sailed over the Indian Ocean. Carried along by the trade-winds, the *nakodah* Yousouf accomplished every year in safety the voyage from Muscat to Travancore, without having recourse to the compass, of whose use, indeed, he was ignorant. Instinct, tradition, and a vague knowledge of astronomy, supplied to him the place of science; he knew perfectly well that his vessel was thirty miles west of Alepe, the place of his destination; and, therefore, had no need to seek information on this point from the two fishermen, who, on their part, took very little notice of the Arab ship. It advanced heavily towards them, and so closely as to threaten to run down their pirogue.

When the *baggerow* was no more than a cable's length from the fishermen, one of her crew, who, in the Indian ports, had picked

* A small brass coin.

up a few words of English, placed both his hands before his mouth in the manner of a speaking-trumpet, and shouted aloud: 'Fisher-boat, ah! ah! fisher-boat!'

'*Matchhli, bahout, khoub matchhli!*' (Fish, very good fish!) replied Tirupatty, who took, as if in earnest, the summons of the Arab sailor.

Just as he raised his head towards the baggerow, in the act of presenting with both hands a basket filled with live fish, he received an old wet mop right across the face, which covered him from head to shoulders. A loud burst of laughter from the deck of the baggerow hailed this nautical practical jest. Tirupatty replied by an angry cry; and in recoiling from the blow of this unpleasant projectile, he upset the frail pirogue, and tumbled into the water with his brother Tiruvalla. To let fly the halliards of the sail, make a signal to the steersman to put down the helm, so as to check the ship's progress, and then to distribute amongst his crew a few vigorous blows with a rope's end, was but a minute's work to the nakodah Yousouf. Already the two fishermen, risen to the surface, had righted their pirogue by raising it with their shoulders—for the Hindoos on that coast swim like sharks—they collected their floating paddles and dispersed cocoa-nuts, their sail also, which the mast had hindered from sinking; but the Chinese bird had perished, the nets had gone to the bottom, and the fish had not neglected so good an opportunity of regaining their native element. When the brothers had repaired, as they best could, the damage they had sustained by this unlucky incident, they seized the rope thrown to them from the baggerow's deck, and climbed on board. The nakodah looked at them without speaking a word; and when he had satisfied himself that they were not hurt, he tranquilly resumed his seat on the carpet at the furthest end of the quarter-deck.

'Ah! *nakodah saheb,*' cried Tiruvalla, gesticulating violently with his arms and legs, 'we are poor ruined people. What had we done to be so treated by your sailors? Our nets, our fish, all lost!'

'We have nothing left now to give rice to our children,' subjoined Tirupatty, who was not married any more than his brother. 'Generous man, take pity on those whom you have reduced to misery!'

While thus speaking, they both wept, struck their breasts, and sobbed most piteously. When they had exhausted all their eloquence, they stretched themselves on the deck, declaring that they would die beneath the eyes of the barbarous stranger who refused to do them justice.

Yousouf gave orders to put the vessel under good way; and when this was accomplished, he drank a cup of excellent Mocha coffee, smoked a few puffs of his pipe, then fixing his piercing eyes on the two brothers: 'Have you said all?' he asked; 'have you finished your lies and your grimaces?' And as they were going to recommence their cries and complaints—'Silence!' he said: 'here are twenty rupees—ten for the nets, which were worth five; five

for the fish which you had caught, and for all that you might catch during the next week ; and the other five are to console you for the fright that you have had, and for the shock of this morning's bath.'

'And my bird, more beautiful than the pheasant of our forests, more accomplished than the parrot of Maissour—how much will you pay for it?' asked Tirupatty, encouraged by the offer of twenty rupees. 'It was drowned in its cage, the poor creature that spoke so well the language of the Feringhees, and yours also, nakodah saheb!'

'Let us take the twenty rupees, for fear he should change his mind,' whispered Tiruvalla. 'Suppose the fancy should take him to throw us overboard!'

This prudent reflection was suggested to the elder brother by the appearance of an angry cloud darkening the brow of the nakodah. Cowardice vanquished in both the feeling of cupidity: they caught, ere it fell, the purse which Yousouf threw contemptuously towards them, walked backwards to the foot of the mast, saluting with respectful humility the nakodah, and even the sailors, down to the cabin-boy, and then, with the activity of monkeys, they clambered down to their pirogue. The baggerow, impelled by the breeze, which continued to freshen as the sun approached the zenith, soon reached the anchorage-ground off Alepe. The two fishermen followed in the track of the Arab vessel: before returning to their village, they wanted to purchase nets in the town of Alepe, in order to replace those which they had lost. The sea had become rough; and the slender pirogue disappeared between the waves, and reappeared on their crests, like a weasel crossing a furrowed field.

'All things considered,' said Tirupatty to his brother, as they were landing, 'we have not made a bad day's work of it: twenty rupees will go a long way.'

'Yes,' replied Tiruvalla; 'but they have still to pay for the ugly trick they played us.'

To which Tirupatty rejoined by a guttural exclamation, which, in the dumb language of the Malabar fishermen, signifies: 'We'll see to that.'

II.

More than sixty years had elapsed since the baggerow *Fataher-rohaman*, many times refitted, was first launched on the Indian Ocean. Vessels of her description, solidly built of teak, live nearly as long as whales. During the ten years in which he commanded her, the nakodah Yousouf traded continually between the two ports of Muscat and Alepe; carrying from his own country salt, coffee, and wool, and bringing back wood for building, trees for masts, cordage manufactured from the fibre of the cocoa; in a word, all the articles needful for navigation, with which Arabia is but scantily provided.

As soon as his ship was securely anchored, Yousouf went ashore. It was then about noon: a few Hindoo merchants, naked to their waists, and shaded by parasols flat and round like bucklers, were still to be seen about the shore, where were no longer heard the various sounds of labour, interrupted by the heat of the day. Yousouf passed through the long avenue of fine trees which led from the beach to the town, crossed the bazaars, advanced, without stopping, to the extremity of the suburb, and at length reached a pretty orchard, in the midst of which stood a cottage, thatched with palm-leaves. On one side rose a thicket of tall cocoa-trees; on the other, fig-trees, bearing immense fruits, sustained with their robust boughs the flexible branches of the pepper-plant. The nakodah glided noiselessly along the hedge which separated the enclosure from the road. Sometimes he looked around, to assure himself that no one observed him; sometimes he stood on tiptoe, trying to peep over the thicket. Suddenly his dark eyes lighted up: through the hedge he discovered a young girl seated at the edge of a well, under the shadow of a bamboo thicket. It was Mallika, the gardener's daughter. She slept peacefully, her head leaning on the back of her hand, in the graceful and natural attitude which a painter would have chosen in representing Sleep.

'At length,' said Yousouf to himself, 'there she is in all her beauty, that charming flower whose budding I have watched during the last three years. May I die, if any hand save mine own shall pluck it!'

While thus soliloquising, he perceived at the other side of the enclosure a Hindoo advancing slowly, seated on the back of an elephant. When he came opposite to the young girl, the rider struck the animal a slight blow on the neck with his iron hook. The huge creature, stretching out his trunk, plucked from the extremity of a branch a red cassia flower, balanced it several times in the air, and finally threw it straight upon Mallika's forehead. The maiden awoke with a start, and then smiling, half closed her eyes.

'So thou art there, my good Soubala,' she said in a low voice: 'thanks for thy present. Here, take this in return.'

She threw towards the elephant a large ripe banana, as yellow as gold: he caught it dexterously in the air, and conveyed it with visible pleasure into his large mouth.

'And I,' said the Hindoo, 'am I to get nothing, not even one friendly word? There are sweets for the elephant, but not a look cast on the poor *mahout*.*'

'Soubala,' replied the girl, still addressing herself to the intelligent animal, 'tell thy master, Cherumal, that the best way of pleasing a maiden is *not* to come and without any reason interrupt her sleep. Tell him so, Soubala; thou understandest me, for thou art a well-bred animal.'

* The name given in India to the keeper of an elephant.

The elephant saluted with his trunk, as if to prove that he comprehended, and then knelt down, as gracefully as his ponderous form permitted. At the voice of his conductor, whom Mallika's cold reception did not encourage to remain, Soubala rose to continue his route. Very frequently did the mahout Cherumal look back; he hoped, but in vain, that the young girl would atone for her harsh words by a friendly gesture. The elephant also looked at the place he was leaving, as though he regretted parting from the beautiful Mallika; his instinct told him that she shewed towards him that affection which she refused to his master. Proud apparently of this flattering preference, he flapped his great ears as he slowly traversed the narrow road, which his enormous bulk quite filled.

While this unexpected scene was passing before his eyes, the nakodah Yousouf remained hidden behind the hedge, admiring the beauty of the graceful Hindoo maiden. As soon as the mahout disappeared at the turn of the road, when he no longer heard anything but the distant crackling of the branches broken by the passage of the colossal elephant, he gently put aside the shrubs, and shewed himself. This time Mallika awoke thoroughly, opening her large eyes, veiled by lashes long and silky as those of the antelope. No cry of terror or gesture of indignation escaped her. With a rapid movement she wrapped across her breast the scarf which had slipped off during her slumber, and then slowly retired towards the threshold of her dwelling. Her serious and tranquil demeanour seemed to prohibit the approach of the too bold nakodah; yet his appearance produced on her an impression quite different from that caused by the presence of the mahout. Some emotion coloured her clear brown cheeks with a rosy tint, and she looked as if she longed to say to the Arab: 'What do you want? Whence do you come?'

The stranger walked boldly towards Mallika, saluted her with a scarcely perceptible smile, by carrying his hand to his forehead, and placed near her, on the margin of the well, a golden bracelet. At least he had not, like the rider on the elephant, interrupted her sleep without cause. He believed that the most direct way to reach the heart of a poor ignorant girl on the Malabar coast, and induce her to become his bride, was to act the magnificent lover. Yousouf accompanied his present by no sentimental pantomime. Without speaking a word, he gave a second salute, and retired, fully relying on the gorgeous jewel, sparkling in the sunshine with dazzling brightness, to speak for him and plead his cause.

Like a bird attracted by the sight of some fine ripe fruit, Mallika bent over the bracelet. Never before had so gorgeous an ornament dazzled her eyes. She viewed it with rapture, mingled with surprise, and hesitated to take it in her hand. After having spent some moments in admiring it, she fastened it round her arm, then hastily drew it off, and hid it beneath her scarf. The deep grunting of the buffaloes announced the return of her father,

who had been ploughing a distant portion of the enclosure. The old gardener, bent by years, was slowly driving back his team. Bending on their short legs, with muzzles depressed, the patient beasts stopped before the cottage, and waited quietly until they were permitted to go and refresh themselves in the water of the ponds, where they loved to remain wallowing during the great heat. Mallika hastened to assist her father in unharnessing the buffaloes. Suffering from extraordinary agitation, she felt the necessity of making some physical exertion. Unknown to herself, she also obeyed a desire of pleasing, as if other eyes besides those of her father were fixed upon her. This somewhat rude employment, more befitting the hands of a man than those of a young girl, Mallika fulfilled with graceful ease. Sprung from a half-untamed race, and living constantly in the open air, she was endowed with that precocious vigour which is one of the charms of youth. Of her own accord, from her childhood she had been accustomed to share her father's labours. On this day she felt an unusual glow of activity; a joy, hitherto unknown, made her heart beat. She felt as if she had never before loved her old father so fondly; and yet while aiding him with all affection, another image *would* pass before her eyes. She remembered that many times before, this same stranger had appeared in the neighbourhood: was it then for *her* sake that he loved to wander near the garden, silent and pensive, as if the sight of the fruits and flowers had for him an irresistible attraction?

As soon as the buffaloes were released from their yoke, the young girl ran and fetched a plate of rice, as white as snow, over which she poured curry sauce seasoned with red pimento. The old gardener eagerly thrust his hand into it, and drew forth a large portion, which he conveyed to his mouth; then turning his wrinkled countenance towards the fresh young face of Mallika: 'Mallika,' he said, 'thou art a good daughter! This plate of rice would bring back a dying man to life. Thou, my child, art the comfort of my old age. I should be a poor old man, without strength or courage, if I had not thee!'

III.

On the morrow, towards the middle of the day, Yousouf returned to Mallika's orchard. As before, he found her reposing near the well. Did she really sleep, or was she musing with her eyes shut? He did not lose a moment in asking the question. At the slight noise that he made in clearing the hedge, Mallika did not stir. Yousouf approached her cautiously, and deposited at her feet a pair of earrings of the same metal as the bracelet. When the young girl opened her eyes, and with a furtive hand took up admiringly the ornaments with which she longed to adorn herself, the nakodah had disappeared. Dragging through the dust his

babouches of yellow leather, one hand in his belt, while the other leaned on a stick with a crooked head—the staff of the ancient shepherds of Yemen—the Arab regained the town. From time to time he stroked his beard, and smiled. He was calculating the profits of his preceding voyages, and of those which he intended to make, and delighted himself with the thought of the many handsome presents he might offer to Mallika. While absorbed in this pleasant reverie, the two fishermen were watching his steps. Concealed by a hedge, they waited for him at the turning of the road.

‘Let us see,’ said Tiruvalla to his brother—‘we have an account to settle with the Arab: we must get some money from him.’

‘We are certainly two against one,’ replied Tirupatty; ‘but I would not venture to attack him. Suppose we put it off till to-morrow? This evening, I could go to the port, and engage a dozen of our friends to assist us’——

‘With whom we should have to share,’ interrupted Tiruvalla, shrugging his shoulders. ‘Listen! If you will only do as I tell you, there will be at least thirty rupees between us two.’

‘What are we to do?’ asked Tirupatty.

‘Nothing very difficult: only to harass and provoke him a bit. He is easily put into a passion, you know: these people are fierce, wicked’——

‘And when they strike a blow, they make it felt.’

‘So they do. All the better for us.’

‘How do you prove that?’ asked the younger of the two fishermen, who feared blows at least as much as any of his countrymen.

‘In Bengal,’ replied Tiruvalla, ‘a blow with the fist received on the ribs is charged twenty-five rupees—that’s the regular fine. I intend to provoke the nakodah, so that he may handle you a little roughly; then we will go to the judge, I will explain the affair, and the Arab will be fined accordingly.’

Tirupatty was silent; with his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands, he fixed his dull eyes on his brother.

‘Well, that’s settled,’ said Tiruvalla, rising briskly.

‘But why must it be *I* that am to receive the blows?’

‘I’ll tell you why,’ replied his brother. ‘You, who are rather cowardly, would you venture to face this black-bearded nakodah? Would you have courage to look straight at his eyes while you threaten him?’

Tirupatty shook his head.

‘Well,’ continued Tiruvalla, ‘I’ll do it: I’ll take the most difficult part of the business, which would be quite above your ability. You will have nothing to do but to let me manage, and keep within reach of the nakodah’s arm. Here he comes. Just slip behind me, while I stand in his way.’

Tirupatty slunk behind the bushes, like a cur retreating from a bull-dog; and his brother, holding his head very high, advanced

towards Yousouf. By degrees, however, Tiruvalla, who had much more effrontery than courage, lost his self-assured air as he saw the Arab walk boldly towards him.

'The saheb nakodah is taking a walk?' said he in a very gentle voice.

Yousouf vouchsafed no reply.

'The saheb nakodah does not recollect me: I am the fisherman whom an accident caused by the crew of the baggerow has reduced to misery.'

'I paid you for it, and more than I ought,' replied Yousouf. 'Get away.'

'Generous man,' said Tiruvalla, 'you certainly gave me the value of my lost nets, and it is not for them that I claim any more; but your baggerow struck against my poor little pirogue, and ever since it leaks so much that we cannot venture to put to sea.'

'You lie. All you can claim from me are half-a-dozen good blows of my stick, to requite your impertinence; and those you shall have if you stand in my way any longer.'

Tiruvalla made a sign to his brother, who approached on tiptoe: the moment was come for commencing the attack in due form. The elder fisherman stood out boldly. 'You shan't pass!' he exclaimed. 'There's justice to be had at Alepe. Strike, if you dare, nakodah!—strike! Since when have the Mussulmans become masters of Travancore?'

While his brother thus spoke in a raised tone of voice, Tirupatty laid hold of the nakodah by the floating sleeves of his caftan. Shaking them with both hands, he exclaimed: 'Twenty-five rupees! we must have twenty-five—thirty rupees!'

Yousouf turned round, and raised his arm to send off with a well-aimed blow this second contemptible adversary. Tirupatty gave a loud cry, and ran away across the fields: his brother, believing that the deed was accomplished, also made his escape, and the Arab remained alone in the middle of the road, as much surprised at the audacious attack of the two Hindoos as at their prompt retreat. Tiruvalla hastened to rejoin his brother, whom he found lying prostrate in a furrow, holding his left side, and looking very downcast.

'You see now,' said the elder, 'that a little coolness and courage were all that was required. Now, let us go to the judge. If you have a broken rib, we shall easily find a physician to set it.'

Aided by his brother, Tirupatty arose, and they walked slowly towards the town. In the bazaar-shops, there were many things to tempt the fishermen. Stuffs embroidered with gold and silver, the fine tissues of Lahore and Cashmere, the wrought scarfs of Dacca, glowing with gorgeous birds and flowers, the silks of China—all that Oriental taste can produce of the rich and of the beautiful, was there displayed to the passer-by. Trees of various

* Travancore is the only district on the Malabar coast that has never been conquered or governed by Mussulman princes.

species—thick-leaved fig-trees, slender cocoas, wide-branched mangoes, mimosas with flowers like tufts of silk—cast their shade over the irregular streets, diversified by the domes of the pagodas. This Hindoo town, thus nestling amongst foliage, resembles the park of some rajah, where its owner's caprice has collected together all the rarest products of Asiatic industry.

'Look!' said Tiruvalla to his brother—'what beautiful things! As soon as the judge causes us to be paid, I will buy for you one of these fine silver-bordered muslin scarfs to make you a turban. And you see to gain that, all the trouble you had was to stand to receive one blow.'

Tirupatty made a peculiar sound with his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

'Are you suffering much?' asked his brother. 'It will be well for us to see the judge this very day. Suppose the Arab should be beforehand with us, and make his complaint, accompanied by some little present!'

'If you are in such a hurry,' replied Tirupatty, 'you had better go on alone; you see that I am scarcely able to breathe.'

He certainly did walk with exceeding slowness, and when they reached one of the numerous wooden bridges which span the streams that water the town, he fairly stopped short. Many light pirogues, painted with bright colours, and more graceful than the finest gondola of Venice, were passing to and fro on these shallow canals.

'Hold!' said Tirupatty. 'I should like to have a row in one of those boats; I am tired of walking.'

'As soon as you are cured, we will return to our fishing,' replied his brother. 'Rest for a little, if you are tired, and then we will go knock at the judge's door. That must be our great business to-day.'

'Bah!' said Tirupatty; 'the judge most likely will not listen to poor people like us.'

'You will shew him your wound, which will speak for you, and I will take care to tell him all about it.'

'My wound is so trifling,' remarked Tirupatty, straightening himself by degrees, like a sick man beginning to recover—'what I felt was, I think, only the effect of the surprise I got. When he raised his arm, I made a little step backwards'—

'And then afterwards?' asked Tiruvalla, standing before him motionless with surprise—'what happened afterwards? Speak!'

'I drew back, and the awkward fellow missed me.'

'You have no more courage than a crow!' cried Tiruvalla angrily. 'Your cowardice has caused the failure of a project which I was turning in my head for the last two days. Get away, or I'll throw you into the canal!'

Tirupatty, who saw the storm coming, did not wait for a second bidding; he walked away swiftly; while his brother, gesticulating and talking to himself, went towards the harbour, the usual resort of all the idle, good-for-nothing fellows in the district.

Properly speaking, there is no harbour at Alepe; the ships cast anchor in the roads, about half a mile from the sandbank where the native pirogues lie stranded. Close to the shore stands a sort of shed, which serves as a *dépôt* for various kinds of merchandise. Under the shade of the beautiful trees that overhang it—for every part of that coast is rich in vegetation—assemble merchants, sailors, porters, beggars, and all the herd of persons whom the business of a commercial town usually attracts. There pass the coolies, bending under their loads; and there is heard the plaintive monotonous cry of the palanquin-bearers, as they tread the strand with measured steps. Beggars, covered with sores, implore the pity of strangers with a deafening clamour. In hot countries, where the perpetual mildness of the climate exempts man from the necessity of clothing himself, misery loses nothing of its saddening aspect: if the pauper has no rags, his shrivelled skin, through which the bones are starting, his hollow sides, his attenuated limbs, are so many proofs that attest his sufferings. On these human bodies, deteriorated by hunger, and by the use of foul unwholesome food, the eye discovers with disgust the germs of various terrible maladies, just as you see on the bark of a tree whose sap has become vitiated, monstrous excrescences, or deep hollows. Still more shocking to the stranger who lands on this coast, so favoured by nature, are the troops of half-naked women carrying on their heads great baskets laden with pepper. How many of these basketfuls are needed to complete the cargo of a vessel of 500 tons burden? The women themselves could not tell. Some of them, still in early youth, drag painfully a leg, made heavy by the first symptoms of elephantiasis; others, old and withered, sink at each step over their ankles in the sand, and totter as if ready to fall. Exposed during the whole day to the burning heat of a tropical sun, black as moles, patient as ants, they walk in procession in two files, without complaining, probably without comprehending the pity they inspire. It may easily be conceived, that compared with this feeble population, the European preserves all the superiority that distinguishes the cultivated fruit-tree from the wilding of the forest; although, it must be confessed, that his tight inelegant costume deprives him of a portion of his external advantages. It is far otherwise with the Arab: his ample robe veiling his somewhat meagre and ungraceful limbs; his turban, with its large folds enveloping his retreating forehead, and rounding his flat temples; the solemn slowness of his walk, hampered by inconvenient shoes—all contribute to give him an appearance of singular dignity.

An old French traveller, M. de Beaulieu, who visited the Malabar coast in 1620, gives the following account of the cultivation of the pepper-plant at that period. The methods practised then continue nearly the same now; for, in the 'unchangeable East,' agricultural innovations are rarely adopted.

'The pepper-plants grow in a fat soil, and are planted at the root of trees, round which they creep and twist like hops. They

produce no fruit till the third year; after which they bear, for the three following years, six or seven poundweights of pepper. In the three next years they decrease one-third, both in the quantity and size of pepper, and thus continue decreasing for four or five years longer. For the first three years, the ground about them must be kept very clean, which requires a great deal of pains on account of the moisture of the climate. When the plant begins to bear, the branches of the tree through which it creeps must be lopped off, lest they intercept the rays of the sun, which this plant stands most in need of. When the clusters of the fruit are formed, care must also be taken to support them with poles, lest the branches should be drawn down by the weight of the fruit. It is necessary to prune them after the fruit is gathered, for otherwise they would grow too high, and by that means bear less fruit. This plant has commonly a white flower in April, which fruits in June: in August, the fruit is large and green, when the natives use it for salad, or make it into rich pickle, by steeping it in vinegar; in October, it is red; in November, it begins to grow black; and in December, it is all over black, and consequently ripe. This is generally the case, though in some places it ripens sooner than in others. The fruit being ripe, they cut off the clusters and dry them in the sun, till the grain falls off the stalk, which, notwithstanding the excessive heat, it does not do in less than fifteen days, during which it must be turned from side to side, and covered up every night. Some of the grains neither change red nor black, but continue white; and these are made use of in medicine, and sold for double the price of the other. Of late years, the inhabitants, observing that foreigners want these for the same use, have found out a way of whitening the others, by taking them while they are yet red, and washing off the red skin with water and sand, so that nothing remains but the heart of the pepper, which is white.

When Yousouf returned that evening to the shore, he found there several nakodahs of his own country, whose ships were moored in the roadstead by the side of his own. He took his place near them under the cocoa-trees. These Arabian navigators formed a curious and picturesque group in the centre of the landscape bounded by the sea and the lofty trees that concealed the village. Seated on bales of wool, and smoking their long pipes, they enthroned themselves majestically in the midst of the crowd, like masters surrounded by slaves. By degrees, the beach was deserted; the nakodahs went on board their vessels, and the shadows of night spread over the scene, from whence life and movement had retired. No sound was to be heard but the shrill voices of the sailors and fishermen, as they cooked their rice in the open air. Tiruvalla had regained his pirogue; under the sail which covered its deck like a tent, his younger brother lay fast asleep. He lay down by his side without saying a word, for the fierceness of his anger had passed away. Thus two sparrows

which have quarrelled and threatened each other with their beaks and claws, soon become appeased, and retire fraternally to pass the night in the same hole.

IV.

While waiting to procure new nets, and resume their usual employment, the two fishermen spent their days in wandering along the shore. This idle life wearied Tirupatty, but he dared not complain, for fear of irritating Tiruvalla, who constantly reproached him with having lost an excellent opportunity of extorting money from the nakodah. They failed not to tell everywhere that the Arab Yousouf Ali, of the baggerow *Fatah-er-rohaman*, after having tried to upset their pirogue in the open sea, had attempted to assassinate them at the gates of the town. The result was, that wherever the nakodah passed, the natives made way for him with ready respect; he inspired the populations of the port and the bazaars with profound terror. Little cared the Arab what they said or thought of him. Two ideas absorbed his mind completely: how to obtain Mallika for his wife, and how to complete his cargo with the utmost expedition, in order to return to Muscat. Every day at the same hour he repaired by a circuitous path to the garden of the Hindoo maiden. Sometimes he furtively laid rich presents at her feet; sometimes he ventured to shew himself, and saluted her respectfully across the hedge. These mysterious visits, and the nakodah's liberality, began to make a very strong impression on the young girl's mind. Mallika soon began to weary of acting the mute and inanimate part of the statue at whose feet the pilgrim lays his offering. She determined to shew herself to the stranger, arrayed in all the splendour of the ornaments which she had received from him. The transparent scarf, striped with red silk, which she wrapped around her, was intended to conceal from every indifferent eye the various adornments, too fine for the humble daughter of a gardener, and which were meant to dazzle the eyes of him alone who deemed her worthy to wear them.

After spending a full hour at her toilet, Mallika placed on her head a basket of fruit, and walked swiftly towards the bazaar. It was in the morning, and the nakodah had just arrived on the bank of the canal, where lay piles of timber fit for the construction of ships. This principal canal, through which are discharged into the sea all the minor aqueducts that intersect the town of Alepe, is broad and shallow. Five or six elephants, belonging to the rajah of Travancore, are employed there every day in drawing out of the water—in which they are kept plunged to shield them from the action of the sun—the trunks of trees and the beams which have been brought thither from the forests in the interior. Seated beneath the cocoa-trees, which form a charming wall at each side

CHERUMAL THE MAHOUT.

of the water, Yousouf superintended the extraction of the timber which he had chosen. The work was accomplished in the following manner :—

Each mahout made advance in turn the elephant which he guided. The animal then received from the hands of his master a thick rope, knotted in the form of a ring, which he slipped beneath the beams. By a dexterous movement of his trunk, the powerful creature gave a turn to the rope so as to fasten it; then walking backwards to the shore, he drew along those heavy burdens which forty robust arms pulling together would scarcely have sufficed to move. This first operation ended, the elephant turned back, raised the side of the tree by sustaining it against his knee, pushed it at one end, then at the other, and managed, so that without the aid of a human hand, he built up a lofty and perfectly regular pile of enormous beams. In the French war-ports, criminals condemned to the galleys are employed in a similar labour; consequently, the European sailors call these elephants 'the convicts of the rajah of Travancore.' The largest and strongest of those working on the present occasion, beneath the eyes of the nakodah Yousouf, was Soubala, which, under the guidance of the mahout Cherumal, threw cassia flowers so dexterously to the beautiful Mallika. When it came to his turn to go down to the canal, he advanced majestically, like a moving tower, shaking at the end of his trunk the thick cable destined to seize his burden.

'There! there!' cried Cherumal, pointing with his finger to an enormous tree covered with slime, and which a long sojourn in the water had rendered still more heavy—'take that, Soubala!'

The docile creature passed his cable beneath the beam, and stiffened himself on his four legs to raise it. After a fruitless attempt, he looked aside at his *cornac*,* as if he meant to say: 'You see it is impossible!'

But Cherumal did not allow himself to be moved by the animal's mute appeal; he struck him on the neck a violent blow with his iron hook. Once more the elephant tried to raise the piece of wood, which seemed fastened to the ground by some invisible chain; the veins in his neck swelled like knotted cords; he bent backwards, to augment his strength with the whole weight of his body.

'Courage, Soubala!' cried Cherumal as he struck the poor creature redoubled blows with his formidable iron hook. 'Courage! O bravest and most powerful of the elephants nourished in the forests of Travancore!'

Climbing on the shoulders of the beast, he cried and shouted so lustily as to attract a crowd on both sides of the canal. For a few minutes, the elephant stood motionless up to his knees in the water, as it were collecting his strength for a supreme effort. Cherumal also took breath, replying only with emphatic gestures to the multiplied voices that came from the crowd to advise him.

* An elephant-driver is often so called.

'Make the beast go further into the water, and he will have a better purchase,' said one.

'No, no; lead him back,' said another; 'his feet are slipping in the mud.'

'He'll never do it,' remarked a fruit-merchant, who placed his basket on the ground, and crossed his arms, with the indifferent air of a man who amuses himself with watching the embarrassment of another.

'To such a beast as that, nothing ought to be impossible,' added the squeaking voice of a beggar, whose monstrous leg was as large as that of the elephant's. 'If my disease did not hinder me, I would take Cherumal's place, and raise the beam in a minute.'

All this talk annoyed the mahout, and roused his self-love: he began to prick the elephant so sharply, that the creature lost his patience. The first sign of ill-humour which he gave was a violent kick in the water. The spectators, plentifully besprinkled with muddy moisture, perceived that it would be only prudent to draw back.

'Soubala! Soubala!' said Cherumal, trembling with shame and anger, 'wouldst thou affront me before all these people? Art thou not the king of the elephants? Who brought thee up, and taught thee since the day that thou wast taken a cub by the rajah's hunters? Soubala, try once more, and I will take thee to-morrow to salute the beautiful Mallika!'

These last words, whispered in the elephant's ear, seemed to act like a spell on the noble animal; he gave the beam a jerk which raised it from the bed of the canal, but it fell back immediately: decidedly the attempt surpassed the strength of Soubala. Furious at his defeat, the elephant raised his proboscis aloft, and a hoarse roaring resounded from his throat. The crowd felt afraid, for anger had seized on the gigantic beast. He was fast returning to his wild state, and his first fit of fury would probably wreak itself on the mahout, the symbol, to his instinct, of forced labour and slavery. Cherumal perceived the imminent peril, but his honour as a cornac—there is honour in every profession—obliged him to try every possible means of conquering the dangerous animal intrusted to his care. At the moment when the poor Hindoo, scarcely daring to hope anything from his efforts, was trying, by dint of shouts and blows, to inspire him with fear and obedience, Soubala began to grow calm; his movements became less abrupt, he ceased to shake his driver, and his trunk no longer sawed the air like a terrible club. A gentle voice, sounding timidly in his ear, succeeded in appeasing him—it was that of Mallika. Attracted by the crowd that pressed around the canal, the young girl speedily discerned the comparatively white face of the Arab amongst the dark-visaged Hindoos.

'Well, Cherumal,' she said, 'you must have maltreated poor Soubala terribly to put him into such a rage.'

'Is it my fault,' said Cherumal, stammering with mingled fear,

joy, and confusion—‘is it my fault that this nakodah has taken it into his head to have drawn from the water beams that have lain there for the last fifty years, because no one was ever able to draw them out?’

‘He has a right to choose what he has the means of paying for,’ rejoined Mallika. ‘Come, are you going to weep like a woman in the presence of all the inhabitants of Alepe? It only wanted *that* to cover you with shame after the defeat you experienced, and which they are already talking about in the bazaar.’

‘If I should weep, it would be with rage,’ said the mahout warmly, and once more impelling his elephant into the canal. With much difficulty, the animal succeeded in raising the beam which he had already dragged from its bed. Retreating with slow and careful steps, he drew it half up on the shore, then made another effort; and, finally, ranged it in all its length in its appointed place. All these movements, which required as much precision as intelligence, were executed under the direction of Cherumal, whose pointed staff acted on the elephant as a rudder on a ship. The spectators, who now thronged fearlessly around the calmed beast, applauded with shouts and clapping of hands. Mallika remained for a few minutes in the midst of the circle; she stood motionless, her basket of fruit on her head, in the attitude of the beautiful granite images which decorate the porticos of the pagodas; the breeze partly blew aside the scarf which covered her shoulders, and the rich ornaments which she wore flashed and sparkled in the sunshine.

Yousouf, who recognised her from a distance, rose at her approach, and gazed at her with admiring but respectful eyes. For a moment, the joy and the consciousness of perfect beauty kept her still; but shame at the thought of standing as a spectacle for careless eyes, and fear of offending the discreet stranger, speedily warned the young girl to withdraw. Mingling with the crowd, she disappeared like a star behind the clouds—if we may make use of a comparison familiar to the poets of India.

During several days, Soubala’s exploit furnished a topic for discourse in the bazaar. It was asserted that a young girl had bewitched the redoubtable beast and his mahout. The fact was, that Cherumal himself really believed in the magical power of the beautiful Mallika.

‘She receives me with disdain,’ he thought sadly; ‘and yet I cannot help loving her. When I am away from her, I have a thousand things to say to her, and the moment I see her I forget them all. This terrible animal which cost me so much trouble to conquer, will obey a word from her, when I can do nothing with him. Just now, she saved me from great danger; but for her, Soubala would have trampled me under his feet, and yet I allowed her to depart without giving her a word of thanks. O Mallika! the *kunishans* (sorcerers) of the coast have taught thee magic spells wherewith to conquer beasts and to charm men!’

Absorbed in such reflections, Cherumal withdrew with his

elephant into the grove of cocoa-trees, where he and his companions were accustomed to pen their animals, and feed them after work. The other mahouts turned their steps towards the caravansary of Alepe: this was a pretty little wooden palace, formerly inhabited by the rajah of Travancore, but at the time we write of, much dilapidated. There were some elegant sculptures, in which the fantastical creations of Indian art were modified by details borrowed from the Moorish style. It stood between the shore and the town, in the midst of a spacious area flanked by fine trees. From the terrace which surrounds the upper story of the edifice, strangers passing through Alepe amuse themselves with watching the elephants paraded by their cornacs. They usually throw the animals a few paicas in return for their graceful salutations, and as these largesses from travellers are the perquisite of the mahouts, the latter never fail to appear in the court of the caravansary. Cherumal was in the habit of going there also; but this day he did not feel in the humour to shew off Soubala as a learned beast. After having fastened him by one of his hind-legs to a large palm-tree, he placed before him a formidable pile of cocoa-leaves, of fresh grass, and of bamboo-twigs, and then lay down in the shade himself, less to sleep than to meditate at leisure. The cornac and the elephant were both somewhat vexed with each other—the man with the beast, on account of his disobedience, and the public affront which it had caused him; the beast with the man, because of the unreasonable task which he had imposed on him. As soon as he devoured his pittance, equal to that of ten working-horses, Soubala prepared for his siesta after his own fashion. He covered his back, his neck, and his head with leaves and branches, in order to protect himself from the stings of flies, and lowered his trunk. Standing motionless and upright on his four feet, solid and rugged as the trunks of trees, he might have been mistaken for one of those rude huts which woodmen build for themselves in the forests.

Elephants are now chiefly used, as we have just described, for laborious and pacific purposes; but from the earliest accounts in history, the Eastern nations have employed these wonderful animals in war. Alexander the Great was the first European who ever mounted an elephant. He carried a number of them into Greece, which Pyrrhus employed some years after against the Romans at the battle of Tarentum. Both the Greeks and Romans soon learned to get the better of those monstrous animals: they opened their ranks, and allowed them to pass through; neither did they attempt to hurt them, but threw darts, &c., at their guides. Now that firearms are the principal instruments of war, elephants, which are terrified at the noise and flame, instead of being useful, would only embarrass and confuse an army.

It is said to be no uncommon thing with a rajah, if he has a mind to ruin a private gentleman, to make him a present of an elephant, which he is ever afterwards obliged to maintain at a

CHERUMAL THE MAHOUT.

greater expense than he can afford; as, by parting with it, he would certainly fall under the displeasure of the grandee, besides forfeiting all the honour which his countrymen think is conferred upon him by so respectable a present.

V.

On the following morning, before sunrise, the old gardener, Mallika's father, climbed up his cocoa-trees to gather their fruit. Armed with a bill-hook, he cut steps in the trunk, and thus ascended to the tuft of leaves which crowned the summit. The air was fresh and mild, the crows were beginning to wheel in the air, the kites shook the dew from their wings, and the black cuckoo uttered a cry which strongly resembled the complaint of a human voice. Mallika reclined on a mat, half dreaming with her eyes open. Riding on his elephant Soubala, Cherumal was passing by: the old gardener saw him, and made a sign to him to approach.

'Tis pleasant to take the air at this hour, like a rajah, on an elephant's back,' said the old man.

'Every trade has its annoyances, not to say its dangers,' replied Cherumal. 'Yesterday, I had a narrow escape.'

'From some caprice of Soubala's?'

'A regular fit of fury, which would have ended badly for me, if Mallika had not interfered. One word from her is sufficient to appease the wicked beast.'

'She's certainly a wonderful girl!' exclaimed her father. 'Confess, Cherumal, that in all Travancore there is no one like her.'

'Very true,' replied the mahout sighing. 'She has a look and a voice which charm both men and animals. Every one says that she possesses magical spells.'

'Really? But who could have taught them to her? It was not I, mahout, for in truth I am no sorcerer.'

'Nor I neither,' said Cherumal simply. 'Yesterday, I was so confused, that I did not say a single word of thanks to her for the service which she rendered me. It is not by talk, but by actions, that I would wish to shew my gratitude towards her. Meantime, until I have an opportunity of seeing Mallika, will you give her this little present from me?—the only ornament which my poor mother left me when she died.'

He presented, hanging on the point of his iron hook, a coral-necklace, which the old man, bending towards him, took from the top of the tree.

'Thou hast a kind heart, my son,' said the old gardener in an affectionate voice. 'Mallika will be much obliged to thee for this gift.'

'O no!' replied the mahout; 'she does not love me! Provided she keeps the necklace, and does not send it back to me, I shall

be satisfied. Tell her, father, that I will not annoy her with my visits; but that if ever the presence of the poor mahout should cease to be disagreeable to her, let her wear this necklace round her neck, and I will forget all she has made me suffer.'

The old gardener scarcely heard these latter words: he looked with surprise at the mahout departing slowly, after having promised not to return. Cherumal regained the banks of the canal, whither his usual employment called him. Near him, on the sea-shore, the two fishermen, who had passed the night in their pirogue, were taking their morning repast.

'When shall we return to our fishing?' asked Tirupatty. 'I should like to purchase new nets.'

'As long as that cursed baggerow lies off Alepe, it seems to me that an important affair keeps us here,' replied Tiruvalla. 'Have we not two accounts to settle with the nakodah—one for the injury he did us, and the other for that which we could not do him?'

'Watch how the sea-gulls hover and cry above the waves,' said Tirupatty: 'there must be a shoal of fish.'

'Watch rather how the nakodah is coming towards the shore in his canoe, lying on his carpet like a nabob: he is looking as if he defied us.'

'Is that he?' asked Tirupatty. 'Then I'm off!'

'And I remain,' said his brother.

He did so. As soon as the nakodah, having landed, took his way towards the town, the fisherman went up to the crew of the baggerow, and accosted them with very humble salaams. Recognising amongst them the man who had caused his pirogue to upset, he took him affectionately by the hand.

'What do you want with me?' asked the Arab smiling: 'it was I who gave you a ducking.'

'Bah! that was only a jest,' replied Tiruvalla. Your nakodah recompensed us generously, and a Hindoo bears no malice. If you have need of anything, I am at your service.'

'We don't want anything more at present,' said the sailor: 'to-morrow evening, we sail with the land-breeze.'

'So soon!' exclaimed Tiruvalla, raising his hands towards heaven.

'The nakodah is in haste to set sail: his cargo is completed, and he has adorned his cabin like a sheik's tent. He must have found at Alepe some rare bird, to deserve so beautiful a cage.'

'These are affairs that don't concern poor fishermen like us,' said Tiruvalla, with much assumed indifference. 'May the sea be smooth, and the winds favourable to you and to him!'

'Allah hafiz!' (God preserve you!) replied the sailor; and as he went to rejoin his comrades, he mocked at the Hindoo, who seemed by his humility to ask pardon for the injury he had received. Tirupatty approached his brother as soon as he saw the coast clear.

'Come on,' said Tiruvalla; 'are you still afraid? I forgive the cowardice you shewed the other day, on condition that you will promise to second me now in the project which I meditate. If you will help me, I will tell you all about it to-morrow. Wait for me here.'

So saying, the cunning fisherman went to seek Cherumal, who was busily employed in his honest labour. He watched during more than an hour for an opportunity of speaking to him apart; and at length, when the mahout led his elephant into the wood where he was accustomed to feed him, Tiruvalla came and sat down by his side.

'That's a fine animal of yours. Next to that at Elephanta, which is only of stone, he is the largest I ever saw.'

This common-place compliment, which he had often heard before, did not induce Cherumal even to turn his head. He continued to scratch with his iron hook the rugged back of the elephant, which seemed greatly to enjoy the operation.

'In the bazaar, nothing is talked of to-day but Soubala and his mahout,' continued the fisherman. 'Do you know what they say?'

'I have no time to ask about it,' replied Cherumal, who, like all industrious people, had a horror of idle gossiping.

'Nor I neither,' said Tiruvalla: 'I have abundance to occupy me all day in earning my livelihood. If I quit my pirogue to come and speak to you, it is because it greatly concerns your interest, Cherumal, to listen to what I have to say.'

'The talk of the bazaar is all idle prattle,' said the mahout: 'only a fool would regard it.'

'Who knows? If I could shew you a way of rendering an important service to the beautiful girl who came to your assistance yesterday, would you not listen to me?'

'Bah!' replied Cherumal. 'She has no need of my services.'

'If you think so, farewell. I will not lose my time any more in managing your affairs for you against your will. Poor Mallika! it depended on you to save her!'

'Save her from what?' cried Cherumal impetuously. 'Did she send you?—or have you any message from her father? Who are you? I don't even know your name. How can I believe you?'

'You need not believe my words,' replied the fisherman; 'it will suffice to believe your own eyes. Watch both to-day and to-morrow at sunset, near Mallika's garden, and you will see how useful your presence may be to her.'

Cherumal listened with eager ears; but Tiruvalla, having said so much, disappeared.

The mahout could not comprehend the meaning of this vague discourse, and he greatly distrusted the fisherman. This latter had purposely said but little, because it entered into his project to allow matters to proceed as far as possible. A prey to a disquietude which he could not master, Cherumal passed the whole

evening watching near Mallika's garden, but could not discover anything to justify alarm. Although determined to return the next day, he felt almost persuaded that the fisherman had imposed on his credulity.

It was, however, quite true that Mallika incurred a real danger—that of falling into the snare which the nakodah Yousouf Ali had spread for her. On that same day, the Arab repaired to her garden, not at noon, as he was wont to do, but in the evening. Mallika was the more charmed to see him that she had begun to be uneasy at his absence; and she hastened towards him as soon as she heard him approach. In her simplicity, she sincerely loved this stranger who loaded her with presents; he appeared to her more worthy of affection and better than any other man she had ever met, merely because he was more handsome and better dressed. Compared with him, what was the poor mahout Cherumal, with his muslin turban and the piece of white cotton in which he used to wrap himself up and sleep beneath the shadow of the palm-trees? No dazzling atmosphere, either of riches or of mystery, surrounded the Hindoo whom she had been accustomed to see so humble in her presence. He would have dashed into a furnace to rescue her from it—that Mallika knew well, and yet she disdained the devotion of a faithful heart, which asked permission merely to obey her. Yousouf, on the contrary, bore in his look and manner all the pride which springs from a bold disposition and the habit of commanding.

Daring and prudent at the same time, he glided near Mallika, and said to her in a firm tone: 'I go to-morrow!' The young girl trembled at these unexpected words. Yousouf continued: 'I go to-morrow—wilt thou follow me? Thou shalt be my wife, queen in my dwelling at Muscat, which is a palace compared with thy mean cabin. Ten slaves stand there, ready to obey thy lightest wish. Hast thou not often heard of Araby the Blest, and its charming climate? If thou couldst only see the apartments I have prepared for thee in my ship'—

'And my father?' asked Mallika, with a semblance of wishing to resist the allurements which had already conquered her better judgment.

'Thy father, if thou desirest it, shall come and live with thee. Next year, in my first vpyage, I will bring him over, or, if thou preferrest it, thou canst come hither and fetch him thyself. To-morrow, Mallika—to-morrow evening thou wilt be ready to set out?'

'To-morrow evening! why didst thou not tell me of it sooner! Set out for a distant unknown land!'—

'I must return on board,' replied the Arab. 'I have not a moment to lose. To-morrow evening, at sunset, I shall be here. Answer, Mallika,' he added in a softer tone—'shall I come?'

'Come!' whispered the young girl; and the Arab went away, saying to himself: 'I have her!'

VI.

Yousouf Ali was not sprung from the chivalrous race of the Moors of Granada. He experienced for Mallika the same kind of love which a pacha feels for a beautiful slave exposed for sale in a bazaar. It signified little to him that the poor girl, transported to Muscat, and shut up within the harem walls amongst five or six jealous rivals, would probably pine, even unto death, for the joyous freedom of her father's garden. He had tempted and dazzled her eyes with sparkling jewels, as the fowler fascinates the lark with a mirror to entice her into his net. Young, inexperienced, and motherless, Mallika had fallen into the snare with all the pleased facility of a child: she followed, without reflection, the impulse of her giddy heart, as often happens to the uneducated daughters of the East, and sometimes, we must confess, to those of the West. All night she dreamed of this departure, which opened to her disturbed imagination such attractive prospects. When daylight broke, it seemed to her that the sun rose more brightly than usual, and that the flowers in the garden exhaled an unwonted and delicious odour. Her father's look of confiding tenderness caused her some emotion. Was she going to leave him alone in that garden which she had gladdened all her life with her presence? Perhaps he would die there of grief and loneliness! But had not her lover promised to reunite them? and would not the joy of that meeting more than compensate for the pain of a brief separation? Thus thought Mallika, as she secretly made preparations for her flight.

Yousouf, on his part, made ready to sail. His men passed the day in filling their goat-skin water-bags from the cisterns on the shore. As soon as the shadows of evening began to fall, the nakodah left his ship, and stepped into a light skiff rowed by two men. He entered the canal by which the waters from the interior flow into the ocean, and traversed the whole town of Alepe by passing up one of the streams that water it. Having thus arrived within a short distance of Mallika's garden, he directed his rowers to wait for him, and disappeared in the narrow shady path which he had so often trodden before. Mallika was watching for him in a retired corner of the enclosure. She felt that her destiny was no longer at her own disposal, and her first movement was to seize and cling to the hand of the stranger so soon to become her lord and absolute master. Yousouf was in haste to return to his skiff, and gently, but resolutely, drew her towards it. For a moment, the young girl hesitated. The tremulous voice of her father, calling to his buffaloes as he led them homewards, struck on her ear; she gave a sigh, and shed a tear. The memory of her happy childhood awoke in her heart; she felt afraid, and trembled. As if to conceal the emotion which oppressed her, Mallika laid her head on Yousouf's shoulder, and made a step

forward. Leaning on the arm of the Arab, she walked without speaking, scarcely imprinting on the sand the traces of her bare feet. Suddenly Yousouf stopped; he had heard the noise of crashing branches, which announced the approach of an elephant. The animal advanced towards him, so as to block up the road. Taking Mallika in his arms, the Arab cleared the hedge which separated them from the neighbouring field, and hastily gained the canoe. No sign betrayed them; they might now reach the baggerow without leaving any trace of their flight, save the speedily effaced wake of the little bark. Obeying their master's signal, the sailors rowed as lightly as possible, and in the profoundest silence. They did not even raise their eyes towards the young woman seated in the stern of the canoe near the nakodah. He had enveloped her in a long veil, and Mallika took this jealous precaution for a mark of honour.

Cherumal, however, for it was he who, on his elephant Soubala, was watching near the garden, had seen a shadow gliding across the trees. The animal himself had shaken his large ears at the moment when the nakodah crossed the hedge. The mahout, alarmed, hastened towards Mallika's dwelling, and began to call her aloud.

'Who is there? Who wants Mallika?' asked the old gardener.

'Is your daughter with you, father?' said the mahout respectfully.

'No, my son; I suppose she is in some other part of the garden gathering fruit.' Then suddenly recollecting that at that hour his daughter was always within doors, he began to call loudly: 'Mallika! Mallika!'

'No one answers,' said the mahout: 'you see well she is not here. O father, if anything should have happened to her!'

These words produced on the old man the same effect as a stunning blow: he suddenly bent down, and sobbed out repeatedly the name of his beloved daughter. Cherumal did not wait to console him: without considering which was the best road to take, he went straight towards the banks of the canal, to the place where he used to labour every day with his elephant. The Arab's canoe was gliding silently over the waters, concealed by the palm-trees. As soon as he heard it coming, Cherumal leaned eagerly forward: it was impossible for him to recognise Mallika under the veil that covered her. Preyed on by still increasing anxiety, he followed with his eyes the progress of the mysterious skiff, and the movements of the sagacious animal which carried him. Again Soubala shook his ears, and Cherumal hailed the canoe: 'Mallika, is it thou? Answer, in thy father's name!'

No reply; but the movement which the veiled woman made to conceal herself from the eyes of the mahout did not escape his notice. He urged his elephant towards the middle of the canal; the water dashed up by the feet of the ponderous animal covered the skiff, and nearly sufficed to upset it. The sailors gave such

vigorous strokes with their oars, that the light canoe darted forward like an arrow; one might have fancied it a flying-fish escaping from some monster of the deep. Exasperated at the thought of missing his prey, Cherumal hastened along the beach to watch for the Arabs at their entrance on the sea. The sand-bank which extends all along the coast renders both dangerous and difficult this transition from the fresh water to the salt. At the moment when the foaming breakers dashed upwards in all their fury, Mallika was frightened, and gave a cry. The rowers, standing up to their oars, allowed the wave time to subside, and then impelled the boat onwards. The spray flew off her bow—the bank was passed. It was then that Cherumal, on his elephant, dashed into the water. The animal, plunged chest-deep, laid his trunk like a grappling-iron on the canoe's stern.

'Stop! or I'll upset you!' cried the mahout. 'Hold fast, Soubala!'

The animal did so; and Yousouf, rising with a rapid motion, threatened his proboscis with the point of his cutlass.

'Carry off Mallika; save her, good Soubala!' cried Cherumal eagerly—'save her, and upset those robbers!'

Soubala understood his master's words; his large hoof crushed the frail skiff like a nut-shell, while his flexible trunk gently but strongly entwined itself round the trembling form of Mallika. He raised her up, and placed in the mahout's arms this precious trophy of his victory; then he retired to the shore, without troubling himself any further about the nakodah and his men, who were struggling in the water. The tide, which happened to be flowing in, soon brought towards the shore the fragments of the canoe, with the Arabs, who shook themselves like water-dogs. The two rowers trembled with fear, and Yousouf with rage. The latter, anxious to regain his vessel, in order to conceal there his shame and his grief, went seeking some pirogue along the shore. The two fishermen, his former acquaintances, met him, very much as if they had been watching for him. Tirupatty, the more cowardly of the brothers, could not, without disquietude, see himself so near the redoubtable nakodah; but Tiruvalla whispered in his ear: 'Come! this time you will have no risk to run.' Then addressing Yousouf: 'The nakodah wants to go on board—does he not know that our poor pirogue is not in a very good condition?'

'Let us start immediately,' said Yousouf: 'here is a rupee.'

'The nakodah is a generous man,' continued the fisherman, who from afar had witnessed the Arab's misadventure: 'what a pity that his canoe should be broken! A ducking is nothing to poor fellows like us, who are accustomed to live in the water; but to you, illustrious nakodah, it is quite different. Your beautiful clothes are all covered with mud and sand. Look, Tirupatty!'

The discomfited Arabs stepped into the pirogue, which cleared the bank with the lightness of a feather; and a quarter of an hour sufficed to bring them safe and sound alongside the baggerow.

After having wished Yousouf and his crew a prosperous voyage, and all kinds of happiness for the remainder of their days, the fishermen departed. When the pirogue had reached a sufficient distance to be no longer perceived by the Arabs, Tiruvalla made a sign to his brother that he should cease rowing.

'Now,' said he, 'we shall finish our affair with these dogs of strangers; yet a little patience, and thou wilt see if the little fish is afraid of the whale. The nakodah intends to start to-night, but I foretell that he will have no breeze: see, the land-fog is rising.'

A thin mist, in fact, was beginning to cover the shore, and to spread itself over the surface of the water. On board of the baggerow, the tambourine resounded; the heavy main-yard was raised in time to the measured voices of the crew; the large sail was spread to its full extent, but it fell back on the shrouds without the lightest breeze to swell it. Thus passed some hours; the sea continued as calm and smooth as a lake. By degrees, the baggerow swayed round on its anchor, so as to turn its poop towards the shore; the tide began to rise. The Arabs perceived that they must abandon their intention of sailing that night; and climbing on the yard, they began to furl the sail. For some time, Yousouf continued to pace the deck, the glowing ball of his pipe appearing like a distant star to the eyes of the observant fishermen. At length he retired to the empty cabin, which he had decked with so much care and cost for the reception of Mallika; and the crew lay down to sleep on the deck. At that moment, Tiruvalla drew across the palm of his hand the blade of a well-sharpened knife, and desired his brother to row towards the baggerow. Tirupatty impelled the pirogue onwards with a few strokes of the paddles; and suddenly, he saw with surprise Tiruvalla, knife in hand, throw himself into the sea. As soon as he was in the water, the cunning fisherman hid his head beneath it, swimming noiselessly, after the manner of a shark. Cautiously approaching the baggerow, Tiruvalla seized the cable which held it attached to its anchor. With the aid of his knife, he succeeded in severing the thick rope, and the vessel began to drift towards the shore. Then the Indian returned to his pirogue, and shewed his brother the baggerow moving towards certain destruction.

'Thou seest,' said he, 'that sooner or later they will have to pay for the trick they played us. Let us follow them softly, so as to be ready to pick up whatever we can get when they are wrecked.'

On that low, flat shore, the rolling swell, repulsed by the sand-bank, rises to a height of several feet, and then falls down in foaming breakers. So long as the baggerow continued to float over the smooth deep waters, neither captain nor crew perceived the danger they ran. Soon, however, the vessel's keel struck; the Arabs awoke with a start, and rose terrified, without at first understanding the cause of the terrible shock which made the yard fall on the deck. In its fall, it drew with it the immense sail. Beneath this double weight leaning at one side, the vessel lurched over and

stranded; and the breakers off the bank assailed it with violence. On board, all was confusion; the hurt and bruised sailors cried out lamentably, and those on shore who heard them did not understand sufficiently in what the peril consisted to be able to render them effectual assistance. In such a juncture, the coolness and experience of the captain will often avail to save a ship. Unfortunately, Yousouf found himself in a condition still more critical than that of his men. Surprised in his cabin by the water pouring in through the stern, he had been forcibly dashed against the side; his head bleeding, and half stunned by the blow, he tried to open the cabin-door. Suddenly it yielded under the impulse of a hand from without, and the nakodah found himself confronted with the triumphant visage of the fisherman Tiruvalla.

'Tis I!' said the Hindoo with a ferocious smile. 'Thy money, thy treasures! Give quick, or I finish you with a thrust of my knife!'

Yousouf cast on the fisherman a look of mingled rage and contempt.

'Time presses; the baggerow is fast going to pieces,' said Tiruvalla: 'give me thy money, and I will save thee.'

Time did indeed press. The Hindoo, with a greedy eye, calculated how many minutes the broken vessel might still live. Instead of replying, the nakodah rushed on the fisherman, grasping in his hand his bent cutlass. The two enemies, holding each other tightly interlaced, rolled together on the submerged floor; they dealt random but terrible blows at each other, and the dark water was tinged with their blood. The Hindoo sought to fly, but the Arab, like the dying lion which crushes with his paw the prostrate hunter, continued to stab his side with his weapon. This death-strife ceased only when the stern of the baggerow, opened by the assaults of the breakers, broke up into pieces.

At low-water, the wrecked vessel lay high and dry; most of the crew had been saved, but Yousouf was never seen more. Tirupatty, who had left his brother on board the baggerow, waited for him in vain until morning. Not seeing him return laden with the booty which he had hoped to bring back, the prudent fisherman went out to sea. Sole inheritor of the pirogue, and of the new nets purchased at Alepe, Tirupatty returned to his village, and there quietly resumed his former occupation. He renounced altogether the less honest trade in which his brother had associated him, and which did not by any means suit his naturally timid disposition.

VII.

After the departure of Cherumal, the old gardener, filled with despair, continued to call on his daughter's name in every corner of the enclosure. With a lamp in his hand, he ran amongst the cocoa-trees, and searched the thickets, like a miser who has lost his

treasure. The tears rolled down his gray beard, incoherent words escaped from his trembling lips. He looked like a madman, yet neither his extravagant gestures nor his grotesque appearance would have provoked a smile from the passer-by, for nothing is more sad than to see an old man weep. It is true that his grief was of short duration. Proud of the burden which he carried, the elephant Soubala brought back at a majestic pace the beautiful Mallika, snatched from the arms of the Arab. Cherumal felt happy in restoring her to her father, and in thus so soon paying back the debt of gratitude. He held her before him seated on the elephant's neck, and did not question her as to the danger she had incurred. With a careful hand, he held back from her face the branches of trees which might have reached her, and respected her silence; she inspired him with an attachment too sincere to permit him to speak of his love at such a moment. He felt almost ashamed to find Mallika so mute and dejected, she who had so often amused herself by confusing and discomfiting him with her lively sallies. When he saw from afar the old man, with his lamp placed at the edge of the well, seated on the ground in an attitude of despairing grief, Cherumal said to the young girl: 'Mallika, raise thy head and speak; let thy father hear the sound of thy voice!'

The maiden, like a person aroused from sleep, slowly raised her head.

'Thou art saved, Mallika!' continued the mahout. 'It was I who did it. Fear nothing. I rescued thee from him who was carrying thee off by force'—

'And who told you that he was carrying me off by force?' asked Mallika in a tone of reproach.

Poor Cherumal had little expected such a speech; he perceived that henceforward Mallika would hate him, for having so officiously meddled in an affair which did not concern him. All the grief from which he had saved the old father fell back on his own heart. However, he had still the consolation to think that he had performed a good action, and he did not much repent of his indiscreet zeal.

'Father,' said he to the old man, 'here is your daughter; ask her to forgive me: I acted for the best.'

The gardener, half beside himself with joy, did not attend to the meaning of these words. Weeping and laughing at the same time, he embraced and caressed his beloved child. 'Come down!' he cried to Cherumal, who was departing; 'come, my son, my good Cherumal; Mallika wants to thank you. You have restored me to life, mahout, and all that I have is at your service!'

But the Indian, without replying, disappeared amongst the trees.

Next morning, there was a great deal of talk in the town of Alepe respecting the shipwreck of the baggerow. Some said that the nakodah, by some false manœuvre, had run his vessel ashore; others affirmed that the crew had mutinied, killed the captain, and then wrecked the ship, in order to remove all trace of their crime. Several old women declared that the nakodah was not

dead; that he had been seen galloping away on a fleet horse, holding in his arms a beautiful maiden, whom he was carrying off. It was thus that from each of the elements which had concurred to form the dénouement of this mysterious adventure, public rumour constructed a false or improbable history. These reports, with all their commentaries, soon reached the ears of Mallika; she took care to preserve a prudent silence—the chattering, censorious world around her seemed so little disposed to excuse one moment's weakness. During several months, she continued quietly secluded in her garden, dividing her time between her wonted labours and the watchful attentions which she bestowed on her father. The old man, who never once suspected his daughter of having yielded to a silly preference for a stranger, often conversed with her about the weariness, regret, and various troubles which she would have experienced in the Arab's house. His words produced a strong impression upon Mallika, for she was assured of their perfect sincerity. By degrees the young girl began to ask herself whether the reserved politeness, the proudly elegant manners of the stranger, which had so much charmed her, did not serve to cover a certain degree of haughty selfishness. This question she promised herself to decide when the nakodah should return to Alepe. The following year, as he did not make his appearance at the usual time, she believed that he had given her up for ever. As to the story of his death, Mallika could not bring herself to believe it; a mysterious halo still in her eyes surrounded him whom she would have been content to accept for her lord and master. She rather held by the legend which represented Yousouf as flying with some preferred rival. Thus jealousy and reflection aided the effect of absence in softening her regret; and at length she proved that the fond illusion was completely dissipated by candidly confessing the whole to her father.

The mahout Cherumal, on his part, had not had the indiscretion to betray a secret which was partly his own. How could he divulge the circumstances of Mallika's flight, without shewing at the same time that he on that same evening had played the part of dupe? Besides, the honest mahout was not the man to revenge himself for the caprice of a girl by betraying her. He gave the lie to the Spanish proverb which says: *Nada mas atrevido que el amor despreciado*—'Nothing more impudent than slighted love.'

Although Mallika had often received him badly, and on the last occasion had harshly repulsed him, yet he never ceased to think of her. From the time that he refrained from seeing her, sadness took possession of him, and Soubala had frequent fits of ill-humour.

One day, as he was passing at a short distance from the old gardener's dwelling, Cherumal fell into a profound reverie, so that the elephant, left to his own guidance, silyly approached the garden, and perceiving Mallika, stopped and made her a salaam.

CHERUMAL THE MAHOUT.

'Soubala,' said the maiden, in a subdued voice, 'thou didst rescue me from a great peril; but it is not to thee alone I am indebted—it is to thy master also.'

Cherumal opened his eyes, raised his head, and even at the first hasty glance, perceived that Mallika wore around her neck the coral-necklace. 'Hast thou then forgiven me?' he asked eagerly.

'Father!' exclaimed the young girl, raising her voice, 'come, speak to Cherumal; he's afraid to look at me, lest I should cast some spell over him!'

'Ah! mahout,' cried the old man, 'when I was thy age, I was not so timid. As to spells, that cast by two bright eyes is the most powerful, for it alone is able to heal the wound it makes. Come down, and come near. Thou seest Mallika has forgiven thee everything, even the service thou hast rendered her!'

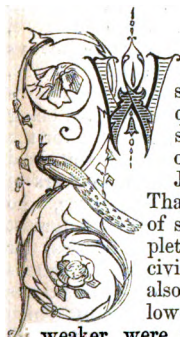
To the old gardener's great delight, Mallika consented to receive with cordiality the honest and faithful Cherumal. After that day, the mahout rapidly recovered his gaiety, and Soubala shewed no more ill-temper. If by chance you should visit Alepe, you will probably remark a fine elephant which excels in the art of giving salutations—it is the same Soubala.

Whenever any strangers of distinction happen to arrive at the caravansary of Alepe, he is sure to present himself, led by his mahout Cherumal, whose happy countenance bears no trace of past troubles. At a sign from his master, the docile animal raises and places astride on his trunk two or three fine lively little Indians, who seem to play with him as with a friend. After having balanced them in the air with the grave precaution of an experienced nurse, Soubala deposits them gently one by one in the arms of their smiling mother, who is no other than the still beautiful Mallika.





CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.



WE find in the records of the remotest antiquity, slavery mentioned as an established system as quite a common usage. Abraham had '318 servants born in his own house;' and thousands of children have wept when they heard how Joseph was sold by his unnatural brethren. That it is an 'institution' adapted to a rude state of society only, is satisfactorily proved by its complete extinction in almost all the more highly civilised and refined communities of the earth; and also by its origin being clearly traceable to the lowest conditions of savage life. Women, being the

weaker, were undoubtedly the first slaves. The uncivilised man of the present day follows the chase or sallies forth upon the war-path, all labour and drudgery falling to the lot of his female partner. The mere savage hunter of antiquity compelled, by

scarcity of game and other circumstances, to tame and rear cattle for their flesh and skins, required more assistance than his wife could afford, and, consequently, the life of the enemy, vanquished in war, was spared on condition of being the conqueror's slave. The wife then became an overlooker, and woman was raised the first step in the social scale. Agriculture, requiring more labour still, was next discovered and practised; slaves became articles of value and merchandise; and the victorious warrior, instead of slaying his prisoners, sacrificing them to hideous heathen deities, or eating them, as he had formerly done, found it more advantageous to adopt the less cruel alternative of selling them. Thus we see that the horrible system of slavery, the offspring of brute force and barbarism, was, nevertheless, a forward step in the world's march to civilisation. So, as toil and suffering is the ordeal which mankind individually and nationally must pass through before their highest state of progress can be achieved, we may confidently cheer ourselves with the hope, that the last remnant of slavery still existing in Christian lands, and now writhing in its death-pangs, will be the means of raising a degraded race to their proper position among the people of the earth.

The ancient Greeks, puffed with the pride of their superficial refinement, deemed all the rest of the world barbarians, and only fit to be their slaves. The haughty republican Roman, selfish and intolerant, demanding unlimited and aggressive privileges for himself as a citizen, was a brutal master to his bondsman. Under the Empire, the number of slaves increased so much by wealth and conquest, that the poorer class of freemen were glad to secure a subsistence by working on the estates of the great landowners, to which they and their families became bound under the name of *adscripti*; and thus arose that mitigated system of slavery known as serfdom, which prevailed during the middle ages, and which, in some of the northern parts of Europe, is not yet abolished. War and conquest, however, were always the great sources of slavery. England, overrun by Romans, Saxons, Norwegians, and Normans, was long a country of slaves and slave-dealers. To the circumstance of English captives being exposed for sale in the market of Rome, we are indebted for the first gleam of the light of Gospel truth. The Anglo-Saxons held a great slave-mart at Bristol, where they sold large numbers of slaves to the Irish traders. Wolston, Bishop of Worcester, who died in 1095, went year after year to Bristol and preached against the odious traffic; and his zeal was crowned with success, for many of the leading merchants discontinued it. In the canons of a council held at London in 1102, it is written:—'Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute beasts.' Still, however, to a very late period, prisoners taken in war were considered to be the property of their captors: the rich were held to ransom, and the poor condemned to slavery.

CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.

Another prolific source of slavery was religious difference—it being long understood that any person who had the power, had also the right to enslave any other person professing a different faith. The Laws of Oleron, the maritime code of the middle ages, described infidels who did not receive the Christian faith, as ‘dogs to be attacked, despoiled, and enslaved by all true believers.’ The Venetians long carried on a prosperous trade in Slavonian infidel slaves from the shores of the Adriatic, and they honestly, as the word was then understood, bought and paid for them. But it was reserved for chivalry—Christian chivalry *par excellence*—to commence that hideous system of mingled piracy and slavery, which so long stained with blood and tears the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The ecclesiastical order of Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem—originally instituted for the purpose of sheltering and relieving sick pilgrims to the Holy Temple—assumed in course of time a military character and organisation, becoming a rich and powerful body of monastic warriors. When the Christian powers were driven from Palestine, the Knights Hospitallers took possession of Rhodes, and a few other smaller islands in the group so well known in ancient history as the Sporades. Shut up in these islands, yet bound by their vows to wage perpetual war against all infidels, the knights became a considerable naval power, and pursued a continual system of piracy upon their Mohammedan neighbours. All their prisoners were unconditionally doomed to life-long slavery. Manacled to the oars, they rowed the galleys of their knightly captors, who impiously used to boast, that they cared not how the winds of heaven blew, as they carried their own winds in the sinews of their slaves. Four times did the plundered Ottomans unsuccessfully endeavour to expel the priestly pirates from their stronghold. At last Solymán the Magnificent beleaguered Rhodes with an immense fleet and army, and summoned the knights to surrender in the following words:—‘The constant robberies with which you molest our faithful subjects, oblige us to require you to deliver up to us the island and fortress of Rhodes.’ The summons was treated with scorn; a series of sanguinary battles ensued; and ultimately, after performing prodigies of valour, the order was almost annihilated, and their feeble remnant expelled from Rhodes. After some years’ wandering in various parts of Europe, they received the island of Malta from Charles V. Recruiting their numbers, they established themselves on that almost impregnable rock, and pursued their former system of piracy with greater vigour than ever. Al Makbari, an Arabic writer, speaks of Malta in language similar to that which, no doubt, our ancestors have used respecting Algiers. He terms it ‘that accursed island, from the neighbourhood of which whoever escapes may well say that he has deserved favour; that dreaded spot which throws its deadly shade on the pleasant waters; that den of iniquity; that place of ambush, which is like a net to ensnare all Moslems who sail the sea.’

Barbary is the general and somewhat vague denomination adopted by Europeans to designate that part of the northern coast of Africa which, bounded on the south by the desert of Sahara, is comprised between the frontiers of Egypt on the Mediterranean, and Cape Nun, the western spur of the lofty Atlas range, on the Atlantic. Imperfectly known even at the present day, in ancient legend it was peculiarly the land of mystery and fable. It was there the Grecian poets, giving their airy nothings a local habitation and a name, placed the site of the delightful gardens of the Hesperides, whose trees bore apples of the purest gold; there dwelt the terrible Gorgon, whose snaky tresses turned all living things into stone; there the invincible Hercules wrestled and overthrew the mighty Antæus; there the weary Atlas supported the ponderous arch of heaven on his stalwart shoulders. Almost as mythical and mysterious is the little we know of the Phœnicians, the greatest maritime people of antiquity, who planted their most powerful colony, the proud city of Carthage, on these fertile shores of Northern Africa. Of the Carthaginians, we can glean a little from the Greek and Roman historians. We know that in turn becoming the rulers of the seas, they explored and founded colonies and trading-depôts in what were at that time the most distant regions; extending their commercial relations from the tropical banks of the Niger to the frost-bound beach of the Baltic. A powerful people ere Rome was built, they long enjoyed their supremacy; at last, the thirst of territorial conquest brought the two great nations into rivalry, and the rich temples of Carthage fell a prey to the legions of Scipio. For a short period after the destruction of Carthage, the energetic subtlety of Jugurtha prevented the conquerors from extending their dominion; but in a few years, the whole coast, as far as the waves of the Atlantic, became a Roman province. It remained so till about the year 428 of the Christian era, in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, when Genseric, king of the Vandals, crossed over to Africa, conquered the Roman territory, and founded a dynasty which reigned for about 100 years. The Greek emperor Justinian then sent Belisarius to reconquer the country; he defeated the Vandals, made their king prisoner, and added Northern Africa to the Greek Empire.

History presents us with a series of conquering races, following each other as the waves upon the sea-beach, each washing away the impression made upon the sand by its forerunner, and each leaving a fresh impression to be washed out by its successor. The irruption of the Saracens followed hard upon the conquering footsteps of Belisarius. Swarm after swarm of the Arabs came up out of Egypt, till Northern Africa was under the rule of the caliphs, excepting a small part of the sea-coast held by the Spanish Goths. They at last were driven out by Musa, about the year 710; and then Tarik, Musa's lieutenant, crossing the narrow straits, carried the war into Europe, defeated Roderick, the last Gothic

king, and laid the foundation of Arab dominion in Spain. The ruthless spirit of religious fanaticism which inspired the followers of Mohammed, destroyed everything it could not change. Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Goths, their laws, literature, and religions, all have disappeared in Northern Africa; the recollection of the most powerful of them is only preserved in the word *Romi*—a term of reproach to the Christians of all nations. Of their more material works, the learned antiquary still finds some traces of Roman edifices, and the remains of a sewer are supposed to indicate the site of Carthage. The warlike enthusiasm of the Saracens was better adapted for making conquests than for preserving them. The great distance from the seat of empire, the revolutions caused by rival houses contending for the caliphate, the ambitious projects of the viceroys inclining them to league with native chiefs, led to a dissolution of the Arabian power in Northern Africa. Consequently, when the dawn of modern history begins to throw a clearer light upon the scene, we find the territory divided into a number of petty sovereignties.

The Saracens in Africa intermixing with the barbarous native tribes, never reached the high position in the arts of peace and civilisation attained by their brethren, the conquerors of Spain. The devastating instinct of Islamism seems to have yielded to a more benign influence, as soon as it entered Europe. When Spain was thoroughly subdued, the natives were permitted, with but few restrictions, the full enjoyment of their own laws and religion; and the Arabs, enjoying almost peaceable possession for nearly three centuries after the conquest, devoted their fiery energies to the acquisition of knowledge. Enriched by a fertile soil and prosperous commerce, they blended the acquirements and refinements of intellectual culture with Arabian luxury and magnificence; the palaces of their princes were radiant with splendour, their colleges famous for learning, their libraries overflowing with books, their agricultural and manufacturing processes conducted with scientific accuracy, when all the rest of Europe was buried in midnight barbarism. To those halcyon days of comparative peace succeeded four centuries of bitter conflict between the invaders and the invaded, exhibiting one of the grandest romances of military history on record. It was long doubtful on which side the honours of victory would descend. At last, the ardour and audacity of the Mussulman succumbed to the patriotic courage of the Christian, and the reluctant Moor was compelled to abandon the lovely region he had rendered classical by the exercise of his peculiar taste and genius.

Immediately after the fall of Granada, in 1492, about 100,000 Spanish Moors passed over into Africa with their unfortunate king Boabdil. Some ruined and deserted cities on the sea-coast, the remains of Carthaginian and Roman power and enterprise, were allotted to the exiles; for though of the same religion, and almost of the same race and language as the people they sought refuge

amongst, yet they were strangers in a strange land; the African Moors termed them *Tigarrins* (Andalucians); they dwelt and intermarried together, and were long known to Europeans, in the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, by the appellation of Moriscos. At the period of this forced migration, the Barbary Moors knew nothing of navigation; what little commerce they had was carried on by the ships of Cadiz, Genoa, and Ragusa. But the Moriscos, confined to the sea-coast, and debarred from agriculture, had no sooner rendered the ancient ruins habitable, than they turned their attention to naval affairs. Building row-boats, carrying from fourteen to twenty-six oars, they boldly put to sea, and incited by feelings of the deadliest enmity, revenged themselves on the hated Spaniard, at the same time that they plundered for a livelihood. Crossing the narrow channel which separates the two continents, and lying off out of sight of the Spanish coast during the day, they landed at night—not as strangers, but on the shores of their native land, where every bay and creek, every path and pass, every village and homestead, were as well known to them as to the Christian Spaniard. In the morning, mangled bodies and burning houses testified that the Moriscos had been there; while all portable plunder, every captured Christian not too old or too young to be a slave, was in the row-boat speeding swiftly to the African coast. The harassed Spaniards kept watch and ward, winter and summer, from sunrise to sunset, and sometimes succeeded in cutting off small parties of the piratical invaders; yet such was the audacity of the Moriscos, and so well were their incursions planned, that frequently they plundered villages miles in the interior. Then ensued the hasty flight and hot pursuit; the freebooters retreating to the boats, driving before them, at the lances' point, unfortunate captives, laden with the plunder of their own dwellings; the pursuers, horse and foot, following into the very water, and firing on the retiring row-boats till their long oars swept them out of gunshot. The Barbary Moors soon joined the Moriscos in those exciting and profitable adventures; and thus originated the atrocious practice, which being subsequently recognised in treaties made by the various European powers, became, according to the laws of nations, a legally organised system of Christian slavery.

In 1509, Ferdinand the Catholic, anxious to stop the Morisco depredations on the Spanish coast, sent a considerable force, under the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, to invade Barbary. During this expedition, the Spaniards released 300 captives, and took possession of Oran and a few other unimportant places on the coast. One of those was a small island, about a mile from the main, lying exactly opposite the town since known as Algiers, but previously so little recognised by history, that it is not certain when it received the name. In all probability, it acquired the high-sounding appellation of *Al Ghezire* (The Invincible) at a subsequent period. Carefully fortifying this insulated rock, the

Spaniards, by the superiority of their artillery, held possession of it for several years, as a sort of outpost, and a curb upon the piratical tendencies of the native powers.

One of these extraordinary adventurers, who, rising from nothing, carve out kingdoms for themselves with the edge of their sabres, and gleaming at intervals on an astonished world, vanish into utter darkness, like comets in their erratic orbits, appeared at this time, and changed the destinies of the greater part of Northern Africa. The son of a poor Greek potter in the island of Mitylene worked with his father till a younger brother was able to take his place in assisting to support the family; then going on board a Turkish war-vessel, he signified his desire to become a Mussulman, and enter the service. His offer was accepted, he received the Turkish name of Aroudje—his previous appellation is unknown—and in a short time, his fierce intrepidity and nautical skill raised him to the command of a vessel belonging to the sultan. Intrusted with a considerable sum of money, to pay the Turkish garrisons in the Morea, he sailed from Constantinople, and having passed the Dardanelles, he mustered his crew, and declared his intentions of renouncing allegiance to the Porte. He told them that, if they would stand by him, he would lead them to the western waters of the Mediterranean, where prizes of all nations might be captured in abundance, where there were no knights of Rhodes to contend against, and where they would be completely out of the power of the sultan. A project so much in unison with the predilections of the rude crew was received with enthusiastic acclamations of assent. Aroudje then steered for his native island of Mitylene, where he landed, and gave a large sum of money to his mother and sisters; and being joined by his brother, who, becoming a Mohammedan, assumed the name of Hayraddin, he weighed anchor, and turned his prow to the westward. Arriving off the island of Elba, he fell in with two portly argosies under papal colours. Piracy in these western seas having previously been carried on in the Morisco row-boats only, the Christians were not alarmed, but believing Aroudje to be an honest trader, permitted him to run alongside, as he seemed to wish to communicate some information. They were quickly undeceived. Boarding the nearest one, he immediately took possession of her, and then dressing his men in the clothes of the captured crew, he bore down upon her unsuspecting consort. She was captured also, with scarcely a blow; and Aroudje found himself in possession of two ships, each much larger than his own, with cargoes of great value, and some hundreds of prisoners. The fame of this bold action resounded from the southern shores of Europe to the opposite coast of Africa. Such captives as were ransomed, when describing the appearance of Aroudje, did not fail to recount the ferocious aspect of his huge red beard, so unusual an appendage to a native of the south, and thus he obtained the name of Barbarossa (Redbeard), so long the terror of

the Mediterranean. Taking his prizes to Tunis, one of the small states that had once been part of the great Saracen Empire in Barbary, Aroudje was well received by the king, who allowed him to use the island and fort of Goleta as a naval depôt, on condition of paying a certain percentage on all prizes. Adding daily to his wealth and fleet, the daring sea-rover had no lack of followers: Turkish and Moorish adventurers eagerly enrolled themselves under his fortunate banner.

The precarious position of the petty Barbary states, threatened by the Berbers and Bedouins of the interior on the land-side, and menaced by the Spaniards on the sea-board, was highly favourable to the ambitious aspirations of the potter's son. The district of Jijil being attacked by famine, he seized the corn-ships of Sicily, and distributed the grain freely and without price among the starving inhabitants, who gratefully proclaimed him their king; and in a few years his army equalled in magnitude his still increasing fleet. The fort built by the Spaniards on the island off Algiers was a great annoyance to Eutemi, the Moorish king of that little state. Unwisely, he applied to Barbarossa for aid to evict the Spaniard, and eagerly was the request granted. With 5000 men, the pirate chief marched to Algiers, where the people hailed him as a deliverer; Eutemi was murdered, and Aroudje proclaimed king. The throne thus usurped by audacity, he established by policy; profusely liberal to his friends, ferociously cruel to his enemies, he was loved and dreaded by all his subjects. His reign, however, was short, being defeated and killed in battle by the Spaniards, only two years after he ascended the throne. In such estimation was this victory held, that the head, shirt-of-mail, and gold-embroidered vest of the slain warrior were carried on a lance, in triumphant procession, through the principal cities of Spain, and then deposited as sacred trophies in the church of St Jerome at Cordova. Hayraddin, who is styled by the old historians Barbarossa II., succeeded his brother, but, feeling his position insecure, he tendered the sovereignty of Algiers to the Grand Seignior, on condition of being appointed viceroy and receiving a contingent of troops. Sultan Selim, gladly accepting the offer, sent a firman creating Hayraddin pacha, and a force of 2000 janizaries. From that period, the Ottoman supremacy over the Moorish and Morisco inhabitants of Algiers was firmly established.

Piracy upon all Christian nations was still vigorously carried on from Tunis and other ports of Barbary; but the harbour of Algiers being commanded by the island fort in possession of the Spaniards, was deprived of that nefarious source of wealth. This island was long the 'Castle Dangerous' of the Spanish service; nor was it till 1530, that, betrayed by a discontented soldier, it fell into the hands of Hayraddin. Don Martin, the Spanish governor, who had long and nobly defended the isolated rock, was brought a wounded captive before the truculent pacha. 'I respect you,' said Hayraddin, 'as a brave man and a good soldier. Whatever

favour you may ask of me I will grant, on condition that you will accede to whatever I may request.'

'Agreed,' replied Don Martin. 'Cut off the head of the base Spaniard who betrayed his countrymen.'

The wretch was immediately brought in, and decapitated on the spot.

'Now,' rejoined Hayraddin, 'my request is that you become a Mussulman, and take command of my army.'

'Never!' exclaimed the chivalrous Don Martin; and immediately, at a signal from the enraged pacha, a dozen yataghans leaped from their sheaths, and the faithful Christian was cut to pieces on the floor of the presence-chamber.

The island, so long a source of danger and annoyance to the Algerines, was now made their safest defence, Hayraddin conceiving the bold idea of uniting it to the mainland by a mole and breakwater. This really great undertaking, which still evinces the engineering and mechanical skill of its promoters, was the work of thousands of wretched Christian slaves, who laboured at it incessantly for three years before it was completed. Thus the Algerines obtained a commodious harbour for their shipping, secure against all storms, and, at that time, impregnable to all enemies.

In 1532, the people of Tunis rebelling, deposed their king, and invited the willing Hayraddin to become their ruler. With this increase of power his boldness increased also. Out of his many daring exploits at this period, we need mention only one. Hearing that Julian Gonzago, the wife of Vespasian Colonna, Count of Fondi, was the most beautiful woman in Europe, Hayraddin made a descent in the night on the town of Fondi; scaling the walls, the fierce Moslems plundered the town, and carried off numbers of the inhabitants into slavery. Fortunately, the countess escaped to the fields in her night-dress, and thus evaded the clutches of the pirate, who, to revenge his disappointment, ravaged the whole Neapolitan coast before he returned to Tunis.

The eyes of all Europe were now turned imploringly to the only power considered capable of contending with this 'monstrous scourge of Christendom.' The emperor Charles V. eagerly responded to the appeal, and summoned forth the united strength of his vast dominions to equip the most powerful armada that had ever ploughed the waves of the Mediterranean; the Low Countries, Spain, Italy, Portugal, and Genoa, furnished their bravest veterans and best appointed ships; the Knights of St John supplied a few vessels, small, yet formidable from the well-known valour of the chevaliers who served in them; the pope contributed his blessing; and the immense armament, inspired with all the enthusiasm of the Crusades, but directed to a more rational and legitimate object, rendezvoused at Cagliari—a convenient harbour in Sardinia.

Hayraddin, aware of the object and destination of this vast armament, energetically prepared to give it a suitable reception.

Night and day the miserable Christian slaves, rivetting their own fetters, were employed in erecting new, and strengthening old fortifications; and as a last resource, in case of defeat, the shrewd pacha sent eighteen sail of his best ships to Bona. In July 1537, the emperor's fleet was descried from the towers of Tunis; and Hayraddin made the last dispositions for defence by placing his treasure, seraglio, and slaves in the citadel, under a strong guard, with the intention of retreating thither if the city and port were taken.

Charles, after landing his troops, commenced a simultaneous attack by land and sea. Hayraddin, with much inferior force, yet greater advantage of position, conducted the defence with skill and determination. But in the heat of the conflict, the Christian slaves, distracted with suspense, and excited to frenzy by the thunder of the cannonade, burst their bonds, overpowered their guards, and turned the guns of the citadel upon their Moslem masters. Hayraddin, then seeing that the day was irrecoverably lost, fled with the remnant of his army to the ships at Bona. Charles reinstated the deposed king of Tunis as his vassal, and on condition, that for the future, all Christians brought as captives to Tunis should be liberated without ransom. With 20,000 Christians released from slavery by the power of his arms—the noblest trophy conqueror ever bore—Charles returned in triumph to Europe. Not only did he restore these unfortunate captives to liberty, but he furnished all of them with suitable apparel, and the means of returning to their respective countries. Such munificence spread the fame of Charles over all the world; for though it entailed on him immense expense, he had personally gained nothing by the conquest of Tunis: disinterestedly he had fought for the honour of the Christian name, for Christian security and welfare. Yet we regret to have to add one fact, highly characteristic of the age: when Charles left Africa, he also carried off 10,000 Mohammedans to be slaves for life, chained to the oars in the galleys of Spain, Italy, and Malta.

We must now return to Hayraddin, the second Barbarossa, whom we left in full retreat to Bona, where he had sagaciously sent his ships to be out of harm's way at Tunis. As soon as he arrived at Bona, he embarked his men, and put to sea.

'Let us go to the Levant,' said his officers, 'and beg assistance from the sultan.'

'To the Levant, did you say?' exclaimed the incensed pirate. 'Am I a man to shew my back? Must I fly for refuge to Constantinople? Depend upon it, I am far more likely to attack the emperor's dominions in Flanders. Cease your prating; follow me, and obey orders.' Steering for Minorca, he soon appeared off the well-fortified harbour of Port Mahon. The incautious Minorcans believing the pirates utterly exterminated, and that the gallant fleet entering their harbour was returning from the conquest of Tunis, ran to the port to greet and welcome the supposed victors.

Not a gun was loaded, not a battery manned, when Hayraddin, swooping like an eagle on its prey, sacked the town, carried off an immense booty in money and military stores, and with 6000 captive Minorcans, returned in triumph to Algiers. This was his last exploit that falls within our province to relate. Earnestly solicited by the sultan, he relinquished the pachalic to take supreme command of the Ottoman fleet. After a life spent in stratagem and war, he died at an advanced age; and still along the Christian shores of the Mediterranean, mothers frighten their unruly children with the name of Barbarossa.

Hassan Aga, a Sardinian renegade, was next appointed to the vice-royalty. A corsair from his youth, he was well fitted for the office, and during his rule the piratical depredations increased in number and audacity. The continuous line of watch-towers that engirdle the southern coast of Spain, and have so picturesque an effect at the present day, were built as a defence against Hassan's cruisers. Once more all Europe turned to the emperor Charles for relief and protection. Pope Paul III. wrote a letter imploring him 'to reduce Algiers, which, since the conquest of Tunis, has been the common receptacle of all the freebooters, and to exterminate that lawless race, the implacable enemies of the Christian faith.' Moved by such entreaties, and thirsting for glory, Charles equipped a fleet equal in magnitude to that with which he had conquered Tunis. A navy of 500 ships, an army of 27,000 picked men, and 150 Knights of Malta, with noblemen and gentlemen volunteers of all nations, many of them English, sailed on this great expedition. To oppose such a powerful force, Hassan had only 800 Turks and 5000 Moors and Moriscos. On arriving at Algiers, Charles summoned the pacha to surrender, but received a most contemptuous reply. The troops were immediately disembarked, though with great difficulty, owing to stormy weather; and the increasing gale cutting off communication with the fleet, before sufficient stores and camp equipage could be landed, Charles and his army were left with scanty provision, and exposed to torrents of rain. A night passed in this miserable condition. The next day, the tempest increased. The next night, the troops, exhausted by want of food and exposure to the elements, were unable to lie down, the ground being knee-deep in mud. Hassan was too vigilant a warrior not to take advantage of this state of affairs. Before daybreak, on the second morning, with a strong body of horse and foot, he sallied out upon the Christian camp. Weak from hunger and want of rest, benumbed by exposure to the cold and rain, their powder wet, and their matches extinguished, the advanced division of Charles's army were easily defeated by Hassan's fresh and vigorous troops. The main body advanced to the rescue, and after a sharp contest, Hassan's small detachment was repulsed, and driven back into the city. The Knights of Malta, among whom a chivalrous emulation existed with respect to which of them would first stick his dagger

in the gate of Algiers, rashly following the retreating Hassan, led the army up to the city, where they were mowed down in hundreds by the fire from the walls. Retreating in confusion from this false position, they were again charged by Hassan's impetuous cavalry, and the knights of Malta, to save the whole army from destruction, drew up in a body to cover the rear. Conspicuous by their scarlet upper garments, embroidered with a white cross, they served for a short time as a rallying-point; but it was not till Charles, armed with sword and buckler, joined his troops, and stimulated them to fresh exertions by fighting in their ranks, that the Algerines were compelled to return to their strongholds. In this desperate conflict the Knights of Malta were nearly all killed. Only one of them, Ponce de Salignac, the standard-bearer, had reached and stuck his dagger in the gate, but, pierced with innumerable wounds, he did not live to enjoy the honour of the foolhardy feat. Another night of tempest and privation followed this discouraging battle; hundreds of the debilitated troops were blown down by the violence of the wind, and smothered in the mud. When the day broke, Charles saw 200 of his war-ships and transports, containing 8000 men, driven on shore, and such of their crews as were not swallowed up by the waves, led off into captivity by the exulting enemy. The rest of the fleet sought shelter under a headland four miles off, and thither Charles followed them; but his famished troops, continually harassed by the enemy, were two days in retreating that short distance. With great difficulty, Charles, and a small remnant of his once powerful army, reached the ships, and made sail from the inhospitable coast. So many captives were taken, and such was their enfeebled condition, that numbers were sold by the captors for an onion each. 'Do you remember the day when your countryman was sold for an onion?' was for years afterwards a favourite taunt of the Algerine to the Spaniard. Enriched with slaves, valuable military and naval stores, treasure, horses, costly trappings—all brought to their own doors—the pride of the Algerines knew no bounds, and they sneeringly said that Charles brought them this immense plunder to save them the trouble of going to fetch it. Hassan generously refused to take any part of the spoil, saying that the honour of defeating the most powerful of Christian princes was quite sufficient for his share.

After this great victory, the Algerines, confident of the impregnability of their city, turned their attention to increasing their power on sea. The vessels hitherto used for warlike purposes in the Mediterranean were galleys, principally propelled by oars rowed by slaves; and in quickness of manœuvre and capability of being propelled during a calm, were somewhat analogous to the steam-boat of the present day, and had a decided advantage over the less easily managed sailing-vessels. Not constructed to mount heavy ordnance, the system of naval tactics adopted in the galleys was to close with the enemy, whenever eligible, and then the

battle was fought with small-arms—arrows, and even stones, being used as weapons of attack and defence. The Algerines, however, labouring in their vocation, as Falstaff would have said, captured many large ships of Northern Europe, built for long voyages and to contend with stormy seas. Equipping these with cannon, they were enabled to destroy the galleys before the latter could close with them; and thus introducing a new system of naval warfare, they gained a complete ascendancy in the waters of the Mediterranean. Nor did they long confine their depredations to that sea. In 1574, an Algerine fleet surprised the tunny fishery of the Duke of Medina, near Cadiz, and captured 200 slaves; but one of the piratical vessels running ashore, a large number were retaken by their countrymen. In 1585, Morat, a celebrated corsair, landed at night on Lancelote, one of the Canary Islands, and carried off a large booty, with 300 prisoners; among whom were the wife, mother, and daughter of the Spanish governor. Standing out to sea the next morning, until out of gun-range, the pirate hove-to, and shewing a flag of truce, treated for the ransom of his captives; and afterwards, eluding by seamanship and cunning a Spanish fleet waiting to intercept him at the mouth of the Straits, exultingly returned to Algiers. In the following century, pushing their piracies still further, the English Channel became one of their regular cruising-grounds. In 1681, the town of Baltimore, in Ireland, was plundered by Morat Rais, a Flemish renegade, and 237 men, women, and children, 'even to the babe in the cradle,' carried off into captivity. Aware of the strong family affections of the Irish, we can well believe Pierre Dan, a Redemptionist monk, who saw those poor creatures in Algiers. He says: 'It was one of the most pitiable of sights to see them exposed for sale. There was not a Christian in Algiers who did not shed tears at the lamentations of these captives in the slave-market, when husband and wife, mother and child, were separated.* Is it not,' indignantly adds the worthy father, 'making the Almighty a bankrupt, to sell His most precious property in this cruel manner?' About the same time, two corsairs, guided by a Danish renegade, proceeded as far as Iceland, where they captured no less than 800 persons, a few of whom were ransomed several years afterwards by Christian IV., king of Denmark.

The existence of such an organised system of piracy may well excite our wonder at the present day; but the truth is, that since the time of the Vikings, to the latter part of the last century, the high seas were never clear of pirates belonging to one nation or another. Besides, the commercial jealousies and almost continual wars of the European nations, prevented them from uniting to crush the Barbary rovers. The English and Dutch maintained an extensive commerce with the Algerines, supplying them with gunpowder, arms, and naval stores; and found it more profitable to pay their

* At a later period, the Algerines did not separate slave-families.

customers a heavy tribute for a sort of half-peace, than to be at open war with them. De Witt, the famous Dutch admiral and statesman, in his *Interest of Holland*, thus views the question. 'Although,' he says, 'our ships should be well guarded by convoys against the Barbary pirates, yet it would by no means be proper to free the seas from those freebooters—because we should thereby be put on the same footing as the French, Spanish, and Italians; wherefore it is best to leave that thorn in the sides of those nations.' An English statesman, in an official paper written in 1671, amongst other objections to the surrender of Tangier, urges the advantage of making it an open port for the Barbary pirates to sell their prizes and refit at, in the same manner as they were permitted to do in the French ports. It is an actual fact that, in the seventeenth century, when England and France were at peace, Algerine cruisers frequently landed their English captives at Bordeaux, whence they were marched in handcuffs to Marseille, and there reshipped in other vessels, and taken to Algiers. This proceeding was to avoid the risk of recapture in the Straits of Gibraltar, and also to allow the pirates to remain out longer on their cruise, unencumbered with prisoners. Numerous instances of the complicity of European powers with this nefarious system might be adduced. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1703, protected a Barbary pirate from receiving a well-merited chastisement from a Dutch squadron; but that need not surprise the reader, for at the same time the gallant admiral had power under the Great Seal to visit Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, make the usual presents, and 'if he could prevail with them to make war against France, and that some act of hostility was thereupon committed, he was to give such further presents as he should think proper.'

The political system of the Algerines requires a few words. The authority of the Porte was soon shaken off, and then the janizaries, or soldiers, forming a kind of aristocratic democracy, chose a governor from their own number, under the familiar title of Dey (Uncle); and ruled the native Moors as an inferior and conquered race. Neither Moor nor Morisco was permitted to have any voice in the government, or to hold any office under it; the wealthiest native, if he met a janizary in the street, had to give way to let the proud soldier pass. The janizaries were all either Turks or renegades (slaves who had turned Mohammedans): so strictly was this rule carried out, that the son of a janizary by a Moorish woman was not allowed the privileges of his father, though the offspring of a janizary and a Christian slave was recognised as one of the dominant race. The janizaries were in number about 12,000; their ranks were annually recruited by renegades and adventurous Turks from the Levant; they served by sea as well as by land, and were employed in controlling the tributary native chiefs of the interior, and sailing in the piratical cruisers. Piracy being the basis of this system, the whole foreign policy of the Algerines consisted in claiming the right of maintaining constant war with all Christian

nations that did not conciliate them by tribute and treaties. When a European consul arrived at Algiers, he always carried a large present to the dey, and as the latter would, in a short time, quarrel with and send away the consul, in expectation of receiving the usual present with his successor, it was found more convenient to make an occasional present, than incur the trouble and risk of a continual change of consuls. In course of time, these occasional presents became a tribute of 17,000 dollars, regularly paid every two years.

The miseries of Algerine bondage have long been proverbial over all the Christian world, yet they appear light when calmly examined and contrasted with other systems of slavery. Most travellers in Mohammedan countries have remarked the general kindness with which slaves are treated. General Eaton, consul of the United States at Tunis in 1799, writes thus :—‘Truth and justice demand from me the confession, that the Christian slaves among the barbarians of Africa are treated with more humanity than the African slaves among the Christians of civilised America.’ John Wesley, when addressing those connected with the negro slave-trade, said : ‘You have carried them into the vilest slavery, never to end but with life—such slavery as is not found with the Turks at Algiers.’ In fact, the creed of Islam, not recognising perpetual and unconditional bondage, gave the slave a right of redemption by purchase, according to a precept of the Koran. This right of redemption was daily claimed and acknowledged in Barbary ; and though it was only the richer class that could immediately benefit by it, yet it was a great alleviation to the general hardship of the system ; and numbers of the poorer captives, by exercise of their various trades and professions, realised money, and were in a short time able to redeem themselves. Again, no prejudice of race existed in the mind of the master against his unhappy bondsman. The meanest Christian slave, on becoming a Mohammedan, was free, and enrolled as a janizary, having superior privileges even to the native Moor or Morisco, and he and his descendants were eligible to the highest offices in the state. Ladies, when captured, were invariably treated with respect, and, till ransomed, lodged in a building set apart for the purpose, under the charge of a high officer, similar to our mayor. The most perfect toleration was extended to the exercise of the Christian religion ; the four great festivals of the Roman Church—Christmas, Easter, and the natiivities of St John and the Virgin—were recognised as holidays for the slaves. We read of a large slaveholder purchasing a priest expressly for the spiritual comfort of his bondsmen ; and of other masters who regularly, once a week, marched their slaves off to confession. The Algerines were shrewd enough to prefer a religious slave to his less conscientious fellows. ‘Christianity,’ they used to say, ‘was better for a man than no religion at all.’ Nor were they zealous to make adult converts. ‘A bad Christian,’ they said, ‘can never make a good Mussulman.’ It was only slaves of known good character

and conduct who were received into the Moslem community. Children, however, were brought up Mohammedans, adopted in families, and became the heirs of their adopters. Captured ecclesiastics were treated with respect, never set to work, but allowed to join the religious houses established in Algiers.

One of the greatest alleviations to the miseries of the captives was the hospital founded for their benefit, by that noble order of monks, the Trinitarian Brothers of Redemption. This order was instituted in 1188, during the pontificate of Innocent III. Its founder, Jean Matha, was a native of Provence, and, according to the old chronicles, a saint from his birth; for when a baby at the breast, he voluntarily abstained every fast-day! Having entered the priesthood, on performing his first mass, an extraordinary vision was witnessed by the congregation. An angelic being, clothed in white raiment, appeared above the altar, with an imploring expression of countenance, and arms crossed; his hands were placed on the heads of two fettered slaves, as if he wished to redeem them. The fame of this miracle soon spread to Rome. Journeying thither, Matha said mass before the pope; and the wonderful apparition being repeated, Innocent granted the requisite concessions for instituting the order of Redemptionists, whose sole object was to collect alms, and apply them to the relief and redemption of Christian slaves. With whatever degree of suspicion such conventual legends may be regarded, it is gratifying to find that the order was truly a blessed charity, and that our own countrymen were among the earliest and most zealous of its members. Within a year from its institution, Brother John of Scotland, a professor at Oxford, and Brother William of England, a priest in London, departed on the first voyage of redemption, and after many dangers and hardships, returned from the East with 1286 ransomed slaves. It was not, however, till 1551 that the order was enabled to form a regular establishment at Algiers. In that year, Brother Sebastian purchased a large building, and converted it into an hospital for sick and disabled slaves. As neither work nor ransom could be got out of a dead slave, the masters soon perceived the benefit of the hospital, and they levied a tax on all Christian vessels frequenting the port to aid in sustaining it. Among so many captives, there were always plenty of experienced medical men to perform the requisite duties; and no inconsiderable revenue to the funds of the institution was derived by dispensing medicines and advice to the Moslems. A Father Administrator and two brothers of the order constantly resided in Algiers to manage the affairs of the hospital, which from time to time was extended and improved, till it became one of the largest and finest buildings in the city. The owners of slaves who received the benefit of this charity, contributed nothing towards it, but on each slave being admitted, his proprietor paid one dollar to the Father Administrator, which, if the patient recovered, was returned to the master, but if he died, was kept to defray his funeral expenses. For a long period, there was no place of interment

allotted to the captives; their dead bodies were thrown outside the city walls, to be devoured by the hordes of street-dogs which infest the towns of Mohammedan countries. At length, by the noble self-denial of a private individual, whose name, we regret to say, we are unable to trace, a slave's burial-ground was obtained. A Capuchin-friar, the friend and confessor of Don John of Austria, natural son of the Emperor Charles V., was taken captive. Knowing the esteem in which he was held by the prince, an immense sum was demanded for his ransom. The money was immediately forwarded; but instead of purchasing his freedom, the disinterested philanthropist bought a piece of ground for a burial-place for Christian slaves, and, devoting himself to solace the spiritual and temporal wants of his unhappy co-religionists, uncomplainingly passed the rest of his life in exile and captivity.

A few years after the founding of this House of the Spanish Hospital, as it was termed, another Christian religious establishment, the House of the French Mission, was planted in Algiers. A certain Duchess d'Eguillon, at the suggestion of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul, who had himself been an Algerine captive, commenced this good work by an endowment of 4000 livres per annum. These two religious houses were exempted from all duties or taxes, and mass was performed in them daily with all the pomp and splendour of the Romish Church. There was also a chapel in each of the six *bagnes*—the prisons where the slaves were confined at night—in which service was performed on Sundays and holidays. The Greek Church had also a chapel and small establishment in one of the *bagnes*. Brother Comelin, of the order of Redemption, tells us, in his *Voyage*, that they celebrated Christmas in the Spanish Hospital 'with the same liberty and as solemnly as in Christendom. Midnight mass was chanted to the sound of trumpets, drums, flutes, and hautboys; so that in the stillness of night the infidels heard the worship of the true God over all their accursed city, from ten at night till two in the morning.' Such was Mohammedan toleration in Algiers, at the period, too, we should recollect, of the high and palmy days of the Inquisition. We may easily conceive what would have been the fate of the infidels if they, by any chance, had invaded the midnight silence of Rome or Madrid with the sounds of their worship. The only exceptions to the general good treatment and respect bestowed upon Christian ecclesiastics in Algiers was, when inspired by a furious zeal for martyrdom, they openly insulted the Mohammedan religion; or when the populace were excited by forced conversions and other intolerant cruelties practised upon Mussulman slaves in Europe. We shall briefly mention two instances of such occurrences.

One Pedro, a brother of Redemption, had travelled to Mexico and Peru, and collected in those rich countries a vast amount of treasure for the order. He then went to Algiers, where he employed half the money in ransoming captives, and the other half

in repairing and increasing the usefulness of the hospital, where he resided, constantly attending and consoling the sick slaves. At last, thirsting for martyrdom, he one day rushed into a mosque, and, with crucifix in hand, cursed and reviled the false Prophet Mohammed. In all Mohammedan countries, the penalty of this offence is death. But so much were the piety and good works of Pedro respected by the Algerine government, that they anxiously endeavoured to avoid inflicting the punishment of their law. Earnestly they solicited him, with promise of free pardon, to acknowledge that he was intoxicated or deranged when he committed the rash act, but in vain. Pedro was burned; and one of his leg-bones was long carefully preserved as a holy relic in the Spanish Hospital.

In 1612, a young Mohammedan lady, fifteen years of age, named Fatima, daughter of Mehemet Aga, a man of high rank in Algiers, when on her way to Constantinople to be married, was captured by a Christian cruiser, carried into Corsica, and a very large sum of money demanded for her ransom. The distressed father speedily sent the money by two relatives, who were furnished with safe-conduct passes by the brothers of Redemption. On their arrival in Corsica, they were informed that the young lady had become a Christian, was christened Maria Eugenia, and married to a Corsican gentleman; and that the money brought for her ransom must be appropriated as her dowry. The relatives were permitted to see Maria; she declared her name was still Fatima; and that her baptism and marriage were forced upon her. The return of the relatives without either the lady or the money caused great excitement in Algiers. By way of retaliation, the brothers of Redemption were loaded with chains, and thrown into prison, and compelled to pay Mehemet Aga a sum equal to that which he had sent for his daughter's ransom. In a short time, however, they were released, and permitted to resume their customary duties.

When returning from a successful cruise, as soon as an Algerine corsair arrived within sight of the harbour, her crew commenced firing guns of rejoicing and triumph, and continued them at intervals until she came to anchor. Summoned by these signals of success, the inhabitants would flock in numbers to the port, there to learn the value of the prize, the circumstances of its capture, and to congratulate the pirates. Morgan, a quaint old writer, many years attached to the British consulate, says:— 'These are the times when Algiers very visibly puts on a quite new countenance, and it may well be compared to a great bee-hive. All is hurry, every one busy, and a cheerful aspect succeeds a strange gloom and discontent, like what is to be seen everywhere else, when the complaint of dulness of trade, scarcity of business, and stagnation of cash reigns universal; and which is constantly to be seen in Algiers during every interval between the taking of good prizes.' The dey received the eighth part of the value of

all prizes, for the service of the government, and had the privilege of selecting his share of the captives, who were brought from the vessel to the courtyard of his palace, where the European consuls attended to claim any of their countrymen who might be considered free in accordance with the terms of previous treaties. In many instances, however, little respect was paid by the strong-handed captors to such documents. The following reply of one of the deys to a remonstrance of the English consul, contains the general answer given on such occasions:—‘The Algerines being born pirates, and not able to subsist by any other means, it is the Christians’ business to be always on their guard, even in time of peace; for if we were to observe punctilios with all those nations who purchase peace and liberty from us, we might set fire to our shipping, and become degraded to be camel-drivers.’ When the newly-made captives were mustered in the dey’s courtyard, their names, ages, countries, and professions, were minutely taken down by a *hojja*, or government secretary, appointed for the purpose; and then the dey proceeded to make his selection of every eighth person, and of course took care to choose such as, from their appearance and description, were likely to pay a smart ransom, or those acquainted with the more useful professions and the mechanical arts. After the dey had taken his share, the remainder of the prisoners, being the property of their captors, were taken to the *bestian*, or slave-market, and appraised, a certain value being set upon each individual. From the slave-market the unfortunates were then led back to the courtyard, and there sold by public auction; and whatever price was obtained higher than the valuation of the slave-market, became the perquisite of the dey.

The government, or, in other words, the dey, was the largest slaveholder in Algiers. All the slaves belonging to the government were termed deylic slaves, and distinguished by a small ring of iron fastened round the wrist or ankle; and excepting those who were employed in the palace, or hired out as domestic servants, were locked up every night in six large buildings called *bagnes*. Rude beds were provided in the *bagnes*, and each deylic slave received three small loaves of bread per day, and occasionally some coarse cloth for clothing. All the carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, ropemakers, and others among the deylic slaves who worked at trades connected with house and ship building, received a third part of what they earned, when hired out to private persons, and even the same sum was paid to them when employed on government works. Besides, both at the laying down of the keel and launch of a new ship, a handsome gratuity was given to all the slave-mechanics employed upon her. Indeed, all the work connected with ship-building was performed by Christian slaves.

The janizaries never condescended to do any kind of work; the native Moors were too lazy and too ignorant; and the Moriscos being forbidden, by the jealous policy of the dominant Turkish

CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.

race, to practise the arts they brought with them from Spain, sank, after the first generation, to a level with the native Moor. Shipwrights were consequently well treated, many of them earning better wages than they could in their own countries. Numbers were thus enabled to purchase their freedom; but many more, seduced by the sensual debaucheries so prevalent wherever slavery is recognised, preferred remaining in Algiers as slaves or renegades, to returning as freemen to their native lands. Deylic slaves, when hired out as sailors, received one-third of their hire, and one-third of a freeman's share in the prize-money. Invariably at the hour of prayer termed *Al Aasar*, all work was stopped for the day, and the remaining three hours between that time and sunset were allowed to the slaves for their own use; on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, they were never set to work; and besides the Christian holidays already mentioned, they had a week's rest during the season of Ramadam. Such of the deylic slaves as were employed at the more laborious work of drawing and carrying timber, stone, and other heavy articles, were divided into gangs, and taken out to work only on alternate days.

Many slaves never did an hour's work during their captivity; for by the payment of a monthly sum, equivalent to about three shillings of our money, any one might be exempted from labour; and even those who could afford to fee their overseers only with a smaller sum, were put to the lightest description of toil. Slaves when in treaty for ransom were never required to work; and as no person was permitted to leave Algiers in debt, money was freely lent at moderate interest to those whose circumstances entitled them to hope for ransom. Money, also, was readily obtained through the Jews, by drawing bills of exchange on the various mercantile cities of Europe. Many slaves, however, by working at trades and other means, were enabled to pay the tax for immunity from public labour, and support themselves comfortably in the bagnets. Of this latter class were tailors, shoemakers, toy-makers for the Moorish children, letter-writers, and others; and, strange to say, a good many managed to live well by theft alone. In each bagnet were five or six licensed wine-shops, kept by slaves. This was the most profitable business open to a captive—a wine-shop keeper frequently making the price of his ransom in one year; but, preferring wealth to liberty, these persons generally remained slaves until they were able to retire with considerable fortunes. As there was constantly free ingress and egress to and from all the bagnets during the day, the wine-shops were always crowded with people of all nations; and though nominally for the use of the slaves, yet the renegades, who had not forgotten their relish for wine, drank freely therein; and even many of the 'turbaned Turks,' forgetting the law of their Prophet, copiously indulged in the forbidden beverage. The Moslem, however, was, like Cassio, choleric in his drink, and frequently, brandishing his weapon, and threatening the lives of all about him, would refuse

to pay his shot. As no Christian dare strike a Mussulman, an ingenious device was resorted to on such occasions. A stout slave, regularly employed for the purpose, would, at a signal from the landlord, adroitly drop a short ladder over the reeling brawler's head; by this means, without striking a blow, he was speedily brought to the ground, where he was secured till his senses were restored by sleep; and then, if found to have no money, the landlord was entitled to retain his arms until the reckoning was paid.

The largest private slaveholder in Algiers was one Alli Pichellin, Capitan Pasha, or High-Admiral of the fleet, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, and holds a conspicuous position in the Algerine history of the period. He generally possessed from 800 to 900 slaves, whom he kept in a *bagne* of his own. Emanuel d'Aranda, a Flemish gentleman, who was for some time Pichellin's slave, gives a curious account of *bagne*-life as he witnessed it. The *bagne* resembled a long narrow street, with high gates at each end, which were shut every evening after the slaves were mustered at sunset, and opened at sunrise every morning. Though the deylic slaves each received three loaves of bread per day for their sustenance, Pichellin never gave any food whatever to his slaves unless they were employed at severe labour; for he said that 'a man was unworthy the name of slave, if he could not earn or steal between Al Aasar and Al Magrib' (the three hours before sunset allowed to the slaves) 'sufficient to support him for the rest of the day.' We may observe here, that a Moor, Morisco, or Jew, if detected in theft, was punished by the loss of his right hand, and by being opprobriously paraded through the streets mounted upon an ass. At the same time, neither Moor nor Jew dare even accuse a janizary of so disgraceful a crime. Slaves, however, might steal from Moor or Jew with open impunity; for even if caught in the act, neither dare strike a slave; and if complaint was made to the dey, he would merely order the restitution of the stolen goods, refusing to inflict punishment on the following grounds: 'That as the Koran did not condemn a man who stole to satisfy his hunger, and as a slave was not a free agent, but compelled to depend upon his master for food, he could not legally be punished for theft.' Under such circumstances, we may readily believe that the *bagnes*, and especially that of Pichellin, were complete dens of thieves. Every evening, as soon as the gates were closed, the plunder of the day was brought forth and sold by auction; the sale being conducted, to the great amusement of the slaves, with all the Turkish gravity and formalities of the slave-market. Articles not thus disposed of were left in the hands of one of the captives, who made it his business, for a small commission, to negotiate between the loser and the thief, and accept ransom for the stolen property. An Italian in Pichellin's *bagne*, named Fontimana, was so expert and confident a thief, that without possessing

the smallest fraction of money in the morning, he would invite a party of friends to sup with him in the evening, trusting to his success in thieving throughout the day to provide the materials for the feast. Of course no satisfaction was obtained when the sufferers complained to Pichellin. 'The Christians,' he would say, 'are all pilfering rascals. I cannot help it. You must be more careful for the future. Have you yet to learn that all my slaves wear hooks at the ends of their fingers?' Indeed, he seems to have recognised the slaves' right of theft so fully, that he was not angry when he himself became the victim. On one occasion, Fontimana stole and sold the anchor of his master's galley. 'How dare you sell my anchor, you Christian dog?' said Pichellin. 'I thought,' replied the thief, 'that the galley would sail better without the additional weight.' The master laughed at the impudent reply, and said no more on the subject. Another characteristic anecdote is recorded of Pichellin and a Portuguese slave, his confidential steward and chamberlain. One day, when cruising off the coast of Portugal, the Capitan Pasha ran his vessel close in towards the land, and having ordered the small boat to be lowered, called the slave, and pointing to the beach said: 'There is your native country. You have served me faithfully for seventeen years. I now give you your freedom.' The Portuguese, falling on his knees, kissed the hem of his late master's robe, and was profuse in his thanks; but Pichellin stopped him, coolly saying: 'Do not thank me, but God, who put it into my heart to restore you to liberty.' While the boat was being prepared to land him, the Portuguese, apparently overpowered with feelings of joy, descended into the cabin, as if to conceal his emotions, but in reality to steal Pichellin's most valuable jewels and other portable property, which he quickly concealed round his person. As soon as the boat was ready, Pichellin ordered him to be set ashore, and not long after discovered his loss when the wily Portuguese was far out of his reach. Pichellin had some rough virtues: he prided himself on being a man of his word. A Genoese, who had made a fortune by trade at Cadiz, was returning to his native country with his only child, a girl nine years of age, when his vessel was taken on the coast of Spain by Pichellin's cruiser. Not being far from land, the crew of the Christian vessel escaped to the shore, the terrified Genoese going with them, leaving his daughter in the hands of the pirates. Immediately when he saw that his child was a captive, he waded into the water, and waved his hat as a signal to the Algerines, who, thinking he might be a Moslem captive about to escape, sent a boat for him. On reaching the cruiser, Pichellin, seeing a Christian, exclaimed: 'What madman are you that voluntarily surrenders himself a slave?' 'That girl is my daughter,' said the Genoese: 'I could not leave her. If you will set us to ransom, I will pay it; if not, the satisfaction of having done my duty will enable me to support the hardships of slavery.' Pichellin appeared struck, and after musing a moment

said: 'I will take fifteen hundred dollars for the ransom of you and your daughter.' 'I will pay it,' replied the Genoese. 'Hold, master!' exclaimed one of Pichellin's slaves; 'I know that man well: he was one of the richest merchants in Cadiz, and can afford to pay ten times that amount for ransom.' 'Silence, dog!' said the old pirate. 'I have said it: my word is my word.' Pichellin was further so accommodating as to take the merchant's bill for the money, and set him and his daughter ashore at once.

Each slave who, from poverty, ignorance of a trade, or want of cunning, was compelled to work in the gangs, always carried a bag and a spoon—the bag, to hold anything he might chance to steal; the spoon, in case any charitable person, as was frequently the case, should present him with a mess of pottage. Only those, however, worked in the gangs who could not by any possibility avoid it; and numberless were the schemes adopted by the slaves to raise money to support themselves and secure their exemption from that description of labour. Some, at the risk of the bastinado, smuggled brandy—a strictly forbidden article—into the bagnes, and sold it out in small quantities to such as wanted it. Scholars were well employed, by their less learned fellow-captives, to correspond with friends in Europe. Latin was the language preferred for this correspondence, because it was unintelligible to the masters; and the letters frequently contained allusions to property, family affairs, and other circumstances, which, if known, would raise the price of ransom. The great object of all the captives whose wealth entitled them to hopes of ransom, was to simulate poverty, concealing their real circumstances or station in life as much as possible; and not unfrequently the Algerines, deceived by those professions, permitted persons of wealth and consequence to redeem themselves for a trifling sum. On the other hand, persons in much poorer circumstances were often detained a long time in slavery, ill treated, and held to a high ransom, on the bare suspicion of their being wealthy. The Jews, though not permitted to possess slaves, had, through their commercial ramifications in Europe, means of obtaining correct intelligence respecting the property and affairs of many captives, which they did not fail to profit by, receiving a percentage on the increased ransom gained by their information. In a similar way, some artful old slaves, of various countries, lived well by making friends with new captives, treating them at the wine-shops, and, under the pretext of advising them how to act, inducing them to reveal their true circumstances, which the spy immediately communicated to his master. A grave Spanish cavalier made his living by settling quarrels among his countrymen, and deciding all disputes respecting rank, precedence, and the code of honour; a small fee being paid by each of the parties, and his decision invariably respected. A French gentleman contrived to live, and dress well, and give frequent dinner-parties, by a curious financial scheme he invented and practised. Knowing many of the French renegades,

he borrowed money from them for certain periods at moderate interest; and as one sum fell due, he met it by a loan from a new creditor. This system, at first sight, would not appear to be profitable; but the renegades being constantly employed in the cruisers, as in a state of continual warfare, some of the creditors were either killed or captured yearly, and having no heirs; the debts were thus cancelled in the French captive's favour. 'In fine,' says D'Aranda, to whom we are indebted for the preceding peculiarities of *bagne*-life, 'there can be no better university to teach men how to shift for their livelihood; for all the nations made some shift to live save the English, who, it seems, are not so shiftful as others. During the winter I spent in the *bagne*, more than twenty of that nation died from pure want.' It is clear that the unfortunate captives here alluded to must have been persons unfit for labour, and unable to procure ransom; and thus, being of no service to their brutal master, were suffered to live or die as it might happen. There can be no doubt that the English and Dutch captives, of the reformed churches, suffered more privations than any others at that period, ere knowledge and intercourse had dulled the fiery edge of religious bigotry. All the public charities for slaves were founded by the Roman Church, and their bounties exclusively bestowed on its followers. No relief was ever given to a heretic unless he became a convert; and it is an exceedingly curious illustration of this religious hatred, that it was as rife and virulent in the breasts of the renegades who had adopted Mohammedanism, as it was amongst those who remained Christians. Another great disadvantage which the English captives must have laboured under, was their ignorance of the language. The *lingua franca* spoken in Algiers was a compound of French, Spanish, and Italian, with a few Arabic words; consequently, any native of those countries could acquire it in a few days, while the unfortunate Briton might be months before he could express his meaning or understand what was said to him.

The hardships of slavery were, in all truth, insufficient to extinguish the religious and national animosities of the captives. Dreadful conflicts frequently occurred between the partisans of the eastern and western churches—Spaniards and Italians uniting to batter orthodoxy into the heads of schismatic Greeks and Russians. Nor were such disturbances quelled until a strong body of guards, armed with ponderous cudgels, vigorously attacking both parties, beat them into peaceful submission. Life was not unfrequently lost in these contests. A most serious one, in which several hundred slaves took part on both sides, occurred during D'Aranda's captivity. At the feast of the Assumption, the altar of one of the churches was decorated with the Portuguese arms, with the motto: 'God will exalt the humble, and bring down the haughty.' The Spaniards, conceiving this to be an insulting reflection on their national honour, tore down the obnoxious decoration, and trampled it under their feet. The

Portuguese immediately retaliated, and a battle ensued between the captives of the two nations, which lasted a considerable time, and cost several lives. The ringleaders were severely bastinadoed by their masters, who tauntingly told them to sell their lands and purchase their freedom, and then they might fight for the honour of their respective countries as long and as much as they liked. It is pleasing, however, after reading of such scenes, to find that the slaves frequently got up theatrical performances. One of their favourite pieces was founded on the history of Belisarius.

The negotiations for ransom were either carried on through the Fathers of Redemption, the European consuls, or by the slaves themselves. When a province of the order of Redemption had raised a sufficiently large sum, the resident Father Administrator in Algiers procured a pass from the dey, permitting two fathers to come from Europe to make the redemption. The rule of the order was, that young women and children were to be released first; then adults belonging to the same nation as the ransomers; and after that, if the funds permitted, natives of other countries. But, in general, the fathers brought with them a list of the persons to be released, who had been recommended to their notice by political, ecclesiastical, or other interest. Slaves, who had earned and were willing to pay part of their ransom, found favour in the eyes of the fathers; and slaves with very long beards, or of singular emaciated appearance, were purchased with a view to future effect, in the grand processional displays made by the Redemptionists on their return to Europe.

From a published narrative of a voyage of Redemption made in 1720, we extract the following amusing account of an interview between two French Redemptionists and the dey. The fathers had redeemed their contemplated number of captives with the exception of ten belonging to the dey, but he, piqued that his slaves had not been purchased first, demanded so high a price for each, that they were unwillingly compelled to ransom only three—a French gentleman, his son, and a surgeon. ‘These slaves being brought in, we offered the price demanded (3000 dollars) for them. The dey said he would give us another into the bargain. This was a tall, well-made young Hollander, one of the dey’s household, who was also present. We remonstrated with the dey, that this fourth would not do for us, he being a Lutheran, and also not of our country. The dey’s officers laughed, and said, he is a good Catholic. The dey said he neither knew nor cared about that. The man was a Christian, and that he should go along with the other three for 5000 dollars.’

After a good deal of fencing, and the dey having reduced his demand by 500 dollars, the father continues: ‘We yet held firm to have only the three we had offered 3000 dollars for. “All this is to no purpose,” said the dey; “I am going to send all four to you, and, willing or unwilling, you shall have them at the price I specified, nor shall you leave Algiers until you have paid it.”’ But

we still held out, spite of all his threats, telling him that he was master in his own dominions, but that our money falling short, we could not purchase slaves at such a price. We then took leave of him, and that very day he sent us the three slaves we had cheapened, and let us know we should have the fourth on the day of our departure.' The reader will not be sorry to learn that the fathers were ultimately compelled to purchase and take away with them the 'young Lutheran Hollander.'

The primary object of the Redemptionists being to raise money for the ransom of captives, every advantage was taken to appeal successfully to the sympathies of the Christian world, and no method was more remunerative than the grand processions which they made with the liberated slaves on their return to Europe. Father Comelin gives us full particulars of these proceedings. The ransomed captives, dressed in red Moorish caps and white bornouses, and wearing *chains*—they never wore in Algiers—were met at the entrance of each town they passed through by all the clerical, civil, municipal, and military dignitaries of the place. Banners, wax-candles, music, and '*angels* covered with gold, silver, and precious stones,' accompanied them in grand procession through the town; the chief men of the district carrying silver salvers, on which they collected money from the populace, to be applied to future redemptions.

The first general ransom of British captives was made by money apportioned by parliament for the purpose, during the exciting events of the civil war. The first vessel despatched was unfortunately burned in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the treasure lost. A fresh sum of money was again granted; and in 1646, Mr Cason, the parliamentary agent, arrived at Algiers. In his official dispatch to the 'Committee of the Navy,' now before us, he states that, counting renegades, there were then 750 English captives in Algiers; and proceeds to say that 'they come to much more a head than I expected; the reason is, there be many women and children, which cost L.50 per head, first penny, and might sell for L.100. Besides there are divers which were masters of ships, calkers, carpenters, sailmakers, coopers, and surgeons, and others who are highly esteemed.' The agent succeeded in redeeming 244 English, Scotch, and Irish captives at the average cost of L.38 each. From the official record of their several names, places of birth, and prices, it appears that more money was paid for the females than the males. The three highest sums on the list are L.75, paid for Mary Bruster of Youghal; L.65 for Alice Hayes of Edinburgh; and L.50 for Elizabeth Mancor of Dundee. The names of several natives of Baltimore—in all probability, some of those carried off when that town was sacked fifteen years before—are in this list of the redeemed. It will scarcely be believed, that strong opposition was made by the mercantile interest against money being granted by parliament for the ransom of those poor captives—on the grounds, as the opposers' petition expresses: 'That if the slaves be redeemed

upon a public score, then seamen will render themselves to the mercy of the Algerines, and not fight in defence of the goods and ships of the merchants.' A more curious instance of our ancestors' wisdom in relation to this subject, occurred during the profligate reign of the second Charles. A large sum of money appropriated for the redemption of captives having been *lost*, somehow, between the Navy Board and the Commissioners of Excise, it was gravely proposed: 'That whatever loss or damage the English shall sustain from Algerines, shall be required and made good to the losers out of the estates of the Jews here in England. Because such a law may save a great expense of Christian treasure and blood!'

The first attempt to release English captives by force from Algiers was made in 1621, after the project had been debated in the privy-council for nearly four years. With the exception of rescuing about thirty slaves of various nations, who swam off to the English ships, this expedition turned out a complete failure. In 1662, another fleet was sent, a treaty was made with the dey, and 150 captives ransomed with money raised by the English clergy in their several parishes. In 1664, 1672, 1682, and 1686, other treaties were made with the Algerines: the frequent recurrence of those treaties shews the little attention paid to them by the pirates.

In 1682, Louis XIV. determined to stop the Algerine aggressions on France; and at the same time to try a new and terrible invention in the art of war. Renau d'Elicagarry had just laid before the French government a plan for building ships of sufficient strength to bear the recoil caused by firing bombs from mortars. Louis, accordingly, sent Admiral Duquesne with a fleet and some of the new bomb-vessels to destroy Algiers. The expedition was unsuccessful, the bombs proving nearly as destructive to the French as to their enemies. The next year, Duquesne returned, and taught by experience, succeeded in firing all his bombs into the pirate city. The terrified dey capitulated, and surrendered 600 slaves to the fleet; but sixty-four of those unfortunate captives being discovered by the French officers to be Englishmen, were sent back to the dey! While a treaty was in preparation, the janizaries, indignant at the loss of their slaves, murdered the dey, elected another, and manning their forts, commenced firing upon the French. Duquesne's bombs being all expended, he was obliged to sheer off and return to France. In 1688, Marshal d'Estrées, with a powerful fleet, arrived off Algiers. The bombs told with terrible effect, and the dey soon sued for peace; but D'Estrées replied that he came not to treat, but to punish. On this occasion, 10,000 bombs were thrown into Algiers; the city was reduced to ruins, and the humbled pirates compelled to sign a treaty dictated by the conqueror. In a few years, however, the demolished fortifications were re-erected stronger than ever, and the incorrigible Algerines busy at their old trade of piracy.

Algerine slavery at last came to an end. At the close of the long European war in 1814, the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith

proposed a union of all orders of knighthood for the abolition of white slavery. His plan was to form 'an amphibious force, to be termed the Knights Liberators, which, without compromising any flag, and without depending on the wars or the political events of nations, should constantly guard the Mediterranean, and take upon itself the important office of watching, pursuing, and capturing all pirates by sea and land.' Though Sir Sidney's project fell to the ground, yet it had the good effect of calling the attention of the British nation to the subject; and in 1816, Lord Exmouth, with an English fleet, sailed to Algiers, destroyed the dey's shipping, levelled the fortifications, released altogether about 3000 captives, and abolished for ever the atrocious system of Christian slavery. The subsequent history of Algiers is foreign to our subject; we may merely add, that in 1830 it became, by right of conquest, a French colony.

Limited space compels us to say but little respecting the other piratical states of Barbary—Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. They, however, only dabbled in piratical slavery, not making it a systematised profession like the Algerines. When, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there were upwards of 30,000 Christian slaves in Algiers, there were not more than 7000 in Tunis, 5000 in Tripoli, and 1500 in Morocco. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Tunis and Tripoli fell under the power of the Porte, and for some time were ruled by Turkish viceroys; but in a few years the janizaries, as at Algiers, elected their own rulers; and subsequently the native race, overpowering the janizaries, gained the ascendancy over their Ottoman masters. Since Blake humbled the pride of the Tunisians in 1665, and Narbro burned the Tripolitan fleet in 1676, neither of those states has inflicted much injury on British shipping. The treatment of slaves at Tunis and Tripoli was considered to be even milder than at Algiers: the brothers of Redemption had establishments at both places. It was with Tripoli in 1796 that the United States, through their envoy, Joel Barlow, made the treaty which caused so much animadversion. In that treaty, Mr Barlow, to conciliate the Mohammedan powers, declared that 'the government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion.' Notwithstanding so bold an assertion, the faithless Tripolitans declared war against the United States in 1801; and after a contest highly creditable to the American navy, then in its infancy, peace was concluded between the two powers, and 200 captives released from slavery. Both Tunis and Tripoli quietly renounced the practice of Christian slavery, when solicited to do so by Lord Exmouth in 1816.

All the territories which formed part of the Roman Empire in Africa, subsequently fell under the sway of Constantinople, except Morocco. Its fertile soil, almost within cannon-shot of Europe, 'on the very verge and hem of civilisation,' has ever attracted European cupidity, and the patriotic energy of its people

has ever repelled Christian domination. Almost all the semi-barbarous states of the world have fallen a prey to European ambition and enterprise, not only dynasties but races have been extinguished, and yet Morocco is still as free from foreign influence as the surf of the Atlantic that thunders on its sands. At one period, indeed, almost subjugated, it was little more than a Portuguese province, when the Cherifs, a family of mendicant fanatics, claiming to be the lineal descendants of Mohammed, expelled the invaders, and founded the present dynasty. Spain, it is true, still holds two fortresses as penal settlements on the coast; but no Spaniard can even look over an embrasure on the land-side without being saluted by a long Moorish rifle. It is an actual fact, that the governors of those prison forts receive intelligence of what passes in the interior of Morocco, from Madrid.

As in other parts of Barbary, it was the Moriscos, after their expulsion from Spain, that founded the system of piratical slavery in Morocco. Who has not read of the Saltee rovers in *Robinson Crusoe*, and our old ballads? Yet, compared with the Algerine, theirs was, after all, a very petty kind of piracy. The harbour of Saltee, the principal port of Morocco, being only suitable for vessels drawing little water, the piracy was carried on in galleys and row-boats, and was formidable only to small unarmed vessels. In 1637, an English fleet, under Admiral Rainborough, took Saltee, and released 290 British captives—‘as many as would have cost L.10,000.’ Soon after, the emperor of Morocco sent an ambassador to London, who, on his presentation to Charles I., went to court in procession, taking with him a number of liberated captives dressed in white, and many hawks and Barbary horses splendidly caparisoned. Christian slaves in Morocco were invariably the property of the emperor, and were mostly employed in constructing buildings of *tapia*—a composition somewhat resembling our concrete. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Muley Ishmael, a cruel tyrant to his own subjects, and who had a mania for building, the captives in Morocco were ill treated, and compelled to work hard. Yet even then, one Thomas Phelps, who made his escape from Mequinez, tells us that the emperor came frequently amongst the slaves when at work, and would ‘bolt out encouraging words to them, such as: “May God send you all safe home to your own countries!”’ and any captive was excused from work by the payment of a *blanquil*—a sum equivalent to our 2d.—per day. In 1685, the emperor had 800 Christian slaves, 260 of whom were English; many of those, however, were subsequently ransomed. After Muley Ishmael’s death, the captives were much better treated. Captain Braithwaite, who accompanied Mr Russell on a mission from the English government in 1727, thus describes the condition of the Christian captives in Morocco: ‘Most part of them,’ he says, ‘have expectations of getting back to their native country at one time or another. The emperor keeps most of them at work upon his buildings, but not to such

hard labour that our labourers go through. The *Canute*, where they are lodged, is infinitely better than our prisons. In short, the captives have a much greater property in what they get than the Moors; several of them being rich, and many have carried considerable sums out of the country. Several keep their mules, and some their servants, to the truth of which we are all witnesses.' Morocco was the first of the Barbary states that gave up the practice of Christian slavery. In a treaty made with Spain in 1799, the emperor declared his desire that the name of slavery might be effaced from the memory of mankind.

The adventures of corsairs and captives, being ever of a singularly romantic character, have afforded many subjects to the writers of fiction. At one period, the French, Spanish, and Italian novelists and dramatists borrowed all their plots from this prolific source. Only one, however, was original. Cervantes, having been for nearly six years an Algerine slave, drew captivity from the life; the other writers merely present us with copies of his graphic delineations. The tale of *The Captive*, the novel of *The Generous Lover*, the dramas of *Life in Algiers* and *The Bagnes of Algiers*,* are evidently not mere works of amusing fiction, but were written for a purpose—that purpose being to excite public opinion in the favour of unfortunate Christian slaves, and to arouse the nations of Christendom to efforts for their liberation. The above-mentioned works decidedly appertain to the literature of anti-slavery; and the renowned author of *Don Quixote* must be placed high on the roll of those whom our transatlantic brethren would term 'abolitionist writers.'

The great romance of slavery consists in the escape of the bondsman, whether it be effected by cunning or courage. The contest is so unequal, the chances of the game so much against the runaway, and the stake so high, that the more generous sentiments of human nature are compelled to feel an interest in the event, and shew a sympathy to the struggling captive's weakness, even when prejudice of race and legal enactments deny it to his cause. The working of the fugitive slave-bill in the United States exemplifies this feeling in a remarkable degree. The old romancists and ballad-writers generally connect a love-affair with the escapes of their imaginary captives: from the peculiar customs and social relations of Mohammedans, such an occurrence is highly improbable. In fact, after no little research, we must confess that we never met with an authenticated instance of the kind. A few real escapes are still worth mentioning, although the romantic element of a 'Moorish lady' does not enter into the story.

In 1714, a captive, noticing the outlet of a sewer in the port, determined to go down the sewer of his bagne at night, and discover if it were the same. Finding it to be so, he communicated

* *El Cautivo, El Liberal Amante, El Trato de Argel, Los Banos de Argel.*

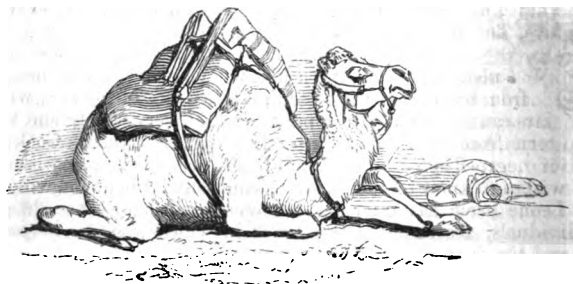
the fact to several of his fellow-captives, and they anxiously waited for a chance of escape. In a short time their wishes were gratified by observing a small row-boat ready for sea, lying close to the mouth of the sewer. At dead of night, a number of slaves descended the sewer; but on reaching the harbour, were attacked by the street-dogs. The noise aroused the guards, who, crying 'Christians! Christians!' ran to the spot, and a fearful conflict ensued. About forty of the slaves, notwithstanding, boarded the row-boat, and throwing her crew into the water, attempted to push out of the harbour. At this eventful moment they were met by a series of unforeseen obstacles—namely, the hawsers of the vessels, which, according to the usual custom of mooring in Mediterranean ports, formed a net-work across the harbour. Dismayed, yet undaunted, the escaping captives, jumping into the water, swam and pushed the boat before them, and when they reached a hawser, got on it, and, as sailors term it, rode it down by their weight, so as to push their light bark over. In a short time, the last hawser was passed; and a dark night and fair wind favouring the fugitives, the second morning afterwards saw them freemen on the island of Majorca. The greatest confusion reigned in Algiers during that night. At first, it was supposed that all the slaves had broken out of the bagnets. The dey, half-dressed, and raving with anger, ran up and down the mole, at one moment inciting his men to the pursuit with the most extravagant promises; at another, reproving their dilatoriness with blows of his sabre. Foaming with rage, he cursed the guards, and sneeringly uttered these prophetic words: 'I believe the dogs of Christians will one day or other come and take us out of our houses.'

In Purchas's *Pilgrims*, we have a quaint account of a gallant escape from slavery. In 1621, the *Jacob* of Bristol was taken by a Barbary cruiser; all the crew were removed to the pirate vessel with the exception of four lads, named Cook, Jones, Long, and Tuckey; and a guard of thirteen pirates, with an officer, put on board the *Jacob*, to carry her to Algiers. 'These four poor youths,' says Purchas, 'being fallen into the hands of merciless infidels,' began to study and complot all the means they could for the obtaining of their freedom.' On the fifth night after their capture, Tuckey being at the helm, the other three were ordered to take in the mainsail; the wind being fresh, the Algerine officer went to assist, 'when they took him by the hams, and turned him overboard; but by fortune he fell into the belly of the sail, where, quickly catching hold of a rope, he being a very strong and vigorous man, had almost gotten into the ship again; which Cook perceiving, leaped speedily to the pump, and took off the pump brake or handle, and cast it to Long, bidding him knock him down, which he was not long in doing; but lifting up the wooden weapon, he gave him such a palt on the pate as made his brains forsake the possession of his head, with which his body fell into the sea.' Fortunately, owing to the noise made by the flapping sail, the scuffle was

CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.

unheard by the other pirates, of whom four more were attacked and killed, and the rest secured under hatches. The brave lads succeeded in carrying the ship into a Spanish port, 'where they sold the nine Turks for galley-slaves, for a good sum of money, and, as I think, for a great deal more than they were worth!' Honest Purchas thus concludes the narration: 'He that shall attribute such things as these to the arm of flesh and blood, is forgetful, ungrateful, and in a manner atheistical.'

We cannot conclude without alluding to what is at least a curious coincidence. Barbary, situated between the 29th and 38th degrees of north latitude, occupies nearly the same parallel, extends over nearly the same degrees of longitude, and covers nearly the same space as the district termed the Slave States of the American Union. Still more, Algiers, called by an old writer, 'the wall of the Christian world,' lies on the parallel of $36^{\circ} 30'$ north, which is the very line that in the United States is known as the 'Missouri Compromise,' and which marks the wall of Christian negro slavery west of the Mississippi. Those two districts, separated by the broad waters of the Atlantic—the most northerly, continental points on both hemispheres, where Christian slavery sought a last hiding-place for its disgusting features—have still other important resemblances which justify us in respectively terming them African and American Barbary. They have both about the same distance of sea-coast—African Barbary being bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, on the west by the Atlantic; and American Barbary on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic. A reference to an atlas will prove to the reader that there are no two places on the globe of equal extent which present so many distinctive features of resemblance common to both. Mr Sumner, the celebrated American philanthropist, who first pointed out this remarkable resemblance, says, that 'perhaps the common peculiarities of climate breeding indolence, lassitude, and selfishness, may account for the insensibility to the claims of justice and humanity which seems to have characterised both regions.'





JOURNEY FROM THE GAMBIA TO THE RED SEA.

HAVING occasion to sojourn for a time on the western coast of Africa, I was anxious to know something of the people of the interior of that vast continent, concerning whom so many conflicting accounts have been given. This could not be accomplished at Sierra Leone. From the heterogeneous mass of its colonists, who have been brought from more than thirty countries, a few interesting particulars can be obtained; but most of these liberated Africans were torn from their homes in early youth, and their vocabulary of negro-English is too limited to express all a curious person wishes to know of their native condition and manners. Sierra Leone itself has been very differently estimated by different individuals, according to the aspect in which they have viewed it, and the expectations they had formed regarding the people, or their own prospects in going among them. For myself, I am a

great admirer of nature's beauties, and I love to dwell upon the good more than upon the evil I see around; so upon visiting a strange country, I try to forget my English feelings, prejudices, and ideas of comfort, and to estimate things by their own intrinsic value, or the benefits they confer upon the native population. In this view, the peninsula of Sierra Leone appeared to me very grand and picturesque. Its capital, Freetown, is situated on the side of a hill, which rises up gently from the south bank of the river, and is backed by mountains which seem piled upon one another to a great height. It contains many excellent streets and handsome houses, which, with their white fronts and piazzas, and surrounding gardens, give the neighbourhood a romantic appearance. Then the thought, that in this town and the twenty villages with which it is surrounded, there are 50,000 free Africans, who are being trained up in the arts and literature of civilised life, and in the precepts of a virtuous Christianity, atones for many defects, and the want of many conveniences found in England. The peninsular situation of Freetown, and the shortness of its river, which gives no facility of communication with the interior, are its greatest drawbacks as an African settlement. Were it not for this geographical disadvantage, and the unhealthiness of its climate to Europeans, Sierra Leone might be one of the richest and most beautiful places in the world. When its coloured inhabitants shall rise to the manhood of intelligence, it may vie with some of the capitals of modern Europe.

A friendly merchant from the Gambia offered me a passage in his vessel; and as he was going to sail up that noble river, I gladly availed myself of this opportunity of getting an insight into the interior of Africa. On our passage, we stopped at Bissao, a Portuguese fort on the Rio Grande, where I saw many poor creatures in irons, waiting for a slave-ship to carry them to the Brazils. This horrid, filthy, savage place formed a strange contrast with the elegance and cleanliness of Freetown. No wonder! The one settlement has gold and slavery for its object; the other is a daughter of philanthropy and freedom.

The shades of night were being dispelled when we entered the Gambia; and being aided by a sea-breeze and a strong tide, our swift little vessel soon anchored before Bathurst—the seat of government in this colony. It was a lovely sight. The morning sun shone upon a long row of handsome houses, which, with their white fronts and large piazzas, bespoke the presence of comfort and luxury. The island of St Mary's, on which the town is built, is very flat; but the scene is enlivened with business, with a broad expanse of river, and the high lands of Cape Verd on the opposite shore. This is a flourishing settlement, far more favourably situated for trade than Sierra Leone, but otherwise devoid of local interest, on account of the sandy and swampy nature of the soil. This settlement is also in a transition state from African

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rudeness to British civilisation. It was interesting to see a number of well-dressed negroes, imitating the Anglo-Saxons in their garb and manners, and bidding fair to be the progenitors of a mighty people on the African shores. There is nothing wanting, save peace and the arts of industry, to make St Mary's a second Calcutta to a coloured population; for, unless the climate should change for the better, it will never have any large number of European residents.

We sailed up the Gambia, propelled by the sea-breeze, which blows during the day, unless when it is overpowered by a strong harmattan from the desert, or by a tornado—which always comes from the east. At night, we were obliged to anchor, except when favoured with the tide, which floated us slowly up the stream. The river soon lessens in width to about three miles, and afterwards to one mile—a breadth which it may be said to retain for 100 leagues. At first, the banks were lined with thick woods of mangrove, a tree which only grows in salt or brackish water. It lets down shoots from the upper branches, which fix in the soil, and form the trunks of new trees; so that an impervious thicket is finally produced. The creek which separates St Mary's Isle from the promontory bearing the same name, is named Oyster Creek, on account of the immense quantities of this fish which adhere to the mangroves and grow there, at low tide exhibiting the appearance of having sprung from the tree; insomuch that strangers have been puzzled by the phenomenon, some actually supposing that these oysters were a vegetable fruit. It was delicious sailing up the river during the month of December. We lived upon deck both day and night, under an awning, to protect us from the sun and the dew; the thermometer ranging between 80 and 85 degrees of Fahrenheit during the day, and falling a little lower in the night-season. The vessel touched at several towns for trading purposes, when I usually went ashore, either to visit the neighbouring places and see the people, or to ramble with my gun and shoot some game. In this way, I was able to form a pretty good idea of the country and of the various tribes who dwell about the Gambia, and are types of the native population of a large portion of the interior.

Before describing these people, it seems necessary to advert to the reigning kind of superstition, which appears to infect all the different tribes, not excepting those who have embraced the Mohammedan creed. Our attention was called to it upon passing a certain place on the river's bank called Devil's Point. Here the pagan part of the crew with great solemnity threw into the water a small portion of everything in the cargo that was eatable, as a propitiatory offering to the Prince of Darkness. This was intended as a supernatural defence against sickness and accident during the voyage, and to insure their returning home in prosperity. The devil is said to dwell on that point of land, and nothing could persuade some of the negroes to go on shore there. These simple

children of Africa are amazingly superstitious, terribly afraid of charms and witchcraft. They wear *greegrees*, or amulets, generally composed of a scrap of paper containing some sacred words, sewn up in a small leathern pouch or purse, and fastened round various parts of the body. Some of them are literally covered with these amulets, for which they pay a considerable price to the *maraboos*, who make a gain of their credulity. Sometimes as much as a horse or a slave has been given for a greegree, under circumstances of great difficulty. As may be expected, the charm often fails; but there is no use in complaining to the maraboo, who has always a subterfuge by which to get out of this dilemma. One of the crew very simply explained this matter, when questioned as to his own experience of the efficacy of greegrees. He acknowledged that they had not always preserved him from evil; but this was owing to some trick played him by other men, or by an evil spirit. For instance, he had bought the large greegree he wore over his breast by a leathern chain round his neck, for a goat and her kid, during the prevalence of a dangerous epidemic. The old sorcerer assured him that no sickness could harm him whilst he wore this preservative and abstained from taking goats' milk, which was a necessary proviso for its efficacy. Having been attacked by the disease, which nearly proved fatal, he reproached the maraboo with deceit, who repelled the charge by informing him, that upon his visit to a certain place, his host wishing to do him an injury, put some milk into his *kooskoos*, and so broke the force of the spell. The poor fellow doubted whether he should give credit to this explanation, but was afraid to relinquish his faith.

Cower is a trading-place of considerable importance, as it is much frequented by Jaloofs, who have some powerful kingdoms in the north of Senegambia; and as I shall not again have occasion to mention this people, as I did not pass through any part of their territory, I would now describe them as one of the most active, intelligent, and enterprising of the negro tribes. The best mechanics in the British settlements, and the most indefatigable traders I met, were Jaloofs. They appeared to me more energetic than the Mandingoes, from whom they differ both in feature and language. Some of the men are of handsome figure; and although their skin is of the deepest black, their nose is not so flat, nor their lips so prominent as those of other negroes. They are the best manufacturers of cloth in the western regions; and those I saw were well dressed. The garb of the men consisted of wide trousers or drawers, reaching a little below the knee, with a loose tunic or frock, embroidered round the neck and down the breast and back. The material is cotton or Indian *bast*, and the embroidery is wrought with coloured worsted. Blue and white are the favourite colours; and these are sometimes used together in alternate strips of narrow cloth. A white cap usually covers the head. The garments used by the women are very

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simple and becoming. They consist of two pieces of country cloth called *pangs*, one wrapped round the waist, and reaching nearly to the ankles—the other thrown loosely over the shoulders and bosom. Their hair is tied up in coloured handkerchiefs, so as to form a variegated cone. Both sexes wear sandals. This is the costume of the freemen and respectable class of negroes: the slaves are satisfied with anything. In their domestic manners and customs, the Jaloofs differ little from the Mandingoes and Teucolar Foolahs, whom we shall have occasion to describe.

The Felloofs live in the region south of the Gambia, between that river and the Rio Grande. My friend had a little business to transact at one of their trading-towns, and promised me an opportunity of seeing the tribe. It puzzled my imagination how any intercourse could be held with them through those impenetrable forests of mangrove-trees, which extended beyond where the eye could reach. However, the vessel was anchored near a creek, and we took to the boat, which was rowed for miles through one of these natural canals. It was not many yards wide, and I every minute expected to come to its termination. The dark branches met over our heads, and afforded a grateful shade from the fierce light and heat of a tropical sun. All was deathly calm and quiet, except the chattering of monkeys on the boughs, and the occasional screech of a hawk or vulture. Nature was fearfully still and gloomy. At length the trees opened on our right; a landing-place appeared; we leaped ashore; and after walking a few yards, the scene was wholly changed. An open country lay before us, on which the sun shone with dazzling splendour; perroquets and other birds of the brightest plumage flew about in all directions; and we easily bagged a large number of partridges and guinea-fowl, which seemed to have no fear of the gun. We procured horses from a native trader, and rode over level and open ground to visit some of the villages in the neighbourhood. They were small dirty places, and the people appeared very poor; yet the surrounding fields had evidently been cultivated, as the straw of rice and corn crops remained upon them, so that it was difficult to account for their poverty-stricken appearance. A little information threw some light upon this subject. These hamlets were composed of mud-huts of a conical shape, the walls being round, and the roofs thatched with grass, hanging over to form long eaves. They had one rude door on the western side, away from the quarter whence the harmattan and tornadoes blow. I could see no window or chimney. The whole were heaped together without any order, and appeared like a number of large bee-hives. The only people who might be called dressed, were the traders, and a few others whom I saw with the alcaid. Most of those who were going about had only a pang about their waist, and a head-covering. The children were stark-naked; and the young folks of both sexes had a mere apology for an apron. We entered two or three of the hovels, as

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I called them, and found them all to be similarly furnished. A hurdle of canes, fixed upon some stakes firmly driven into the ground, and a few inches in height, was covered with the skin of a sheep or bullock, to form a bed and bedding, with the assistance of a pang thrown over the sleeper. An earthen jar for water, a pestle and mortar to bray their grain, a pot of iron or clay to cook with, and a few calabashes or bowls, made from the fruit of the gourd, comprehended most of the household garniture. The house of the alcaid, in the principal town, was rather larger than the rest, and contained an outer and inner apartment; being also furnished with a box for tobacco and other valuables, and with some weapons of war and of the chase.

I was introduced to this chief, or feudal lord of the place, whom we found surrounded by a few counsellors and some of his wives, who came to see a white man—always an object of curiosity to African ladies. He had a most ungainly appearance, being nearly blind, with few teeth, and a most haggard countenance. He was scarcely sober, which, I am informed, he seldom is, as he is very fond of rum and tobacco, of which he can get an abundant supply from the traders. A jester sat beside him, and took any liberties with his patron he chose. These buffoons sing, dance, and jest in any ludicrous fashion—their office being that of pleasing their lord by drollery, antic tricks, and fulsome praises. The old chief graciously accepted the small present I gave him, but was quite incompetent to engage in any rational conversation. His wives were little better, and were half naked, a variety of bracelets and necklaces supplying the place of substantial clothing. Vanity had greater influence over them than modesty. Though the Africans are very susceptible of cold, yet, as the weather is generally hot, they have little need of covering, except at night, and then only for a part of the year. During the rainy season, they make a fire in their houses to keep the damp out; and the smoke serves to drive away mosquitoes and other noxious insects. This accounts for the bare clothing of the majority, who are in point of fact domestic slaves, and whom it is unnecessary to cover with garments for the sake of appearance. If these have one or two strings of common beads, their vanity is sufficiently gratified. Further remarks will be made upon their civil condition. It was only the poverty of this town that was apparent; but there were stores of corn and rice which I did not see, herds of cattle grazing at a short distance, goats browsing in the woods, horses in the stables, and poultry in the yards; and what more was wanting to supply the necessities and comforts of life to a sun-roasted and indolent people? *

* The Felloops are not a fair sample of the negro race. Their vicinity to Europeans, who for so long a time carried on the slave-trade, has perhaps rendered them more fierce and suspicious than Africans in general: indeed, all the tribes along the coast who have been engaged in this barbarous traffic, seem to have acquired a ferocity not natural to the mild and good-tempered negro. A superstitious custom amongst the Felloops of always avenging the death of a relative, has rendered their disposition more gloomy and unrelenting. They trade

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Beyond Cower, which is calculated to be 150 miles up the stream, we lost the mangroves; and the dry banks of the river were studded with noble and beautiful trees, such as the African oak and teak, the lofty palm, the monkey-bread and tamarind. We had also passed several verdant islands of all sizes, most of them quite uninhabited by men, and left as a dwelling for the wild beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. The hyæna, jackal, and panther love these lurking-places; the elephant ranges in the interminable forests; the antelope lives in the woods; innumerable alligators bask on the sunny banks of the river; the hippopotamus sports in the waters and feeds in the prairies; the lordly lion ranges in the skirts of the desert. About 100 miles above Cower is Jinjinberry, or Macarthy Island, which is now an excellent British settlement and colony of liberated Africans—a Bathurst upon a small scale. Here are large depôts of merchandise, a fort, and extensive missionary premises for the conversion and civilisation of the black population. My mercantile friend did not intend sailing up the river further than Macarthy Island; he therefore introduced me to a Gambia trader, who was to start in a few days for the highest trading-place, in a small vessel of about twenty tons burden, built expressly for river-navigation. In the meantime, I had a good opportunity of seeing some of the surrounding towns and villages, especially those of the pastoral Foola, who seem to abound in this neighbourhood. These tribes have no country of their own, but locate themselves for a time in the territory of some powerful chieftain, to whom they pay a tribute of cattle for the temporary use of pasture-lands, and to whom they look for protection from foreign violence. They can remove to another locality on very short notice; and it was from fear, engendered by the recent depredations of a notorious bandit chief higher up the river, that many had fled to this vicinity, which was comparatively quiet. They chiefly depend upon the rearing of cattle, in the management of which they are very dexterous, and which they attach to themselves by great kindness and familiarity. They are also industrious agriculturists, and raise a good deal of corn and cotton.

Though I visited several of their encampments, I could see little difference between them except in size; and it will suffice to give a description of one of these movable towns. It was erected in the open country, and presented one of the neatest appearances of a village I ever witnessed. It was a very broad street, containing two long rows of huts, made of wattled cane, and thatched with straw, each in a small separate enclosure, with

much with the British, supplying the traders with large quantities of bees-wax, gathered from the trees of their forests, and rice cultivated in their marsh-lands. They are much given to strong drink, procuring rum from the foreign merchant, and themselves manufacturing an intoxicating liquor from honey. These circumstances account for the unfavourable impressions respecting them produced upon my mind at my first visit—impressions which were not removed by any information I was able subsequently to obtain.

a garden behind. The whole was encompassed with a wattled fence, having a door at each end of the street. Everything was orderly and tolerably clean, the material of the dwellings contrasting very favourably with the unsightly mud-walls of other negro towns. We were soon surrounded by a number of women and children, who came to see the white man, towards whom they bear a very kindly feeling, and with whom they claim a sort of kindred. The appearance of the children was not very prepossessing; but that of the women, especially of the young women, was highly interesting. They have none of the usual peculiarities of the negro shape or countenance. Their skin is fair for an African, of a tawny colour, like that of a mulatto, particularly in their youth. Their features are small, of European character; their hair is black, of a soft silky texture; their shape is sometimes elegant in a high degree. This was seen to the best advantage, as they wore little clothing; the unmarried females having only a narrow strip of cloth tied round their loins; the elder women wore the usual pang for a petticoat, but did not trouble themselves with the upper covering, which they used only upon state occasions. Their hair was tied up with ribbons, and they had bracelets and necklaces of beads, of which they are very fond. The younger children, as usual, ran about in a state of nudity, the girls sometimes having a string of beads round their waist and neck. There were few men present, only enough to keep a watch over the settlement; the majority were at some distance herding their cattle. These are secured at night in a fold, or *korree*, near the village. The *korree* has a little hut in it, capable of containing one or two herdsmen, who keep watch during the night against thieves, and maintain the fires kindled to scare away wild beasts.

After a familiar chat with the women, they presented us with a calabash of sour milk, which was pleasant and extremely grateful in the heat of the day. Some of the men were weaving cloth in a very simple and unsophisticated way from thread made by themselves. The country around bore marks of having been tilled during the last season, and we passed by a small plantation of cotton-trees. This village of Foolahs had been undisturbed for some years, which accounts for the comfort and abundance in which they lived. In another settlement, on the other side of the river, they did not seem to be so well off; still, they had everything they could need in their plain mode of life; and if they could spend it with a feeling of security, they would have no cause to complain in the enjoyment of an easy and vegetating state of existence. The pastoral Foolahs are extremely timid—like very deer. They explained to us that all fighting was bad, and that they themselves never fought—making a virtue of what others suppose to arise from natural cowardice.

On another day we visited an encampment of Loubies or gipsy Foolahs. They essentially differ from the other tribes, having a

stunted form and haggard countenance: this may proceed from the nature of their occupation, or from intermarriages with the Jaloofs; for we saw two or three young women amongst them of fair complexion and graceful appearance. It has been thought that these Loubies have sprung from a former mixing of pastoral Foolaahs with their negro slaves, whose degenerate offspring being cast off by the purer race, have formed themselves into roving tribes of poor condition. Their village was made of small huts, composed of branches of trees and grass, altogether inferior to those which we had formerly visited. Their features were partly Foolaah and partly negro, their head flat, and their hair woolly. They work entirely in wood, being the chief coopers of Western Africa. Having selected a spot where the proper kind of tree grows, of a soft white wood, they immediately begin to fell the timber, and construct their temporary dwellings with the boughs. They hollow the trunks into canoes, if near a river; and make bowls, pestles and mortars, spoons, and other utensils out of the large branches: these are sold to other tribes for corn, rice, and garments. They lead a fugitive, vagabond life, and are generally very poor.

The king of Catabar is the most powerful chief in this neighbourhood. He is on friendly terms with the English; and paid a visit to Macarthy Island during my sojourn there, accompanied by several of his head-men or counsellors. He was a tall man, of handsome form, though not of an intelligent countenance, in this respect differing from most of his countrymen. The Mandingoes are a hardy race, sociable, and of mild disposition; but they make courageous soldiers. Their complexion is not so jetty black as that of the Jaloofs, nor is it so tawny as that of the Foolaahs; their lips, nose, and hair approach nearer to the style of the thorough negro; but they are generally above the middle size, and well made. I visited some of the Mandingo towns near the island; but they did not differ from those I shall soon have occasion to describe. The king came to pay his compliments to the merchants—which means to ask for presents; not that he personally solicits anything; his attendants do this for him and for themselves, should it not be spontaneously offered. It is of importance to keep him in good-humour, as his territory extends a long way on the north bank of the Gambia, including the shore opposite to Macarthy Island; and such near neighbours ought to be friends as well as allies. His majesty and suite came into a merchant's store when I was present. After a little gossip, a bottle of rum was brought out, and a tumbler half filled with the intoxicating liquor. The king bade them fill to the top; and after drinking it off like water, handed the bottle to one of his men, who immediately corked it, and put it into his satchel. Some tobacco was also given to him, and clasp-knives to his principal attendants; when he took his leave, to perambulate the town, and get as many presents as possible. Though a young man,

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he was a terrible drinker, which probably accounts for his want of judgment. One or two hard-looking fellows about him were far more shrewd than himself; they were the principal spokesmen, and seemed to have entire influence over him. He appeared to be idiotic; but was probably half-drunk, or at least as drunk as a man can be who is never very sober. His dress was white—of the same character as that which I have already described—the tunic being much embroidered, and his head-cap encircled with a turban. He wore several large greegrees, which almost covered his breast, and might, doubtless, afford considerable protection in a mêlée, without the aid of witchcraft.

I proceeded on my voyage up the river, having first provided sundry articles for presents—such as Indian baft, tobacco, and knives for the men; and beads, coral, and amber for the women. My object was to proceed as high up the Gambia as convenient, and thence make a short tour inland, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the manners and condition of the people, and gain what information I could of the regions beyond, from native traders or wandering Bushreens. In this I was eminently successful. We reached Fatatenda—about 500 miles from the sea—the last trading-port of importance, where a great deal of business is done. Here I fell in with a Mandingo *slatee*, or merchant, a Mohammedan, of very mild and social disposition. His house became my home; and he engaged to accompany me on visits to Woolli and Bondoo, with which countries he was well acquainted, and beyond which territories I did not intend to journey. Woolli is a Mandingo country of considerable note, lying at the head of the navigable parts of the Gambia and Senegal; so that it is a passage for much merchandise, on which a small toll or duty is levied. Bondoo lies beyond Woolli, and is a kingdom of the Teucolar Foolahs: these are warlike people, altogether different in disposition and pursuits from the pastoral and gipsy tribes. They possess several powerful independent kingdoms, sharing this portion of the African continent with the Mandingoes and Moors. These nations alternate with each other in an unaccountable manner; but they keep one another in check, and prevent any warrior king from becoming master of the whole country.

Horses being provided, we started at night, and travelled by the bright light of the moon. Our route lay partly through low land, which was now dry and hard, partly through those vast forests for which Africa is celebrated. The former kind of ground is used for growing rice, which is sown in the rainy season, often in the water itself, and in a few weeks is ready for harvest. It is easily cultivated, and is extensively used for food, and as an article of merchandise. The forests are not always a jungle or thick-set wood; in many of them the trees are at some distance apart; and large open spaces appear, where corn is grown, and towns or villages are built. There is abundance of cultivable soil to feed a population many times as large as that which now occupies the

land. The plough and good farming would work wonders: as it is, the corn is easily grown. Each freeman cultivates what land he pleases of that which is not already occupied; and his wives superintend the agricultural pursuits, assisted by the household slaves. After the first rain falls, holes are made in the ground, which has been cleared of stubble; some grains of maize or guinea corn are dropped in and covered over, and the rain and sunshine prepare an abundant harvest: the laborious part of the process is, therefore, very short, and the corn is soon reaped. The hardest work is in winnowing the grain, and pounding it into flour in a large mortar. The slaves employed in these matters are principally females, the men being occupied in tending the cattle, cutting wood, drawing water, and attending their masters in hunting, fishing, or warlike expeditions. The freemen generally lead an indolent life, and the servile class are not hard worked nor ill treated. Prisoners taken in war become slaves, at the entire disposal of their captors, by whom they are generally sold to the slatées, and through them to Europeans or Moors; but the children of slaves born on the premises acquire a right of location, and cannot be sold except for a crime, or unless they are seized for their master's debts, for which he also is liable to bondage. Crimes and grave misdemeanours are generally punished with slavery. The female sex are in a depressed condition, and the domestic slaves in still more humiliating circumstances: but as the latter have a right to the protection of the country's laws, and cannot be severely punished or sold without a regular trial and sentence, their condition is not nearly so bad as that of American slaves, nor is their labour excessive. It is war and the slave-trade which fill the land with horrors, and destroy the happiness of the people.

We passed several small towns, and early in the morning reached Soobakunda, where the inhabitants are called Julors, from being mostly traders in gold, which is brought from Bambarra and other towns in the interior. We breakfasted on milk and kooskoos. This celebrated dish is made by moistening flour with water, and shaking it about in a calabash till it forms into small granules like sago; it is then put into a pot perforated with small holes, which is fixed upon another vessel containing water and animal food. The whole is placed on the fire, that the steam of the meat may ascend to soften and flavour the corn. This dish is far from being contemptible; and when a fowl was stewed in it, as on the present occasion, it made a savoury meal for a hungry man. Cakes of rice and butter were also provided, which convinced me that the negroes know how to take care of themselves.

In this town I first saw two of those curiosities of the human species, albinos or white negroes, called by the natives *Fumne*. One was an infant, the offspring of parents perfectly black; but the child was quite white: the other was a grown-up female of a healthful constitution. This phenomenon is generally supposed

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to be the result of disease, especially as their parents may have other children of a negro colour. In fact, the albinos seldom live long, and always have a sickly appearance. They are regarded as a wonder by the people, though not shunned or viewed with abhorrence.

In the forenoon we reached Medina, the capital of Woolli, where the slatee and myself were courteously treated by one of the principal men, who allotted a hut for our use during the stay we might make in the town. This hut formed one of many contained in his yard or enclosure. Every man of respectability has several wives, each of whom has her own house; other huts are set apart for the slaves, for cooking purposes, or for store-rooms; and the whole are enclosed with a mud-wall or fence, and a gate of entrance. A number of these *soorks*, placed near each other, without any order or regularity, form a town, which is surrounded with a wall or stockade, or both, according to the size and importance of the place. The narrow passages through these soorks do not deserve the name of streets or even of lanes; they are crooked, winding alleys, resembling the mazes of a labyrinth, through which it seemed impossible that a stranger should find his way. The king's residence only differs from others in its superior size; some African princes having from ten to thirty or forty wives. The warrior kings have the walls of their palace or castle made very strong, so as to serve for a citadel in case of need, and have guards placed at the entrances. The wall of their capital is also built in a zigzag form, that its defenders may have better opportunity of firing upon an assailing force.

We supped at sunset, on provisions similar to those on which we had breakfasted, only that a small goat had been killed for butcher-meat, and our host furnished me with very agreeable palm-wine. The natives make only two meals in the day: the first, at about ten in the forenoon; the second, at sunset. The evening was spent in conversation with a company of the slatee's friends, and enlivened by a little music and dancing in the yard. Next day we were presented to the king, who was reclining on his couch, surrounded by his wives and officers. He is an old man, of portly figure, and mild disposition, but of apparently little intellect. He drinks much, being a *soninke*, though most of his subjects are Mohammedans. He asked a few questions respecting the political state of the Gambia, and the likelihood of peace and good trade. In this he was personally interested, as every king receives a duty upon all the merchandise that passes through his territory. It is levied at the frontier town, and is calculated according to the value of the articles or the number of ass's burdens. These exactions are sometimes very heavy. He also expects a present from every stranger of consequence—an expectation in which he is followed by all his attendants. These presents are also made to the petty chiefs or alcaids of every town in which such visitors stop, and if graciously accepted, they are

furnished with provisions, which cost the natives next to nothing. The ladies were dressed in the usual manner, their head-dress being the same as that worn by females in the upper part of the Gambia—namely, a narrow strip of cloth tied several times round the forehead, often decorated, as in this instance, with beads and amber. They wore abundance of trinkets, were good-looking, and very inquisitive about the domestic manners of the English. They could not understand how a man could manage with only one wife, who would be insufficient to cultivate his ground, prepare his corn, and take care of all his household matters. However, they allowed that if these things could be done by servants, it would be better for the women, that each should monopolise the attention and affections of her husband, as this would prevent many domestic broils and feuds, which a husband often finds it difficult to compose. They did not comprehend our usage of the two sexes eating together—a thing that is never permitted in Africa—and the men shook their heads at such a practice, saying that it would spoil the women, who would never, under such circumstances, render lawful obedience. A few pieces of amber delighted these sable princesses, and they took care that I was well provided with food.

In the evening, there was a public dance, the favourite entertainment of the negroes. It is held by moonlight, or the blaze of large fires kindled for the purpose, and is continued through a great part of the night. They dance or leap to the sound of the drum or the tambourine, accompanying the agile movements of their limbs with shouting, clapping of hands, and choral songs. This amusement was preceded by a wrestling-match, the combatants being nearly naked, and having their bodies lubricated with butter, after the manner of the ancients. The Africans never tire of these recreations, especially of the dance, which is a convincing proof that they are not very hardly tasked in their daily employments. The women are allowed freely to engage in these evening diversions.

We started in company with some traders returning from Fatatenda, and made a slow journey to the frontiers of Bondoo, occupying a week in travelling this distance. Near Woolli, the country was rich and fertile, producing cotton and ground-nuts, besides corn and rice. The ground-nuts find a ready sale with the Gambia merchants, who export large quantities of them to England, the oil which they produce being equal to the finest olive-oil, for which it is commonly sold. Afterwards, we traversed a large forest, in which are towns of different sizes, in the best of which we rested during the daytime. The sun was now very powerful, and we all preferred journeying by moonlight. At night we were also in less danger of being attacked by roving tribes of bandits; and being armed, and keeping together, we had no fear of the wild beasts which prowled around, often gliding by us like distant shadows. We had plenty of monkeys as spectators of our proceedings.

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A barren wilderness separates the territory of Woolli from that of Bondoo. The capital was formerly Fatteconda, east of the river Falemé; it is now Boollibanny, on the west side of this stream, which we had not occasion to cross. The kingdom of Bondoo belongs to the Teucolars. The proper inhabitants are now rigid followers of Mohammed, whose creed is more fully taught and adopted by them, than by the Bushreen Mandingoes whom I had hitherto seen, whose conversion to Islamism has often appeared more nominal than real.

Boollibanny is a large town, surrounded with a thick and high wall of mud. We entered through one of its gateways, which are fortified with embattled turrets, pierced with loopholes; and after various windings, arrived at the house of a wealthy merchant, with whom we were to lodge. We were kindly received, and hospitably taken care of, according to the manners of the country. Our host had four wives, all young and pretty. He had travelled a good deal as a slatee; and having amassed considerable property, returned home, purchased these wives, and settled in this town. He still carried on a lucrative trade with the Gambia, but did not now go further into the interior. Bondoo is a country much resorted to by traders, owing to its central situation, as all merchandise for the Gambia from the great north and eastern kingdoms must pass through this territory. A great quantity of gold, ivory, wax, and hides are brought to Bondoo, where they are bartered for European goods. They also receive salt from the Moors, in exchange for corn and blue cloths of native manufacture, which are woven and dyed by the Foolahs in a superior manner. The imposts or custom-duties are heavy, and yield a large revenue to the king, here called *almamy*. He also receives a tenth of all agricultural produce, as lord-superior of the soil; and no business of any kind is transacted without making a present, or *bunya*.

The price of a wife is usually reckoned at the value of two slaves; but when the girl is handsome, her parents make a much higher demand. Her consent is not necessary to the match; but if she positively refuses to be married to the man of her parents' choice, she must continue a spinster, as she cannot be afterwards given to another. If this should be attempted, her former suitor may seize upon her as his slave. The day after our arrival at Boollibanny, we were invited to the wedding, or rather the marriage-supper of a brother of the slatee with whom we lodged. The bridegroom had prepared a plentiful repast, which he superintended with great assiduity, and distributed kola-nuts to the guests. This is a sign and token of friendship. Singing and dancing followed. Meanwhile the bride had been taken to a hut by several matrons, who robed her in a dress of white cotton, and then placed her in the middle of the floor; and having seated themselves round her, gave her a number of discreet instructions respecting her future conduct in life. These wearisome lectures

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were often interrupted by companies of girls with songs and dances. About midnight, the bride is taken to the hut allotted for her residence in the yard of her husband, who, upon a given signal, leaves his company to join his wife, and so the marriage is complete. This is all the ceremony used on those occasions by the Mandingoes, to which nation my new friend belonged; but I believe the custom is similar amongst most of the negro tribes. I observed the head-dress of the Bondoo ladies to be richer than that of others: it consisted of a small plate of gold in the middle of the forehead, and strings of white beads encircling their hair, which was also stuck with pieces of coral and amber. A pair of large gold earrings, which reached almost to the shoulders, were generally so heavy, as to require to be supported by a thin thong of red leather passing over the crown.

I had a private interview with the almamy, to whom I made a handsome present, and asked permission to remain in his town and territory for two or three weeks, that I might see the manners and ways of the people. His majesty graciously consented, and promised me all the protection in his power, which was quite sufficient for my purpose. We were introduced to some of his wives, who were gratified with coral-beads and amber. A bullock from the king, and messes of kooskoos and rice-cakes from his queens, shewed their approval of the presents received. A few excursions to neighbouring towns proved that my former observations concerning the people were correct; but a slight difference in manners was occasioned by the mixed population of this country, which is inhabited by Mandingoes and Serrawoolies, as well as Foolahs. Other foreigners reside in the capital, for purposes of trade.

We made a journey to Fatteconda, the former capital of Bondoo, in order to visit some maraboos, who were residing in this town. We crossed the Falemé in a canoe, and saw men fishing with nets for a small species of fish, which they dry and make into cakes. The town of Fatteconda is now much diminished in importance, and the whole neighbourhood of the Falemé has been devastated by wars, into the particulars of which it is needless to enter. One of the wives of the slatee with whom I here resided, had recently given birth to an infant, which was *named* on the day of my arrival, being then eight days old. A large calabash of food, made of flour and sour milk, with the flesh of a sheep, was prepared for our entertainment. The child's head was shaved, and the officiating bushreen said a prayer over the dish, each of the guests holding the brim of the calabash with his right hand. A second prayer was said, after which the priest whispered something into the infant's ear, and spat three times in its face: he then pronounced its name, and returned it to the mother. The father divided the *dega* into a number of balls, one of which was given to each of the guests, and several were sent out to sick people, as this dish is supposed to possess great talismanic powers in curing

sickness. When a person dies, a feast is made for the friends, who signify their sorrow by loud wailings. Before nightfall, the body is dressed in white cotton, enveloped in a mat, and interred in the earth under the deceased's hut, or in the shade of a favourite tree. If the grave be outside the town, it is covered with prickly bushes, to keep off the hyænas, which are notable resurrectionists.

Our evenings were spent in private or public entertainments. The former are enlivened by singing-men, who chant the legends and history of their country, and the praises of their employers. Their songs are often accompanied by a kind of guitar or harp, of three, seven, or eighteen strings; additional music is made with a flute, small bells, and the ever-favourite drum. The chorus is always accompanied with clapping of hands. In the daytime, I conversed with the maraboos, especially with Abdallah, of whom more particular mention will presently be made; and visited the *bentang*, to hear the news of the town, or listen to the judicial cases which were there tried. The *bentang* is a kind of stage, the roof of which is supported upon strong wooden pillars, and a bank of mud or benches of wattled cane form seats and lounging-places. It is generally erected under the shade of a large tabba-tree, and answers the purpose of a news-room and town-hall. Here all public business is transacted, disputes or palavers are settled, and trials are conducted. Judicial processes are often spun out to a great length, the simplest cases being perplexed with endless subtleties by African pleaders, who are most ingenious lawyers and interminable speakers. Two or three cases came under my notice. One was the complaint of a lady against her husband, for having beaten her wrongfully. It seems that this wife, whose turn it was to take charge of her husband's entertainment, had been occupied with some business of his till so late in the day that his dinner was not ready at the proper time. He came home hungry, and not finding matters prepared, used his whip rather freely over his wife's shoulders. The charge was, that he had no right to beat her on this occasion, and that, at anyrate, he exceeded the limits of his authority. On the defence, a husband's prerogative was argued, with a strong appeal to the feelings of the judges, who were composed of some of the chief men of the town. It was a delicate matter for the judges to decide, as the husband in question was clearly in fault; yet they did not like to take the part of a wife. Still, knowing the hasty temper of the accused, they thought it prudent not to allow him wholly to escape censure. It was therefore decided, that although a husband has the right of inflicting a slight chastisement on a disobedient wife, yet in this case the lady was not so much in fault as he supposed; and he was admonished to keep his temper better for the future.

Another lawsuit was of a more complicated character, and one in which the decision was not likely to be biased by the feelings of the judges. A slatee, purposing to take a journey, had lent his neighbour a horse for three months during his absence. The

animal was to be supported by the borrower, and to be at his service. The slatee remained away for a whole year, during which time the mare had a foal, which the borrower retained for himself. The other pleaded that the animal had been lent only for three months, and the foal being born some time afterwards, certainly belonged to him. On the other hand, it was argued that the horse had not been reclaimed at the expiration of three months, and it was certainly intended that it should remain with the defendant all the time of the pursuer's absence; that the former had lost its active services on account of the foal, and therefore rightly kept it as a remuneration for the mare's keeping. This case was argued for two days, as the principal point of *right* had to be determined, and long calculations made regarding the defendant's expenses and trouble, set off against the value of the foal. This estimate would have decided the relative claims of the parties, had the suit not been involved with the character of the loan. At last, as it was proved that the slatee had left no person at home to reclaim the beast, or to take care of it in case of being returned—and had the defendant turned it adrift, he would have been liable for its value in case of being lost—the judges directed both parties to remain satisfied with their present position.

One day, the wives of my host had some contention about a trifle; but allowing their angry feelings to rise, they made a great stir, which was not easily allayed by their lord and myself; for the Africans, though usually mild, are obstinate, and not easily turned straight when once they have got crooked. The rest of the day was a moody one. In the evening, loud cries were heard in the neighbouring woods; and when it was dark, Mumbo Jumbo entered the town, and proceeded to the bentang, to which all the inhabitants were called by beat of drum. I had heard much of this redoubtable personage, and had some curiosity to see him, though I had no particular desire to witness his infliction of justice, if so it may be called; and, after the scene which had taken place this day in our yard, I trembled on behalf of my sable female friends. They also appeared very uneasy; and there was a sarcastic smile depicted on their husband's face, which boded no good. Mumbo is an unknown man, disguised in a dress of bark, armed with a rod of public authority. The usual songs and dances commenced, though many of the females did not engage in them so heartily as usual; but all kept their own thoughts and apprehensions in their own bosoms, and endeavoured to put the best appearance upon their fears. As midnight approached, I became much concerned lest one of our host's wives, who had begun the affray this morning, should be the subject of punishment. She had always been very kind to us, and we should have felt much at her being exposed to shame and suffering in this African pillory. We were, therefore, greatly relieved, and so were the slatee's ladies, when Mumbo Jumbo pounced upon another female of known turbulent character, who was instantly stripped naked,

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tied to a post, and beaten with a rod by the mysterious functionary amidst the laughter of the assembly. The women were loudest in their derision of their unfortunate sister. It is a terrible warning to refractory wives; and Mumbo is regarded by the females with great awe, whatever levity they may assume on the occasion of his visits, for the purpose of vaunting their own conjugal fidelity and obedience.

Fatteconda is between 400 or 500 geographical miles east of Cape Verd, the journey to it by the Gambia being about 700 miles. This district includes settlements of all the principal negro tribes who dwell in these latitudes, and of whose mode and manners of life a pretty full account has been given. The interior is chiefly occupied with kingdoms of Mandingoes, Foola, and Moors. Not intending to proceed further, I endeavoured to gain all the information possible respecting the middle of this vast continent. For this purpose, I stayed a week at Fatteconda, engaged in frequent conversation with Abdallah, who behaved in a very friendly manner. He was a native of Bondoo, and a Mohammedan in his creed, held in high repute by his countrymen. Animated with youthful zeal, he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, thus traversing the whole breadth of the continent; and having returned in safety, he had been for many years the chief-priest of a neighbouring town. The account of his travels, as given by himself, cannot be expected to be so full of incident and interest as that furnished by a European. He had no object of discovery, but merely passed through the country with an ulterior design. His dates and distances were altogether unintelligible; and, with few exceptions, he retained only a general idea of the territory through which he passed. This was, however, a sufficient addition to the sketch I have given, to afford a pretty good view of the people who inhabit this belt of central Africa, from the Great Desert on the north, to the Niger on the south, and from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. East of the Kong Mountains, and south of the Niger, the natives are described as more savage than those who live northward; and the kingdom of Ashantee is well known for its horrible cruelties. With these parts, Abdallah had nothing to do, having pursued his way eastward in as straight a line as circumstances would permit. We therefore conclude our own narrative with an account of the main features of Abdallah's journey.

The pilgrim associated himself with a small band of merchants who were going to Sego, a great mart of commerce on the Niger. They took the direct route through Kapoo and Kaarta, carefully avoiding Ludamar and other regions possessed by the Moors. This bigoted and ferocious people have crossed the Great Desert, and inhabit its southern border, where they have seized upon an extensive belt of territory belonging to the negroes. Other wandering tribes of Moors, who dwell in the desert, come to a more cultivated region when their own pasturage is burned up by

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successive months of heat, and retire to their wild abode after the commencement of the rains. They bring salt from the pits of the desert, and exchange it for corn, cloth, and other necessities. They are terrible marauders, often attacking the negroes, with whom they profess to be in friendship, and plundering them of their cattle or their own liberty. These slaves are sold to Europeans for firearms and ammunition. The boldness of the Moors, and the fleetness of their horses, make them a terror to the neighbouring states, which are seldom able to resist their sudden attacks, much less to make reprisals. They are excellent horsemen, able to rein up their steeds when at full gallop, and to perform various feats of equestrian boldness. It is a great object with them to have chargers of the finest breed, since they depend upon them in their incursions into the negro territories: and they are said to feed them three or four times a day, giving them milk in the evening. Twelve slaves are sometimes given for one of these horses. The physiognomy of the Moors is as wild as their habits, so that a stranger might take them to be lunatics. The cruelty and cunning of their disposition are not often surpassed. Their accoutrements consist of a double-barrelled gun, a large sabre, a powder-horn slung over the shoulder, and a leather bag for bullets. The soldiers have no pay, but the plunder they obtain. They chiefly subsist on the milk and flesh of their cattle, and generally go to the extremes of gluttony and abstinence, being capable of enduring an extreme degree of hunger and thirst. They pay little attention to agriculture, but are good workers in leather and iron; the women also weave covers for their tents from goats' hair. The Moors have singular notions respecting female beauty, the perfection of which is thought to consist in a corpulence so great as to incapacitate the woman from walking without assistance. It is the chief object of a girl's education to attain to this unnatural size, so that she may gratify the taste of some future lord, to whom she must pay the most abject obedience. The Moors treat their domestic slaves with great harshness, and feed them badly. All the men wear white turbans, and the females have a peculiar bandage of white cloth about their heads, to shelter their face from the sun, but often go abroad veiled. They have none of the hilarity and good-humour of the negroes; but are proud, indolent, and voluptuous in the extreme. This race is one of the chief scourges of western Africa, so that their very name is abhorred and dreaded by the natives. It was they who murdered Major Houghton, and caused so much suffering to Mungo Park on his first expedition.

Abdallah and his party passed through Kasson, a mountainous country, lying on that ridge of hills which forms the northern boundary of the Valley of Senegambia. After passing its chief town, Koniakarry, they met with an extraordinary adventure, which was nearly proving disastrous to the cofle. They were suddenly attacked by an immense swarm of bees, against whose

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assaults they could not defend themselves; and the whole party took to an ignominious flight. One of the horses was so severely stung by these insects, that he threw his rider, who was with difficulty rescued by his companions. The tormented horse plunged into the woods, and was afterwards found dead, having been suffocated by the bees entering his mouth and nostrils. Many others, both men and beasts, suffered much; and it was many hours before the party could be collected, and again put in marching order. They required to keep a vigilant watch against wild beasts, by which this region is much infested; nor could they bivouac in the open air, for fear of their attacks. They next entered the plains of Kaarta, a level and fertile country, but encumbered with very extensive woods. Its capital is Kemmoo, and its inhabitants, a well-doing people, though they had recently been afflicted by a war with Bambarra. East of Kemmoo, they traversed a vast wilderness, studded with some small towns, till they reached the frontiers of Bambarra, and then passed through a similar country towards Sego. This region is full of elephants, which were often seen both singly and in droves, but which seldom do any mischief unless they are attacked. The hunters, armed with long guns, frequently conceal themselves in a small hut beside a river, near the place where the wild beasts come to drink, and, unobserved, shoot their prey. Veering toward the south, the travellers took a more direct road to the Niger than that followed by Mungo Park, and so reached the banks of this noble river, at a town called Yamina. Here they rested for a few days, to recover from the fatigues of their long journey, and then travelled along the bank of the river to Sego, the capital of Bambarra. Sego includes four towns, two on each side of the Joliba or Niger, all fortified with high walls. The houses are better than in most negro towns, generally of a square form, with flat roofs; some are large and have two stories. Taken as a whole, this is probably the most populous place in this part of Africa, and exhibits an unwonted degree of richness and semi-barbaric splendour. The king goes out magnificently apparelled, and has a large palace containing several squares, guarded by many soldiers. His majesty's servants keep the ferry across the river, which is so much used as to bring him in a good revenue. The Niger is here about a mile broad, and is crossed by very long canoes, capable of carrying cattle, rowed by slaves of the prince.

In Segocorro, which was formerly the royal residence, a barbarous custom prevails. As a kind of sacred spot, it is visited by the king before he goes out to war; and here he prepares his greegrees and other charms to insure success in his undertaking. Some African chiefs spend much time in such mystic preparations, which cast a considerable damp upon the courage of their enemies, whose superstitious minds are easily impressed by any unwonted proceeding of a religious kind; and they dread to fight against men who are thought to have obtained the aid of a supernatural

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power. To make the greegrees of Segocorro more effectual, the place is consecrated with the blood of human victims. When a prisoner of rank is taken alive, they keep him in bonds until the next fast, when he is brought here to a house appropriated for this purpose, and being laid upon the ground, his throat is cut. All the blood is allowed to flow out and saturate the earth, and the body is thrown forth to be devoured by wild beasts. For eight days after this sacrifice, no one passes the blood-stained premises without making obeisance by taking off his cap or shoes. So superstitious are these people, that whenever one of the king's wives has a son born on a Friday, it is immediately put to death.

The neighbourhood of Sego is in a high state of cultivation. Here the shea-tree abounds, from the fruit of which a vegetable butter of high repute is obtained. It is a kind of oak, bearing an acorn or berry in shape like an olive; under the rind of the fruit is a kernel, from which the natives, by boiling, prepare a butter, not only richer than that made from cow's milk, but having the advantage of keeping for many months without being salted. The shea-tree grows in the woods without cultivation, and the gathering of the berries gives temporary employment to many of the people, who find the butter to be a useful article of commerce as well as of consumption.

Having parted from his friends at Sego, Abdallah proceeded a long day's journey to Sansanding, another considerable town on the Niger; its population exceeds 10,000, and it is a place of great traffic, being much frequented by Moorish merchants from the north. Here is a large market-place, with separate stalls for different kinds of goods, which are brought from all quarters; a general market is held once a week, when much merchandise changes hands. Our traveller embarked in a large canoe with some traders from Timbuctoo. In four days they reached Jinney, stopping each night at one of the towns or villages which line the banks of the river. The broad stream is here studded with small green islands, where some Foolahs feed their cattle, secure from the depredations of wild beasts; and the scenery is represented as being rich and charming. The land, which is cleared of wood, is in a good state of cultivation; and the river abounds with fish, which are taken in nets made of cotton twist. The town of Jinney is about the same size as Sansanding, and is inhabited by people of different tribes—chiefly Foolahs, Mandingoes, Bambarras, and Moors. It is built on a small island belonging to Massina—a kingdom of Teucolar Foolahs: they are strict Mohammedans, and have a custom of making all pagan negroes conform to Mohammedan practices during their stay in Jinney. The people are rich and gay, like those of Sego, carrying on a lucrative traffic by means of the river. Sailing down the stream, Abdallah's party in two days entered the Lake Dibbie, the size of which has not been ascertained; but the natives say that they lose sight of land one whole day in crossing it from west to east. Keeping the north side of the lake,

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the travellers passed along the river which issues from its north-east corner, and in three weeks' sail from Jinney, arrived at Kabra, the port of Timbuctoo, about a day's journey from this celebrated city. This place has derived great interest amongst Europeans from vague reports of its grandeur, and the mystery with which it was so long enveloped; but Abdallah did not seem to attribute any great importance to the town, except on account of its central situation, which makes it a rendezvous for caravans coming from the east and north. His account agrees with that received from other native travellers. Timbuctoo is rather larger than Jinney or Sansanding, and entirely depends upon the transit of commerce for its support, as its own neighbourhood is nearly a desert. It is chiefly inhabited by negroes, though there are Moors dwelling in it, the king being subject to the sultan of Massina. The houses are not better than those of other towns; indeed, Abdallah spoke in rather disparaging terms of it, comparatively with Jinney and Sego, which are more magnificent. The people are rather turbulent.

Abdallah here met with a slave brought from Maniana, a country south of the Niger, and apparently cut off from all civilising influences with other tribes. The inhabitants are a wild, barbarous people, who do not scruple to eat the flesh of their enemies, and are generally considered men-eaters. He learned that all the nations of the southern district are more savage than those of the north. They are perfect negroes, living in the vicinity of the great slave-trade, which gives an unnatural ferocity to the tribes engaged in it, and sets them all at war with each other.

Beyond Timbuctoo is the country of Housea, in which are seven provinces, each with its capital town, and a prince for its governor; the whole under the authority of a sultan, who resides at Sackatoo. To this city Abdallah travelled, in company with a caravan to Kanoo, one of the principal marts of central Africa. It was a tedious and dangerous journey through the country of Poole, where Mungo Park was killed in the river, the king having probably been deceived by the chief of Yaour, who said that Mungo's party wished to pass by the country without giving any presents, he himself having received and appropriated them. After much fatigue, they reached the capital of the Felattas, which is a well-built town with high walls. It has twelve gates, a spacious market-place, two large mosques, and other houses for prayer. The palace is like a square town or fort enclosed with walls; and the houses of the principal people are built on the same plan, but smaller. They have a great many slaves, whom they employ in agriculture, weaving, leather, and iron work. The Felattas are a warlike people, and have made extensive conquests in the neighbourhood: they are slave-hunters, forming expeditions for attacking the negro villages and capturing their inhabitants. These poor captives are either employed in domestic service, or sold to the caravans which proceed to Timbuctoo or Kanem and the coasts

of Barbary. The slave-trade is a great curse to this part of Africa, producing incalculable distress to the people, and retarding the progress of legitimate trade. The country round Sackatoo is well cultivated, and a large quantity of corn is sold to the Tuarick Arabs in exchange for salt. These wild horsemen inhabit the desert regions north of Houssa—an immense country, where they live in rude independence, like other Arab tribes. Although unable to cope with the negro kingdoms in regular warfare, they commit great depredations by sudden incursions, and plunder caravans which are not sufficiently guarded. They are now at peace with the sultan of Houssa, and many of them reside in the principal towns of this kingdom.

After resting in Sackatoo, the travellers proceeded on their way to Kanoo, through a country partly open and partly wooded. This great city, so much lauded by Africans, is the chief town of commerce in central Africa: it contains gardens and fields within its walls, a circumstance which makes it appear more populous than it really is. If, however, it have twice as many inhabitants as Timbuctoo, this will allow a population of nearly 40,000, of whom one half may be reckoned slaves. The houses are like those of Sego—square, and having two stories, after the custom of the East. They have a middle room or covered court, used as a reception-room, into which the other apartments on the ground-floor open; from this a staircase leads to the upper chambers, which are principally dormitories. The market is presided over by an officer, who lets out the stalls, and fixes the prices of each kind of merchandise. All kinds of provisions and fruits, as well as live animals, are here sold, with wares of native manufacture, and goods from Barbary, Egypt, and Europe. The market is kept clean, and is under very strict regulations; the medium of exchange is not in bars, but in cowries, or little shells brought from the coast, nearly 1000 of which go to a pound sterling. Here is a large slave-market—the first regular thing of the kind that Abdallah had ever seen, and it made a deep impression upon his memory and heart. He described the poor creatures as being seated in rows in two long sheds—one for men, the other for women—and dressed out for the occasion of sale with a number of ornaments. The buyer inspects them narrowly, and after the purchase, returns their trappings to be used in adorning others. The sight struck our pilgrim's mind with a horror of the traffic, as being too degrading to the human species: he had often before seen slaves bought and sold in an off-hand way, and had never been impressed with the evil of the practice; but this regular marketing of men and women opened his eyes to its inhumanity. The Felattas are not harsh to their slaves; and on occasion of the Rhamadan, or the death of their master, several are usually set free. This is in direct variance with the custom of the Ashantees, who put many to death at a religious festival or on the decease of a chief.

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Abdallah thought the kingdom of Houssa to be in some respects better, in others, inferior to his own country; the style of the houses and the mode of living were certainly superior, and the lands were better cultivated, some tracts yielding two crops in a year by dint of irrigation. He deemed the Tuaricks better than the Moors, not being so faithless or hard-hearted; yet the southern nations were generally more cowardly, and used more savage arms. Instead of the musket, the foot-soldiers use the bow and arrows; horsemen are equipped with spears, swords, and shields. The swords come from Malta and Europe; the shields, the first which he had seen, are usually round, covered with hide, and having an iron handle: this defensive weapon is used by all the tribes of this part of Africa. The chiefs often wear quilted cotton armour for the head and body when they engage in battle—a practice which Abdallah condemned as injurious to the body, and savouring of cowardice.

Our pilgrim had always been treated with great respect and kindness wherever he had travelled. As a pilgrim to Mecca, he was regarded with much veneration by the negro Mohammedans; and even the fiercest tribes looked upon him with considerable deference. He had brought a little merchandise from home, with which he trafficked on his way; and these resources were spun out to a great length by the hospitality and presents which he received; for he was a good Arabic scholar, and wrote out portions of the Koran, which the devout received with eagerness to read, and the ignorant made into saphies and greegrees. Finding himself well regarded by a company of Tuaricks who had come to Kanoo with a large quantity of salt, he accepted the offer of their protection as far as Kanem. They had brought 2000 camels' burden of this valuable commodity from the pits of Bilma, on the road to Fezzan, and were about to return home, laden with slaves, cloths, and other commodities.

Abdallah went forward with the Tuaricks, who set off in high spirits. The road to Bornoo is laborious, as many parts are woody and desert; it is also dangerous on account of the marauding parties who frequent it for the sake of plunder. But this caravan was too powerful to fear molestation from any banditti. They passed through the Bedee territory, and then entering that of Bornoo, proceeded to the capital, named Kooka, near the Lake Tchad. The people of Bornoo are complete negroes. They often wage war with the Felattas, but at the time of Abdallah's visit the two nations were at peace. The sultan resides at Birnie, a town by no means equal to Kooka, which is governed by a sheik, on whom the real power of the empire seems to devolve. Kooka is like the other populous cities we have described—fortified with a mud-wall, having a large market, and well provided with all the necessaries of life. Lions and elephants abound in the neighbouring deserts. The latter are frequently hunted for the sake of their ivory; and young lions are kept as domestic pets by some of the great men.

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The caravan took the road along the eastern side of the magnificent lake, which is studded with many islands of different sizes, where rude tribes of herdsmen live in independent security, the neighbouring princes, from the want of a naval armament, not being able to subdue them. They passed through several towns, one of which, named Burwha, is fortified as a kind of frontier defence against the Arab tribes. At length they reached Lari, the last negro town of Bornoo, where the pilgrim had to part from his Arab friends. They pursued their way northward through the desert, the east of which is inhabited by Tibboos, the west by Tuaricks.

Abdallah waited at Lari for a small company who were assembling to cross the desert, three days' journey to Bergoo, and thence to Darfur, where they would join the great caravan from Soodan and Darfur to Mecca. This was one of the most distressing parts of his pilgrimage. Hitherto, he had been favoured with perfect protection from human enemies, and his comrades had always been powerful enough to drive off the wild beasts which prowled around them. He had occasionally suffered a little from fatigue and thirst, in passing through woods and desert parts of the route, but nothing more than might be expected by the best provided traveller through these tropical regions. He was now on a track through the wilderness between two negro kingdoms—the northern part infested with wandering negro Arabs, who are notorious robbers; the southern belonging to the weak and thinly-peopled kingdom of Begarmi. When they had reached about the middle of their journey, the caravan was attacked by a party of Bergoo Arabs. The travellers were mounted on camels, the Arabs on fleet horses. The freebooters raised a shout, and dashed forward, thinking the negroes would take to flight, and leave their baggage and slaves behind them. The negroes, indeed, are generally terrified at the very sight of an Arab, and very seldom make any attempt at defence. But on this occasion there were some who had been accustomed to the appearance of the enemy, and knew the extent of their prowess; and being themselves good spearmen, they resisted the onslaught, and drove off the banditti, having wounded several of the company. They proceeded on their route, boasting of their prowess, and magnifying their own deeds of valour. But in the evening, to their unspeakable dismay, they perceived in the distance a much larger band approaching. Those that were well mounted on dromedaries instantly fled, leaving their merchandise and wives, and the slaves who were on foot, as a booty to the robbers. Content with the prey, the Arabs did not pursue the fugitives, lest they should turn round in self-defence; but having secured all the valuable part of the caravan, retired to their tents in the wilderness.

Abdallah and his friends who had escaped from the marauders were in no little distress at their loss; but a more pressing source of uneasiness now harassed them, inasmuch as they had been

driven in their flight out of their proper track, which they could not regain. They wandered about all night in the desert, suffering intensely from thirst and fatigue. The morning brought them no relief; and when the sun shone upon them with his scorching beams, they were ready to faint, and gave up all hope of deliverance. Their anguish of body and mind was almost overwhelming; and two wounded members of the party who lagged behind must have perished on the sands. At length, the camels began to prick up their ears, and gallop forward, shewing signs of their scenting water. The drooping spirits of the riders revived, and in a short time they reached some wells, where they slaked their thirst, and lay down to repose from their fatigue. Whilst doing so, their sentinels were surprised at hearing the lowing of oxen, and on making cautious observation, found that some camels and cattle were coming to drink, under the guard of a few Arabs and their attendant slaves. The party then hastily retired, and concealed themselves and their beasts behind a mound of sand, waiting their opportunity. When the Arabs were dismounted, and totally off their guard, the spearmen flew upon them with all the fury of revenge and desperation, and laid them prostrate in the dust. Not one escaped to tell the news; for two or three who had fled, were pursued on dromedaries, and put to death. The negroes flew upon the spoil, and having satiated their hunger with the flesh of a slaughtered bullock, instantly set off with the booty, for fear of a new enemy. The captured slaves, under promise of liberty, guided them through the desert, with which they were acquainted, and eventually conducted them to a town of Bergoo. Here they were manumitted, according to promise: but they requested permission to accompany them to Darfur, of which they were natives—a permission which was readily granted, in return for services to be performed on the road. The captured beasts were disposed of in the market, new wives were bought by the pilgrims, and having recruited strength and courage, they continued their journey eastward.

Their triumph was short-lived; for they had scarcely entered the desert when the deadly simoom blew across their track. Falling flat on their faces, they allowed this angel of death to pass over them; but some rose no more—they had inhaled the fatal gas, and were instantly numbered with the dead. On the following day, the sand-wind blew, and almost buried them in the waves of this subtle ocean; the caravan were greatly dispirited, and reached Cobbé, the capital of Darfur, more dead than alive. A few days' rest and amusement, however, restored the negroes to their wonted spirits. So changing are the scenes of African life, that it is impossible to calculate upon the continuance of prosperity any more than upon the shifting wind. Darfur is a poor kingdom, its capital mean, and not containing more than 2000 or 3000 inhabitants. Towards the east, the negro tribes seem to become more rude and ignorant, not being so conversant with strangers as are

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those of the large central towns previously described, nor so much mixed up with the commerce of Europe. The natives here wear scarcely any clothing, their manners are wholly unrefined, and their dwellings are no better than huts. Though professed Mohammedans, they indulge in intoxicating liquor, and have no limit to the number of their wives. Southward, the people are said to be still more barbarous, and the inhabitants of Darfur bring slaves from these districts, regarding them as inferior to themselves.

At length a caravan was prepared for Mecca, taking the route through Kordofan and Sennaar direct to Suakim on the Red Sea; but this journey of 1000 miles could not be accomplished without great difficulty and privation. After reaching Sennaar and the banks of the Nile, they came into a rich country; for wherever this far-famed river overflows its banks, it changes the wilderness into a fertile field. Here was plenty for man and beast, and no want of water. The caravan presented a strange and anomalous scene; the principal persons, consisting of chiefs and rich merchants from Soodan, were richly dressed in their various costumes, mounted on the finest horses, whilst their wives were seated on gaily caparisoned camels; others rode dromedaries, camels, or asses; a motley crowd of slaves and servants attended on foot—cattle and beasts of burden mingled with the crowd; armed horsemen rode up and down to protect the caravan and keep it together, serving both as soldiers and mounted police; a few distant pilgrims like Abdallah might easily be known by their different features and apparel. The day was spent in travelling, the night in revelry and pleasure, according to the negro fashion. The merchant pilgrims had brought gold-dust, ivory, civet, and rhinoceros' horns; and would doubtless return to Negroland with a smaller retinue of slaves. Their goods were sold to traders who visited the caravan at different towns to purchase these commodities in exchange for provisions and foreign merchandise. The rich men were very kind in supplying the wants of the poor, especially those who had travelled from far to perform the eventful pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Mecca.

The common people of Sennaar adopt the dress which is usually worn in the east of Africa. It is very simple, being a long shirt of blue Surat cloth, which reaches from the neck to the ankles. The men leave this garment open at the neck, and many of them wear a sash round the waist. The women button up the shirt at the neck, and have a veil or cloth thrown over the head and face. The houses are built of sun-dried clay, mixed with a little straw or stubble to make it firmer. The better kind of dwellings have two stories, the upper one reached by an outer stair, and having a parapet-roof, to make it a convenient lounging-place. The people live chiefly upon millet and rice, but are very fond of beef, which they are said to eat almost raw. They have an abundant supply of cattle, fattened in the rich pastures of the Nile, and a fine breed

of horses. The town named Sennaar is an unhealthy place, and the king lives in a neighbouring village. Mr Bruce records some singular circumstances connected with the government of this country. The king is an absolute monarch; but whenever it is determined by the great council of the nation that his continuance in office is no longer for the good of the people, he is immediately put to death by an officer appointed for that purpose. This functionary is always a relative of the king's, and is his grand-chamberlain. His office of executioner is not regarded as in the least degrading, or as being inconsistent with friendship for the royal person. The eldest prince succeeds to the vacant throne; when the Sid-el-Coom immediately puts all his brothers to death, that there may be no fear of a dangerous rivalry. No account is made of the princesses, as they never ascend the throne; they are treated with no more respect than if they were private persons, and no public provision made for their support. Mr Bruce asked the Sid-el-Coom if he was not afraid or ashamed of coming so frequently into the royal presence, knowing what office he would probably have to perform. The officer replied, that he felt nothing on this account: he was one of the king's best friends, and his master knew that he would have no hand in hastening his death. But when the matter was absolutely settled by the nation, the execution of it was only a point of etiquette; and it was far better to have it decently performed by a friend, than by a mob or hired assassin. The late king, it seems, was very unwilling to die, and frequently requested the officer to let him escape; but when he found his entreaties useless, he quietly submitted to his fate; it appearing far better to die in a private and regular way, than to be given up to the malice of his enemies. This regular way for royalty to die, is to lie tranquilly down, and have the throat cut with a sword. The king, once in his life, ploughs and sows a piece of ground—a strange coincidence with the Chinese custom. At some distance from Sennaar, pits are dug in the ground, and the inside plastered with clay, to form subterranean granaries. When filled with corn, they are plastered over and covered up, that they may be a provision in times of dearth, when the Arabs have wasted the crops or destroyed the food in the towns. Mr Bruce thought the climate delightful for a short time of the year in summer; but when the rains had ceased, and the intense heat of the sun had dried up the soil and rotted the stubble, and the deadly winds began to blow, he pronounced it to be one of the most accursed spots on the face of the globe, fit only for a cruel, degraded, and intemperate population.

Before leaving Sennaar, Abdallah's caravan divided into two parts. One company, consisting principally of those merchants who had slaves to dispose of, having also bought more of these unhappy beings in Sennaar, took the route to Dongola, through the desert of Bahiooda; thence, after skirting a bend of the Nile, across the eastern side of the Great Desert, to the Great Oasis, by

which they would finally reach Egypt. This is a long and dreary journey; for many days, the eye sees nothing but vast plains or hills of sand, often put into motion by strong winds, and threatening to bury a whole caravan under their huge waves. Here many a traveller meets his doom, especially the slaves who journey on foot; for whom there is no chance of escape, if they faint from thirst or fatigue. Even the sagacious camels lose their way, in consequence of the moving or drifting sands, and frequently perish with their riders. The usual routes of the caravans are marked with the whited bones of men and beasts, who have fallen victims to the winds of the desert. When an anticipated well has been unexpectedly filled up with sand, numbers of footmen, and even riders, usually perish. It is strange how a thirst of mere pecuniary gain can induce men to undertake such toilsome and dangerous journeys.

The other part of the caravan, including all the pilgrims to Mecca and traders with Arabia, proceeded along one or other bank of the Nile, to Shendy, the largest town in this region. It is said to contain nearly 1000 houses, which compose several distinct quarters, separated from each other by large market-places. The houses are respectable, each having a courtyard, from which doors open to the various apartments. A great deal of merchandise here changes hands, as this is the principal mart on the route to the Red Sea. On leaving Shendy, the pilgrims traversed the district of Taka, principally inhabited by Bedouin Arabs, who are like all their brethren, great thieves. It is reckoned a fertile district, in comparison with the desert regions around, having many verdant spots which are highly productive; and its corn or dhourra is much valued at Jidda. The caravan, however, suffered much from pestilential winds, which blow along the range of mountains that separate the plains of Nubia from the Red Sea. Though not absolutely suffocated by a fatal blast of the simoom, most of the company were much enfeebled by the pestiferous atmosphere, which usually produces sundry distempers, as well as a general enervation of the bodily frame. But the religious enthusiasm of the pilgrims greatly increased as they drew near to the sacred place on which their hopes had been long fixed, and a visit to which seemed more desirable than life itself. Abdallah's eye kindled as he spoke of their ardent zeal, the rapture of their wild devotions, and the pleasures enjoyed in their evening assemblies. They met together after the fatigues of the day, in company with dervishes and other holy men, and listened to the legends of saints and pilgrims, their spiritual revelations, their dreams and visions of Paradise. The mind was thus wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement, which, in a tropical climate, might have produced violent fevers, had it not been for their fastings and the debilitating effects of their daily journey. Many of them were much weakened, a few became deranged, and were regarded with all the more veneration by

their fanatical brethren. At length they reached Suakim, and after halting for a few days, embarked for the opposite shore, where they landed at Jidda, the seaport of Mecca. The remaining distance of forty miles was traversed with the greatest enthusiasm, and they entered the holy city in triumphal pomp.

The accustomed rites were performed; the sacred stone was perambulated; the other holy places were visited; and the pilgrimage was completed. Abdallah's emotions were indescribable; for he now thought himself to have attained the best end of life, and to be sure of a place in Paradise. He spent days in holy rapture and in all the joys of mental revelry—a foretaste of the happiness which reigns in the city of the blest. Abdallah had secured the highest honour which the world could afford; he would henceforth be esteemed pre-eminently holy, one of the elect, a soul secure of everlasting felicity. His name now became Hadjee Abdallah, and he was entitled to wear the green turban—a sign of the Prophet's peculiar favour.

Having also visited Medina, the hadjee returned to the Red Sea, and having embarked at Yambo, at length found his way to Syené, the southern limit of Egypt. Here he met with a party going to Dongola, where a caravan would be formed for Darfur. Such caravans are few and far between—a space of two or three years sometimes intervening. It would not have been any object with Abdallah to wait a longer period at Syené, for time was of no importance to him; but he had taken a dislike to Sennaar, and he preferred a route which should not lead him through that country. Its inhabitants, though professing the Mohammedan creed, were, as he thought, practical infidels, given up to intoxicating drink, and even eating swine's flesh in secret. He wished to get as soon as possible to the negroes of central Africa, whose manners and feelings were more congenial with his own: among them, a hadjee would be held in the highest regard, and his writings, prayers, and teaching duly appreciated, so that he would be able to live in comfort until an opportunity arrived of returning to his own country.

Striking across a bend of the Nile, our hadjee and his friends again joined the river, and skirted its western bank, till they fell in with the caravan-road from the Desert to Dongola. He was much pleased with the southern Nubians; for though poor, they approached in form and feature nearer to the character of his own countrymen. Indeed, some of the tribes are tall and handsome, but they differ from each other through intermarriage either with Arabs or with negroes. Dongola is also a poor country, now under the dominion of the Mamelukes, who, when expelled from Egypt, seized upon this district, and instituted a petty government of their own. The land is principally cultivated by slaves. When the caravan had assembled, and all needful preparations were made, they entered upon their toilsome journey across the Desert. Abdallah had never before been so long in a complete

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wilderness ; and, accustomed as he now was to travel, he felt the passage to be very irksome and overpowering. Day after day no object met the eye but the glistening sand ; the sun's rays beat upon the pilgrims with sultry heat ; and the parching wind increased rather than diminished their distress. Whirlwinds of sand sometimes blew around them, threatening to bury them alive ; and for two days they were obliged to keep within their tents, and envelop their heads in mantles, lest they should be choked with a storm of dust which half covered their camp. Abdallah easily understood how any deviation from the right track must inevitably lead to the destruction of a whole caravan, and he felt no desire for a second journey through the vast desert.

He returned to the country of his birth by nearly the same course which he had previously taken—through the heart of Africa—having obtained a considerable increase of knowledge concerning men and manners. Notwithstanding the decision of Solomon to the contrary, he felt that the eye is satisfied with seeing, and the ear with hearing, and he had no wish to enlarge his acquaintance with the world. This pilgrimage had cost him three years of the prime of his life, and it was now time to settle in the world. His paternal property furnished a small capital, with which he purchased two wives in addition to his inherited slaves, and he became a maraboo of distinction in the neighbourhood, rejoicing in the imposing title of Hadjee Abdallah.

From the foregoing account, it will be manifest that the negro tribes of North Central Africa occupy a peculiar position in the scale of civilisation. They can scarcely be called barbarous, although they are not civilised. They know many of the arts of life in however imperfect a manner. They understand a little of agriculture, rearing of cattle, weaving and dyeing cloths, tanning and working of leather, manufacturing of iron and plain smith's work, basket-making, working in gold and silver, and other handicraft matters. Their wants are few, limited as they are by the nature of the climate, where much clothing would be a burden, and a plain vegetable diet is more wholesome than a rich and luxurious one.

The great want of the negroes, not to mention religion, regards literature and the fine arts. The only book they can be said to have is the Koran. Few of them understand the Arabic language well, although they may be able to read a few pages, and to intone the lines after the manner of the Maraboos ; nor can the most learned of the priests, who speak Arabic, nor the Moors, who use a dialect of this language, comprehend many of the dark sayings of Mohammed. Even if they could, there is nothing in the book to increase their knowledge, enlighten their understanding, or humanise their heart. On the contrary, this form of religion is always found to engender fierce bigotry, and produce savage feelings. As it allows its votaries to kill or enslave all who do not conform to its creed, and even declares this to be meritorious before

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God, it furnishes the native cupidity of the heart with a ready excuse for deeds of violence and depredation.

Mohammedanism frowns upon painting and statuary, lest these should lead to heathenish idolatry; and such works of art are almost unknown to the negroes. Most of them are terrified at the sight of a picture, thinking it the result of the sorcerer's art; and to attempt to take their portrait, would almost drive them out of their senses. The mild and virtuous precepts of Christianity require to be introduced, to put an end to war, slavery, and polygamy; and a free intercourse must be opened up with really civilised nations. Hitherto, the external communications of the negroes have been chiefly with the Moors, from whom they have learned a little good and much evil. As they are great travellers, and apt imitators of their betters, there is reason to hope that they will derive much benefit from active intercourse with the British settlements and the republic of Liberia, now occupying an extensive portion of the western coast. Could useful education and the humane arts of life be introduced amongst the tribes of the Niger, as far up as Boossa, to which place there is no impediment in the navigation of the river, an ameliorating leaven would quickly spread throughout the interior of this vast and populous continent.





ALLAN VAUGHAN.

I.

IT was Christmas-day of the year 18—. With its accustomed solemnities or gaieties we have nothing to do, our present purpose being to describe what aspect it wore within an old country-house, which stood on a slight eminence overlooking the flat meadows of Buckinghamshire.

It was a low substantial stone-built mansion, containing comparatively few apartments, but these of proportioned size. The windows of the lower and more public rooms were so strongly bowed as to form within an ample recess, to which access was gained by steps, while those above opened casementwise; and all were so heavily framed, that not even the wintry winds, as they swept over the wide-spread fields, sufficed to shake them.

There were outhouses, sufficient, at a distant view, to suggest the idea of a farm; but they were disused and dilapidated; and the whole stood enclosed in neglected gardens, through which the river Ouse wound its drear undeviating way.

On the day in question, a more cheerless scene than the outward world in this locality presented, was scarcely conceivable: a thick mist hung over the landscape, concealing the fact that the greater part of the surrounding meadows were lying under water. Here and there, a keen eye might have detected the shivering and phantom-like form of some impoverished elm or abject poplar, or the stiff tower of the modern brick-built church; but the effort would not have been a remunerative one.

Within the house, or at least within the large dining-room, the prospect was more cheering. A huge wood-fire, supported on the hearth by two amazing griffins, glowed like a furnace, throwing its exhilarating reflection on the oak-panels of the opposite wall, and illuminating with an effect of fantastic vitality the heavy physiognomies of a certain ale-house company, depicted in a grotesque Dutch painting, hanging near the centre. The furniture of the apartment was most uncomfortably in keeping with the date of the house—ponderous, perpendicular, hard—fit to accommodate none below a race of heroes. The softest lounge available was the tapestry rug, of which a young girl of about sixteen, the only occupant of the apartment, had taken discreet possession. Though lying full length upon it, there was nothing listless in her attitude; her elbow was propped on a thick open volume of old plays, from which her eyes often wandered with an expectant and half-amused expression. One glance into those eyes, on the part of an intelligent observer, would have been surely followed by a second, for their power of attraction was great. They were beautiful in the minor points of shape and colour; but it was the expression of eager intelligence, of latent passion, which formed their most obvious characteristic, and provoked speculation as to the nature and nurture of their possessor. Excepting the brow—and that, although broad and fair, was very far from the symmetry which results from a well-balanced intellectual development—the eyes were the only absolute beauty her face claimed, for the other features were at once irregular and strongly marked. Her slight supple figure promised fair for womanly perfection, but the age of grace was passed, and that of dignity not yet come.

She was the eldest daughter of the hereditary possessor of the little demesne in question, a man whose means released him from the necessity of practical exertion, and who had given himself up to antiquarian research and its literature with all the exclusive devotion which seems to characterise that school of philosophers. He lived amongst black-letter books and antediluvian sympathies; a learned man, unquestionably, in his particular province, but one whom any intelligent child, walking out with him into the fields, might have puzzled by the simplest inquiries concerning the

commonest facts of the living breathing world around him. He had lost his wife in the third year of their union, and was painfully perplexed by the responsibility the two girls she had left behind her devolved on him. His mother-in-law relieved him of the difficulty, by undertaking the charge of both during their tender youth. May, the youngest, who had been so named by a caprice of the mother, who had borne her in that month, was a pretty, docile, delicate child, and soon became the supreme favourite with her grandmother. On the score of her health, she was tenderly educated at home; and when the time arrived at which it had been agreed the sisters should return to their father's house, Mrs Liston announced her intention to adopt May in all points as a daughter, and with little difficulty persuaded the easy parent to consent to a plan which not only enriched his daughter but relieved himself.

Margaret, on the other hand, the subject of our story, had been very differently treated. She was, in fact, at least to ordinary observers, neither lovely nor lovable, and, moreover, self-willed and unmanageable. She distracted Mrs Liston's quiet household with her riotous games, and fairly alienated her grandmother's heart by her inveterate propensity to question the why and wherefore of every command, and to defend with most vehement obstinacy her own crude notions of right and wrong. The one unfailing remedy in such cases, both for the weak nerves and feeble hand of the governor, and the provoking insubordination of the governed, is to send the culprit to school; therefore Margaret was sent thither.

Mrs Liston was not unjust; she sent her to a good, reputable establishment, and gave her permission—for she had undertaken the charge of the children's education—to learn what accomplishments she pleased. Margaret, who was reputed to have no taste for music, and who, in fact, cared nothing about such music as had hitherto come within sound of her ears, left that science unattempted, and gave herself up to German and drawing. She was as little in her element amongst the forced proprieties and indigenuous meannesses of a fashionable boarding-school, as in her grandmother's London abode; and carrying in her bosom the fearless heart of a reformer, I need not say she was perpetually at war, not only with her schoolmates but her teachers. Mrs Liston was in despair at the accounts she received, and at the obviously slight amelioration of Margaret's manners and temper. She herself chafed under the perpetual reproofs she encountered, like a caged and exasperated eagle which tears his own plumage in default of more legitimate prey; and under an extraordinary pressure of injustice, proposed to her grandmother that henceforth she should spend her holidays with her father. From that period, she had done so, and at home became a favourite, though, I must own, for rather negative qualities. Her father liked her, because she gave him no trouble, having a way of life

of her own, and never disturbed him in his study; the faithful servant, who had remained with her master as housekeeper ever since her lady's death, liked her, because she made no attempt to take the domestic authority out of her hands; and the inferior servants welcomed her advent, as bringing 'some life into the dead-alive place.'

Life she did bring into it—the life of a strong, wild, undisciplined nature, which was stretching out on all sides hands of entreaty and desire, and grasping nothing, seemingly, but the empty air. The surrounding country was a cross to carry: she loved the severe and grand in scenery, and here there was nothing more beautiful than the green grass of the level meadows, and the quiet waters, with their lilies and forget-me-nots, of the river Ouse. 'O for mountains or moors!' groaned Margaret, as she stood looking out on the weary landscape. 'I would rather live on the edge of a volcano, or under the brow of an avalanche, than here—inasmuch as terror is better than torpidity.'

For all that, she did not give up the outward world: she had the means of riding on horseback, and she made the most of this exhilarating gratification. The borders of the adjacent counties were no *terra incognita* to Margaret; and every point of beauty which struck her artist-eye within the range of her excursions, had been set down by her clever pencil, and exalted into poetry by the aid of imagination and colour. Then, as a matter of necessity, she was a great reader; I do not mean a student or scholar, but a devourer of books. No one looked over her library, or ever took the trouble to countermand the orders for books she sent to London, in which way all her pocket-money went, with the exception of her somewhat random charities. A grave man would have been astounded at the works she read, sighed to think she had run the risk of contamination here, and smiled at the audacity which opened there some perplexed volume of science or philosophy. Margaret had knit her girlish brows over the Kantian theories, kneeling absorbed by the hour together in the window-seat, with the glow of a radiant sunshine falling on the page, and lifting up at length her dazed eyes, had vaguely regretted that depth and darkness had struck such firm hands together. A short time after, she was in all probability lost to sense and sound over the pages of some extravagant and so-called worthless novel, which at least had power enough to keep Margaret out of bed till she had safely accompanied to the altar or the grave, as the case might chance to be, the hero and heroine of the narrative. As for poetry, she drank that in almost as fast as the vital air, and with an admirable latitudinarianism of taste. Wordsworth and Keats, Cowper and Byron, Pope and Shelley, were each read with a delight which, though doubtless differing in degree, was equal in kind. Plays, however, were her favourite indulgence, for they brought home to her the action and strife of existence, from which she herself was shut out.

At the time our story opens, she had returned home finally from school, having easily persuaded her father that, being in her seventeenth year, she was past the age for the class-room, and was quite able to prosecute her further studies alone. She was full of plans for the future, proud of being at length her own mistress, and with as vague a sense of the actual duties and responsibilities of life as may be supposed from her non-education. Very little society had Margaret ever seen, and of that immediately around her, her opinion was, the less seen the better; but this Christmas-day was to bring guests to the house of another kind. An early friend of Mr Stanhope had lately returned to England, after a long sojourn in Italy, where he had resided on account of his wife's health. The death of the lady relieved Mr Foster from the necessity of an exile which had always pressed heavily upon him, and he hastened home at once to his paternal estate, not distant many miles from that of Mr Stanhope. One visit he had already paid his old friend, but Margaret chanced to be out; he was, however, coming on this day to dine with them, and also to bring with him a nephew, whom he had adopted several years before, in compliance with the urgent request of his childless wife.

Now, it was this young man who was the main object of Margaret's interest, and for whose advent she was so impatiently waiting. The motive of this solicitude may be regarded by some as a condemning proof of the frowardness of her disposition, for, in truth, she had heard a very bad account of him. According to the statement of Mr Foster, made to his old friend in the privacy of his warm study, and repeated by her father to Margaret, young Allan Vaughan was an ungrateful, dogged, graceless fellow.

'I have treated him like a son,' had Mr Foster said, 'and he hates me as if I was his enemy. I sent him to Oxford, and he has barely escaped without disgrace; not that he wants brains, but he does not choose to work them. I offer him his choice of a profession, and he sets his face stubbornly against each and all. How he means to get his living, is best known to himself: I only know he shall not hang much longer upon me. But, my good friend,' pursued the uncle, waxing warmer, 'I could put up with his indolence and wilfulness, if it were not for his base ingratitude. He grumbles at the bread he never refuses to eat, and spurns the giver while he takes the gift. In brief, he has no heart'—Mr Foster himself was a man of sensibility, who carried *Tristram Shandy* in his pocket, and with whom the story of Lefevre was a perpetual well of waters—'he never cared for my poor wife, who doted upon him like a mother.'

When all this and some other things were repeated to Margaret—for sympathy with the domestic troubles of the lonely widower had worked up Mr Stanhope to the pitch of a vigorous recital—by some strange contrariety of nature, or some discrepancy in the accusations, palpable only to female intuition, she flatly refused

credence to them, and instituted herself all at once the defender of a young man of whom she had heard nothing but what was bad. Here, in fact, lay the cause: her generosity repelled this unmitigated condemnation, and her own impatience of dependence induced a sympathy with his condition. Besides, he was clever, and Margaret instinctively used this false balance as a partial counterpoise. Her father grew fretful under her unexpected and ridiculous opposition.

'Do you suppose, child, my friend Foster does not speak the truth?' he asked; 'I almost fear you must be deranged, to defend in such a way a person you know nothing about.'

Margaret laughed, and prudently forbore to say anything further on the subject, but none the less she anticipated Christmas-day.

This backward glance has been a condensed one, and now we may go forward.

II.

Margaret's quick ears soon detected the sound of horses' hoofs on the damp, reeking gravel-walk, and she sprang up and went to the window. The two gentlemen who were dismounting, and one of whom was calling lustily for a groom to take their horses, looked like phantoms, viewed through the thick mist; and uncle and nephew were quite undistinguishable. Margaret, highly diverted by the rising choler which the tone of voice betrayed, as it seemed to waste its power upon the desert air, flew down stairs, drew back the heavy latch of the frontdoor, and ran out to them into the fog.

'You might shout till doomsday before you made old Harry hear,' she exclaimed, making her way up to the exasperated horseman: 'give me the bridle, and I'll lead the animals to what was once a stable, and then wake up our factotum, who is in a dead sleep by the kitchen fire. Come, you needn't hesitate; I'm not afraid,' she added laughing, as the strangers made an abortive attempt to see what she was, in spite of the fog. 'You seem to be shivering: go into the house!'

'In the name of the seven angels, what are you?' asked a voice too deep and strong, she felt sure, to belong to the querulous widower. 'A wraith evolved out of this abominable mist? or flesh and blood, in the shape of what is almost as uncertain?—maid or mistress?'

'I'm Margaret Stanhope, at your service, Mr Vaughan,' said she, courtesying; but he could not see she did. 'Help to find the doorway for Mr Foster, and then lead round his horse, and follow me.'

Mr Foster made several polite speeches and feeble disclaimers through the fog, but suffered himself to be housed, and engaged to have old Harry roused, and sent round to the stables at once.

Allan Vaughan, in endeavouring to follow Margaret's instructions, stumbled over sundry impediments in his path, and recovered his footing with a muttered anathema.

Margaret held out her hand to him. 'Take hold,' she said, 'or we shall have you in the Ouse. Ugh! it would be a chill drear death on such a morning! Now, here we are at the stable, and there is Harry hobbling out to meet us. We will go into the house that way, and shall be so much the sooner at the fire.'

In considerable bewilderment of mind, Allan followed his conductress, who flew up the broad oak staircase, and into the cheery dining-room, with most uncourteous speed, and never looked back for her companion till she stood laughing and out of breath on the tapestry rug.

The first thing he did when he got within the range of the fire, was to seize the poker and stir the glowing mass vigorously; but the wood was too much calcined for a blaze; only myriads of sparks rushed up the wide chimney.

'I must give it up,' he said, 'for I suppose you won't oblige me by leaning to the light?'

Margaret rang the bell, and ordered a fresh log to be brought, which was done accordingly, and being full of turpentine, it blazed to satisfaction.

Margaret, we have said, was not beautiful; but the animation of her fine eyes, the glow of heat and pleasure on her cheek, and the perfectly easy attitude of her tall supple figure, rendered her, at that moment at least, what we are apt to call *striking*. It was, however, a fastidious eye that surveyed her; one which marked every deficiency in critical beauty, at the same time it took in every charm. A brief comprehensive glance was enough for him, but it was not enough for her.

Without helping out our meaning by allusions to antique abstractions, Allan Vaughan was perfect in physical beauty. Every limb of his frame, which was just at the height where strength and grace unite, might have been modelled by some idealist sculptor, without the least strain upon his refining faculty; and every feature of his face, which could have stood the test of geometric measurement, would equally have defied the amendment of art. However, the sublime repose which is the characteristic of such beauty in antique representations, was wanting to him: a sort of sullen impatience obscured the perfection of his countenance; an air of arrogant disdain marred the grace of his movements. As he now stood before the fire, wringing out the wet from his curling locks, and drying the damp garments that steamed in the genial warmth, an acute observer might have perceived that he resented the wrong the weather had done him, as if it had arisen from a personal enmity.

'I am sorry you are so wet, Mr Vaughan,' said Margaret, recovering from her first stupor of admiration: 'it's not a pleasant morning for a ride.'

'Not a pleasant morning! With what provoking moderation you express yourself, Miss Stanhope! My English vocabulary fails in describing what it is: a few Italian expletives would help me better. That's a fine language for abuse.'

'Is it? I don't think so. Its curses fall soft as blessings on the ear; and if I heard aright, as we stumbled along just now, you find our own tongue pretty efficient.'

Allan liked her better for this speech, and sat down to observe her once more, and to smooth his ruffled temper.

'Of course, you know Italian, and I suppose you read poetry, as you use such poetical diction on ordinary occasions? Are you a *very* accomplished young lady?'

'Very! I can neither play a note, nor dance a figure, nor work in embroidery, nor'—— But here her companion interrupted her.

'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'you are a *rara avis*. Nothing remains now for me to hear, but that you read Greek, and study the *Principia*.'

'If you are laughing at me,' cried the indignant girl, 'laugh, and welcome! I can't read Greek, but I wish I could; and I *have* had many a try at the *Principia*.'

'E possibile?' said Allan, leaning forward for a closer inspection; 'and, I'll venture to say, understood a good part of it? I beg your pardon, Miss Stanhope, but you certainly are a most remarkable girl.'

'I should be sorry if I were not, in some sort,' said Margaret bluntly.

'Ay?' asked he, with a mocking smile on his lips—'what do you mean?'

'I am not prepared to tell you, for, from what I see, you would have little enough sympathy with it.'

'Sympathy! For mercy's sake, don't use that word; it smells of my uncle, and makes me sick.'

'You must have a very weakly or diseased organisation, then,' returned Margaret, laughing. 'It's a very good word, and means one of the best things in life.'

'Of course you speak from experience?'

'Yes, in some degree; that is, I have felt a good deal of it, I have never found much. Perhaps,' she added, looking at him earnestly, 'you have found more than you have felt?'

'Oh! I see,' said Allan with a laugh: 'they've been poisoning your mind against me, as the popular phrase goes; but for all that, you gave me your hand to keep me out of the water, and in return'—— He paused, looked at her more scrutinisingly than ever, and then shook his clustering curls with a melancholy expression, that went to the girlish heart of his observer.

'Come!' said Margaret, 'don't check the impulse of gratitude.'

'I won't,' he answered; 'but it is not an impulse of gratitude. I want to grumble, and I seize my opportunity. Supposing I were to tell my story in my turn, and shew you what an ill-used fellow I am, would you listen to me?'

'To be sure. I like a story above everything; and as we may see a good deal of each other hereafter, it is a sensible way of beginning acquaintanceship.'

Allan settled himself as comfortably as he could in his uneasy chair, threw his head back, closed his eyes, and fell for a few seconds into rumination; then rousing, bent forward with his hands on his knees, and his fierce glance intent on the fire.

'I am three-and-twenty years of age,' he began; 'was born of poor parents, who gave up life soon after I started upon it; and I never earned a shilling in my life. Do you catch my inference?'

Margaret thought she did; but from motives of delicacy forbore to state it, and shook her head indefinitely.

'Oh!' laughed Allan bitterly, 'my feelings are not of that milk-and-water tenuity which can't bear the right phrase. I just mean, that since the moment my uncle Foster, cambric handkerchief to eye, led me away from my father's grave—into which I stared down with stupid wonder—up to this same hour, I have been a dastardly dependent. I who have raved by the hour together in the debating-club about freedom, and scribbled on the same topic by the quire, never drew the breath of independence since I was an infant! The sound of the word Liberty sets my imagination on fire; and all the time I am bound hand and foot, and have no claim but that of charity to the bread I eat and the clothes I wear.'

Allan trembled with passion as he spoke, and as a vent for his feelings seemed imperative, he seized the poker, and stirred the fire furiously.

'You wonder at this sudden burst,' he went on, 'and that, like a bad actor, I am able to begin warm; but my sentiment on this matter is like a caged beast, generally raging out of sight, but always raging. Moreover, I have been goaded on my way here as much by my own reflections as my uncle's animadversions; and just now, if I do not speak, I shall burst. Speak!' he added with a vehement expletive, 'if I could speak!'

'Speak!' reiterated Margaret, gazing at him in increasing amazement; 'but why not act? We will say nothing about the right or wrong of such feelings as you describe, but having them, what makes you go on in this way? Why, I would begin and earn my own living to-morrow!'

'There's the tug!' cried Allan. 'What profession can I enter without my uncle's capital and countenance? Besides, I detest them all. To what could I turn to earn my living, without a shilling in my pocket? If I had a spirit to starve, well and good, but I have a mind to live.'

'I can think of many things you could do,' pursued the unpromising Margaret, 'even without a shilling in your pocket. You might get a situation as teacher in a school or family, or you might turn shopman even. If I felt as you do, I would rather serve out butter and cheese behind a counter, than sit at Mr Foster's table.'

Allan coloured. 'You are right,' he said; 'but though the feeling is strong enough to make me hate my humiliation, it is not so strong as to enable me to break from it in that way. I'm a moral coward, and should not be able to respect myself from the moment I tied on an apron.'

'It would be hard,' laughed Margaret, with an arch glance of admiration; 'but is the chandler's counter the only alternative?'

'No; I have sometimes thought of a very different alternative,' he replied gravely; 'but you are so provokingly matter-of-fact, I am afraid you will laugh me to scorn. I may rely upon your forbearance?—Well, then, what say you to earning my bread by my pen—to a sudden plunge into the literary *mêlée*? I am clever.'

Margaret's cheek flushed. 'Clever!' she repeated disdainfully; 'that won't do. I don't know much of the world, but I read a good deal about it, and mere *cleverness* won't stand the wear and tear of such a strife. If you had talent, perhaps—genius'—Her voice softened as she pronounced the sacred word.

'I have,' said Allan, drawing himself up with dilating eye—'I have both. You doubt it? Listen then.'

He pushed back his chair, and began to recite a poem as he paced up and down the room. It was an appeal to the latent patriotism of modern Italy, and undoubtedly it was a very effective appeal. There were the important elements of vigour and individuality in it, and a wealth of imagination that promised well for the future poet when discipline had clipped the redundant plumage. It also gathered a good deal from the energy of the speaker; and Margaret listened with every pulse beating in excited sympathy.

Vaughan looked into her kindling eyes, and smiled consciously. 'A genuine triumph,' he said; 'but you must let me recite something else to you.'

This second poem was lyrical—so he called it: it was, she thought, exquisitely tender and delicate, and proved his possession of distinct powers.

'What think you now of my scheme?' he asked, sitting down and drawing close to her, for there was henceforth a confessed sympathy between them. And then, O reader, followed a discussion between this young man and maiden over which your benevolent experience would have sighed: you would have longed to have burst the bubble they were blowing with the breath of your wisdom, and to have called out to both: 'Life is not what you take it for; in but few cases is such a victory won!'

When young eyes look into the future, they see the shining goal in the distance, but overlook the impediments which lie between it and them—impediments over which they are far less likely to leap exultant than to stumble and fall. It was an easy thing, by that glowing fireside, for Allan Vaughan to sever connection with his uncle, make his way to London, knapsack on

back, and commence at once in some humble garret his literary enterprise. It was easy to talk of difficulties, and of overcoming them; easy to gather the sparkles of fame as they fell thick around him; easy, in imagination, to hear the blast of reputation waxing louder, and to seize, ere middle life, independence of means as well as an honourable name.

And Margaret, in her ignorant enthusiasm, fanned the flame of his purpose. True, it was a risk, but who would gain if they never played till the game was sure? True, it needed strength of mind, and heart, and intellect; but was he not strong? True, success did not always wait on the footsteps of merit; but in *this case*—

III.

It is not necessary to enter into much detail of Allan Vaughan's past life. Mr Foster, without being a much worse man than his neighbours, had imbittered and soured the temper and character of the youth. This gentleman believed, that in adopting the child of his wife's sister—who had married a curate with eighty pounds a year, and died of genteel starvation as much as from any other cause—he performed an act of unexampled liberality; and he exacted from the boy an amount of recognisant gratitude he was very little disposed to pay. As a child, Allan had of course a very imperfect sense of the destitution from which he had been saved; but he had a very active one of the constraints and annoyances of his position. Mr Foster pulled a perpetual check-string over the high animal spirits and saucy independence of his nephew, preached him long and sentimental sermons about the duties he owed his benefactor, and never bestowed the smallest favour without robbing it of everything agreeable by the air with which he conveyed the idea: *I give—you receive.*

Allan grew up to hate his uncle: as Mr Foster himself said, he took the gifts while he spurned the giver. He took what was offered, because it was a personal advantage not to be foregone; and Allan, from boyhood, balanced his personal advantage against his humiliation. More than once, his exasperated pride had hurried him to the point of running out from that humiliating roof into the wide world of adventure; but it was only to the point. 'I might starve,' thought he; and he pressed back the insult on his resisting heart, and bit the quivering lip to keep in the shout of defiance. The older he grew, the more intolerable this thralldom became, and yet the more difficult to throw off, for habit began to make the comforts and luxuries of life indispensable—and, moreover, by nature, Allan was indolent and self-indulgent. It was a hard world to look out upon; his was a soft hand for the fight. So had things gone on till he was three-and-twenty; school and college had equally confirmed his sense of the degradation of his position, and of the trials of self-support. He had not exerted

himself to shine at either; he had brilliant talents, and a slight effort saved him from disgrace; and where was the stimulus to a great? His vanity did not furnish it, for he had a sullen contempt for university honours, and the emoluments seemed to him a worse and less honest slavery than that he should quit; and so wilfully had he set his face against the three professions, that he was indifferent to the learning taught there as a stepping-stone to success in them. Still, all this time his imagination caressed with increasing passion the idea of independence, and, moreover, gradually dawning upon him came the exultant consciousness of intellectual powers that might make independence possible when sought, and in a pleasant road. He discussed the idea often with himself; but cold, poverty, starvation even, held up warning hands, and froze his resolution. His aunt, meanwhile, died—who, although too weak to be his friend, had been as kind as her husband and her own health, which was her first concern, would permit—and Mr Foster returned to England, and brought his perpetual surveillance to bear upon his nephew.

The experience of the next few weeks was almost too much for Allan. He would go and earn his own living, stripping off from him every present and future obligation. So he resolved, but day after day found him considering the resolve. Who knows how long he might have considered it, if that ride through the fog, with his uncle's bitter revilings in his ears, had not wrought up his nerves to tension-point, and if the ardent Margaret had not been at hand to stir his spirit to its depths with the strength of her own enthusiasm? However, it was stirred: no later than the next morning would he break his chain, and start off for London. He would call in upon her on his way, and bid her good-by, and receive her encouragement. 'Why, he looked upon her already as his guardian-angel;' and then they fell to again to their ideal sketching of future chances and beatitudes.

All this time the two old gentlemen talked over their own concerns in Mr Stanhope's cosy study, little wotting what important affairs were being transacted in the next room. They never guessed it throughout the day. How should they? for Allan was less moody than was his wont, and Mr Foster had Margaret's brilliant acquaintance to make, and his own conversational talents to display. Neither he nor his absent friend noticed with what contemptuous significance the flashing eyes of the young people met, when he delivered himself of a sentiment of more than ordinary refinement of feeling.

The next morning, Margaret felt restless and ill at ease; she had a strange sense of responsibility weighing on her mind, for she could not but be conscious that what she had said had gone a good way to confirm young Vaughan in his purpose. As she had said, she did not know the world; but she knew enough to excite a deep solicitude for the issue of such a dangerous experiment as his. The preceding day, her kindled enthusiasm and the novelty of the

idea had blinded what crude judgment she had; but it was awake and in vigorous action now. Granting the necessity and integrity of the course he meant to take, was he strong enough to pursue it? Margaret's mind was of a strong and penetrating nature, and she felt, rather by intuition than deduction, that the one with which she had been brought into contact was not so. Passion, emotion, swelling self-confidence, are sharp but brittle weapons, apt to snap beneath a long-continued pressure. What was wanted was a self-respect which neither negation nor detraction could shake—a self-mastery equal to the conquest of the most clamorous temptations, and a resolution dauntless enough to keep at bay despondency and despair. Margaret shook her head doubtfully as she pondered the matter, and half resolved to try to dissuade him from attempting the enterprise with powers so inadequate. When he came, however, she yielded to a new influence. He came flushed and triumphant from his parting interview with Mr Foster, and as full of exultation as if his object were achieved, instead of in contemplation.

'I have told him my mind, Margaret,' he said, wiping his hot brow, and throwing back his hair with conscious effect, 'and I am a free man now.'

'How did he take it?' she asked.

'He was speechless with rage, and I did not wait till he had recovered his faculties. I emptied my pockets before him. I have not a sou of his dross about me. These clothes that I am in I bought with money earned from an *article* or two. Would that I could wipe out the obligations of the past!' This seemed like thorough-going energy, and Margaret smiled, relieved. Then an anxious inquiry suggested itself: 'Do you mean, you have absolutely no money at all? Nay, that's too chivalrous!'

'I have a little jewellery in my knapsack yonder, that belonged to my father and mother—an old watch, a gold chain, a ring or two; and they will stand awhile between me and starvation—not that I fear starvation!'

'Oh,' cried Margaret eagerly, 'if you would but sell them to me!—I am so fond of old trinkets!' Allan coloured, hesitated, and smiled. 'No, no,' he said at length; 'no new obligations on the very threshold of my undertaking. Ten thousand thanks, *mie cara*, but I am not yet in extremity. Come! I must be going; the days are short, and the journey long.'

'Do you walk?' asked Margaret aghast.

'How else should an adventurer enter the field of his labours?' returned he gaily.

'O Allan!' apostrophised Margaret solemnly, as she gazed into his flushed and beaming face, 'it is not light work you are going to do. You will look graver soon.'

'Would you have me cross the bridge before I come to it? or do you think I am less likely to work well, because I carry a bold heart, light with the heavenly sense of independence. God bless

you, Margaret! You did me good yesterday—I shan't forget my obligation.' He rose up, and held out his hand to her. 'Nay,' he said, 'that's too cold an adieu for such a parting, and the character of our acquaintanceship does not calculate the time it has lasted. Let me kiss you, Margaret, on both cheeks, after the fashion of Italian friendship. I mean no disrespect.' Margaret suffered it with tears in her eyes, and trembling lips. 'You will write, remember!' she said.

'Punctually—I have but one friend. Stop! I must take something with me that belongs to her.' He cut off a lock of her dark hair, kissed it with a sort of mocking sincerity, put it between the leaves of his pocket-book, and departed. Margaret indulged in a passionate fit of crying when he was gone, and then, in order to cheer her spirits and collect her thoughts, took a long ride on horseback.

Before the day was done, Mr Foster came over to pour out his full heart to his friend Stanhope. Allan was most cordially anathematised, his own wrongs and blighted hopes movingly dwelt upon, and then he said 'he never wished to hear his nephew's name again.' However, he soon did hear it, and that from his own lips, for he could not cease from the subject, and from consoling himself with the reflection, that 'one thing was certain—he could never come to any good.' After this first occasion, the subject was dropped, or at least never mentioned before Margaret, who was no favourite with Mr Foster, and whose life went the same dull round as heretofore.

For two months, Allan Vaughan wrote frequently, and then his letters ceased; but they had produced one natural effect: they had bound Margaret's heart as well as interest fast to his fate, and his sudden silence changed the torpor of her life, of which she had complained, into an agonised experience of fear and anxiety. She wrote again and again, until her letters were returned through the post-office, with the hopeless official '*Not to be found*' written across them.

Not to be found! There was something ominous in the phrase to her imagination. He was lost, then, in that weltering sea of human life—he had failed, succumbed. Succumbed? Who was strong enough to stand against the power of stubborn circumstance? What force of manhood can resist starvation? Every terrible story of literary distress and extremity rushed into her memory, and tortured her with self-reproach: why she had urged him to this ruin! Now she saw in its length and breadth the madness of the scheme, the ninety-nine chances against the one for success. Now she saw the unfitness of the elected champion, and shuddered at the possibilities that, after all, she only vaguely apprehended.

She read his letters day by day, in hopes of getting some new lights, extracting some fresh consolation; but she saw them under a different aspect from that they had before presented. The first

were natural and cheerful: he told her of the incidents of his journey, where he had pitched his tent, and for how mean, that is, how small a sum he hired it, and how very humbly he lived—almost testing the possibility of Dr Johnson's well-known financial statement. At this time, he did not deny hardship and difficulties, but he talked manfully about them. He told her the few papers he had brought with him had been accepted by certain periodicals, and how proud he should be when they met her eye; and he was working hard at more. Full of hope, of self-reliance, of a rash but still beautiful trust in the future, these epistles were full of eloquent and poetic feelings and expressions, and no wonder Margaret loved the writer. The subsequent ones were less personal and minute, fuller of generalities and of fine writing, with a taint of bitter misanthropy and a sweeping democracy of principle in them. The last she had received, which at the time she had thought more cheering and animated, seemed to her now forced and reckless.

What should she do? Any human being, she said to herself, in the same strait as Allan, would have a supreme claim on her sympathy; much more one she knew, one so young, beautiful, and gifted. Could she let the matter rest, and make no effort? What signified her deciding negatively when effort was impossible? she did but beat the empty air, and resolve to do when there was no point for action to rest on. Margaret's state of anxiety and restlessness began to affect her health; she grew so pale, and seemed so different from the lively, almost reckless girl of a few months ago, that it even attracted her father's attention.

'I think you want change of scene, Margaret,' he remarked; 'you mope yourself to death here.'

Margaret suddenly caught a new idea. 'Yes,' she said eagerly, 'I am sure a change would do me good. Mrs Liston invited me last winter to visit her; I will ask if I may come now. I should like to see May.'

And so Margaret went to London, buoyed up by as wild a hope as ever a young girl cherished—the hope of finding a clue to one unit out of the mass. Her grandmother considered her very much improved, and was kind and gracious; and May, who had grown as lovely as her childhood promised, was gentle and affectionate. But there was no sympathy between the two sisters: the character of the one was as tame as that of the other was decisive. May was sweet-tempered and unoffending, but she had no individualities of opinion or taste; she always walked in the path that was pointed out to her. Margaret soon discovered that the expression of her own bold and often extravagant views of things shocked her sister's sense of propriety, and so she ceased to talk confidentially to her. Besides, her own state of mind was not one that disposed her to sociability: more and more was the canker of disappointment eating out the vivacity of her youth.

IV.

We now return to Allan Vaughan. Long before his journey to London was accomplished, his light heart sank like lead at the prospect he was facing. Cold, hunger, and weariness were things of the prostrating power of which he had had before no experience, and he felt them keenly. When he entered London at the close of the following day, it seemed to him a strange city. He had known it formerly, but it was under a totally different aspect; then he had trod its pavements a *gentleman*, if a dependent. Did he, wet, travel-stained, and penniless, feel himself one now? did he walk with as firm a step, as erect a gait, as then? He did not; he walked with downcast eyes, and gave his right of way to any one who seemed to exact it; he felt poor, he felt humbled. He seemed not the same man to others; he was not the same man to himself. Is the reader ready to cry out upon his craven spirit? Let him examine himself well, and see if his own self-respect be not derived rather from extrinsic circumstances; and the estimate in which others hold him, than from the impregnable fortress of his own searched-through and approving consciousness.

Far enough was Allan Vaughan from the heroic man, but heroism is rare, and human nature wide; and, moreover, the ready sneer for the moral weakness of our brethren is never seen on the lips of the hero himself. Allan, with some difficulty, for he brought no references, and his worldly goods were small, found a humble or rather miserable lodging, for which, however, he was to pay five shillings a week. He paid this sum in advance, for he had turned his trinkets into money at the first jeweller's shop on his road, and this small store was all he had to live on till he had turned his writings into gold.

He was so benumbed with cold, that he ordered the woman of the house to light a fire in the wretched little grate, and when lighted, he cowered over it, vainly endeavouring to warm his frozen limbs by its feeble mockery of heat. His landlady, however, touched by his condition, and penetrated by his handsome face and good manners, brought him up, in the fulness of her heart, a jug of heated ale, and never in his life before had Allan felt such a gush of gratitude or drunk so delicious a draught. He went to bed after it, and slept till morning.

Morning, except in the lowest stages of misery and degradation, dawns with the freshness of a new existence on the young, and even Allan felt its renovating power. Bread is cheap, and water cheaper, and he satisfied a healthy appetite at a very small outlay. Then he looked over his papers, and went out to leave them at the offices of the respective journals for which he had destined them. Then, under the influence of the bright frosty morning, he walked some time in the parks, and planned his future course.

The distinctness of his hopes and aspirations gave a delusive reality to his day-dream—he wondered he could have felt so crushed last night. He thought over a poem he had half resolved to write, and his step grew more elastic, his eye brighter, as ideas and images seemed to grow in his mind, and words sprang richly up in all the melody of rhythm.

It was before this mood had died away that he wrote to Margaret, but it did soon die away. Evening came on, and threw a sympathetic gloom on Allan's spirits. Fire he could not afford, and he sat with paper before him and pen in hand, with no better light than the traditional lamp of the student afforded. He sat with his head on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the unwritten sheet—unwritten, for he felt as if the very faculty of composition had forsaken him. Other minds might find biting cold and a craving appetite a stimulus—they seemed to paralyse him; and then he felt a longing for unmanly indulgences his mode of life had made almost inevitable: a longing to give up effort, and sink into a luxurious indolence of body and of mind—a longing to put from him the cares of life, by turning to some frivolous but absorbing amusement. Allan gave up his task, and paced his room in an agony of mind, not produced so much by present circumstances as future foreboding, by a miserable latent consciousness: 'I am not equal to my undertaking.' He cut all short by going to bed, and resolutely shutting out thought and courting sleep.

Every day cannot be detailed; but a little immediate comfort was at hand. Several of his papers were accepted, and brought him in a little money; others were declined: 'The editor meant no disparagement to the literary merit of the production, but it was scarcely suitable for his magazine.' With success, Allan's hopes rose; and for a few weeks, in this small way, he was successful, and Margaret heard frequently from him. He believed himself courageous when he was sustained only by his good-fortune, and now he set to work upon the poem he had in contemplation. His work—he wrote it by the fireside, for he had persuaded himself this indulgence was lawful and necessary—interested him, and he bestowed great pains upon it. It was an irregular production, pretending to no particular distinctive appellation, and set forth a story of female heroism as shewn during the war for Greek independence, when such virtue was in repeated exercise. The talent displayed therein was of an order that if not genius, touched near the boundary-line; but it also abounded with those faults that help a critic to a brilliantly witty condemnatory estimate, which goes near to crush or madden its victim.

Allan read it aloud to himself with conscious and noble triumph. 'It is in me,' he said; 'they cannot deny it; but why should they attempt to deny it?' His plan was to publish this and some minor poems in one self-contained volume—that is, if he could

find a publisher. He entertained no very extravagant hopes on this subject—he knew it might be difficult, but he believed it would be possible. It was on a morning in March that he prepared to go out on this exciting adventure. He was in an anxious, though not hopeless mood; his scanty finances were very nearly exhausted, and so much of the genuine poet's enthusiasm he possessed, that he had laboured to perfect his poem without any intermission of the labour for magazine writing. He had no money coming in; he had even nothing on hand that could be turned into money.

It was a bleak morning, with a searching wind; those well fed and clothed, coming from and going to a warm fireside, might possibly have called it a bracing morning. Not so thought our poor Allan as he walked slowly on, glancing with increasing bitterness at the luxurious equipages which impeded his progress where he wished to cross, and at the sight of boundless wealth which seemed to mock his hunger, for very scantily that morning had he breakfasted. Now and then, a sudden glow warmed his heart and flushed his face as he grasped more firmly the manuscript he held—a consciousness of power and dignity beyond sight, indeed, but also beyond price.

We are not about to give in detail what has been so often given before, under all aspects from the tragic to the grotesque, and with all degrees of skill—a poor author's search for a publisher. Allan was neither more fortunate nor more unfortunate than others; but he failed signally. Some would scarcely vouchsafe a look or word when they understood the nature of his work; others exasperated his irritable and excited nerves by telling him that poetry was not a marketable article, except under rare and arbitrary circumstances. Another, a benevolent, but thick-sighted man, advised him in prolix strains to abandon the most beggarly of all professions, and waste his youth no longer. Allan took up his poem, and left the shop. Every feeling of his heart was gall and wormwood; the sense of injustice, the prospect of absolute want, seemed to strike out all the generous instincts of his nature. Could he but revenge himself—could he but defy misfortune! Hate, spleen, despair raged at will, and he attempted no self-control. Could Margaret have seen him that night as he sat over his poem with glaring eyes and clenched teeth, or stamped the floor in his impotent frenzy, would she have worshipped her hero any longer?

'Live?' asked Allan desperately, 'how am I to live, now that this means of support has failed me? for I never mean to expose myself a second time to the humiliation of this day.' And then, to soften despair, came anguish, as the thought of his confident hopes and golden castle-building fell upon his mind, and, crossing his arms over his rejected poem, he bowed his head and sobbed like a child. His tears refreshed him; he wept away a great portion of his concentrated bitterness, and raised his head with comparative calmness. Allan had had no careful moral training;

of the divine principle which at once includes and transcends morality, he knew nothing. His creed of right and wrong, of virtue and dignity, was at best no more accurate than human reason, or higher than human pride. It was the latter he called to his aid now; he felt the unmanliness of such complete abandonment, and roused himself to get the mastery of it. No, he would not despair yet; he would renew the effort; he would not so soon give in. Besides, how had he vaunted of his spirit! was he so soon to give himself the lie? And the recollection of the energetic and earnest Margaret lent a quota of strength to his renewed purpose.

Renewed, however, it appeared in vain. He did so far succeed as to get his poem read and even commended, but no more; and, moreover, the periodical market was glutted, and either his articles were returned for want of space, or their insertion, and consequent payment, was so long delayed, that he might have starved meanwhile. Allan Vaughan, however, clung to life with all the tenacity of youth; dearer it seemed to grow to him as it became more wretched and precarious. He, forced to give it up, endowed by nature so richly! What intense self-pity he felt for his wasting beauty, his decaying vigour! what mingled rage and agony at every new defeat, at every nearer approach of abject want!

One night, as he came out of some office where he had been constrained to go to fetch a rejected manuscript too valuable to lose, for it had a chance of bread in it, a man, who had been watching his reckless manner and the whole aspect of his person, stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder. Allan was in a mood to resent the indignity, and turned round savagely.

'No offence, sir, I hope,' said the other, nodding significantly; 'I think I know my man. Perhaps you could find time to take another journal on your list? Ay, just possible?' The manner was familiar and offensive in the extreme, and Allan felt it so to the quick; however, his case was desperate, and he schooled himself to ask what he meant.

'The *Rallying-point of Freemen*, sir; a hundred thousand copies sold weekly—first-class paper—known wherever the light of civilisation shines—the poor man's best, incorruptible friend—the scourge of the rich; the beacon of men in power—one of the main props of the empire. Take me, sir?' Allan did not, for he thought the man was intoxicated, and tried to move on. Hereupon, his companion incontinently seized his arm.

'I've had my eye upon you,' he said, 'and know my man. I'll take you on my squad, if you like, and you shall try your hand on a leader to-night. Every man can't write for the *Rallying-point*, but you can. My best hand lies dead, and you shall take up his pen. Come with me where we can comfortably talk the matter over. I must have it within the hour; and you shall see the colour of my gold before the ink's dry.' Allan, bewildered as he was, followed his strange conductor. A few minutes after,

they were both seated in the comfortable parlour of a neighbouring public-house; a hot fire blazed, a smoking dish of steaks and oysters was set between them, and the instinct of hunger made Allan eat what was offered him almost without a pause of astonishment.

'Now, sir,' said his host, when the cloth was cleared, and Allan had turned round to the cheering fire—'a little trouble on your part will wipe out mine host's score, and make me your debtor for so many sovereigns;' and he counted out five on the table; 'but, first, we will have a glass of wine. I know'—with a sly wink—'where the divine essence dwells.'

Allan had never been intemperate; but the little he drank that night excited his weakened and overstrained nerves; and while he drank he listened to his new benefactor's statements of the grievances and wrongs of the poor, the oppression and injustice of the rich, and how the *Rallying-point* was the bold champion of the one, the relentless castigator of the other. Allan's brain was hot, and he was predisposed to the subject, which was, moreover, treated with a kind of coarse, boisterous eloquence. When pen and paper were placed before him, and he had received the necessary instructions concerning the subject he was to treat, he fell without difficulty into the required strain. His own experience during the last few months gave a zest and cordiality to his invective—a feverish sympathy with his fellow-sufferers. He did not stay to discriminate where lay the wrong, but threw it wholly, and with all his strength of hand, where he deemed the balance of happiness and fortune was to be found. He threw it towards Bingley—for such had the editor of the *Rallying-point* given as his name—and leaned back flushed and excited in his chair.

'Hum!' said he, 'it must do; but if the sentences were broken, they would sparkle more. There's the fee, sir; and I may as well have your address, lest we want further dealings together. Good-night.' And thus had the young idealist fallen! When, a few hours later, he held the sheets of the *Rallying-point* in his hands, he felt he had never known degradation till that moment. Side by side he found himself with all that was gross in libel and scurrilous in abuse; for this journal was one of the many which attains the worst ends by the foulest means, which throws poison into the wounds it affects to heal, and stabs the welfare of the working-classes while feigning to promote it. Allan loathed his work so much as scarcely to be able to read it; he loathed it more when he had read it. Under any excitement, could he have written thus? He took it up from the ground where he had flung it, and read it through once more. He had not written thus; here were not the shafts of his polished satire, but the knotted bludgeon of abuse; here was Bingley's editorial amendment. Oh, could Margaret see that sheet!

He sat down and covered his face with his hands; a momentary impulse had seized him to rush to Bingley's office and give

vent to his indignation, but a consideration that crimsoned his cheek with shame, and yet was suffered to conquer him, held him back.

'When next,' said Allan, 'the point of starvation comes—can I fall lower? Shame! shame!'

Under his burning sense of dishonour, Allan made new and strenuous efforts; but a vain hope it proved to be, that of supporting life on the fluctuating proceeds of periodical articles. In two days, he turned his fine poem into a melodrama, and offered it to a second-rate theatre; an answer was promised as speedily as the press of business would allow—which meant some months hence. He began to write a novel, but left it incomplete; he had not the heart to go on; he knew it was inferior in merit to his poem, could he expect a happier fate for it? At last, in desperation, he changed his course; he wrote for inferior magazines, which were well pleased to secure the services of one who used his pen so well in their particular cause, for Allan gave up conscience and principle, and wrote for hire; advocating what he despised, teaching what he did not believe, abusing that which at heart he honoured. 'I must live,' he said, 'even at any cost;' and it was no uncommon thing now for the fulminating leader of the *Rallying-point* to be penned by his hand, while, perhaps, in some daily newspaper of a higher stamp, he had taken up, in indignant rhetoric, the other side of the question, and that within the same hour.

Worse things followed—if anything can be worse than such prostitution of conviction and talent: he became mixed up with society that excites while it debases, and drawn into partnership with the vices and gross pleasures of the men, half-brutish, half-intellectual, who serve to fill the lowest, but, alas! not least efficient place in the ranks of literature. At their brilliant riotous orgies, none was a greater favourite than Allan. Who sang a song with such effect? who struck so hard and true in repartee, or declaimed with the same power when his spirit was up? And who so miserable as Allan, when the hour of clear reflection came, and he considered his own dishonour, and how the heroic dream of his youth was passing away, grown dim and almost unrecognisable amidst the phantom forms of the *once possible*?

V.

Margaret still lingered month after month in London: there was a faint chance, so long as the same city held them, of meeting Allan Vaughan; there would be none in the desolate home of her father. Mrs Liston was quite willing she should stay as long as she liked; she was really becoming attached to Margaret: the strong deep current which flowed beneath her repressed manner and constrained taciturnity she did not suspect; but taking her for

what, to her spectacled glance, she seemed to be, found her growing almost to her mind.

By one of these coincidences which in books we call romantic, but which it is becoming a truism to say, are to be met as often in everyday life, she went to the very house where Allan had his lodging. Margaret had observed that an under-servant of Mrs Liston's, who was a favourite with herself, looked, as she went about her work, as if in great distress of mind, and had inquired into the cause. The poor girl told her that her mother was very ill—dying, she believed; and added with sobs, that she was the only relation and friend she had in the world. Margaret interested herself in the matter deeply, partly from natural kindness, partly from her craving for some secondary interest that might overleap the one at present uppermost in her weary mind. With her grandmother's permission, which she had the wisdom to solicit dutifully, she went with the girl to visit her mother, and see how the case really stood. It was not the woman who had given Allan the hospitable draught of ale, for he had often changed his abode, constrained by the fluctuations of his fortunes, but it was Allan himself that Margaret met on the threshold of the door, just as she was about to leave the house after her visit of charity.

'Margaret!' 'Allan!' The cry of recognition was instantaneous, but where was the imagined blessedness of this discovery? Not on his side; for he shrank with undisguised repugnance from the clear glance of her steadfast eyes: not on hers; for in that very movement, in the first impression of his countenance and figure, as shewn by the light of the candle which the astonished servant-girl raised, she saw her ideal was dishonoured. As she cast down her eyes, the glow that rose to her cheek brought the same to the worn face of Allan.

'Let me pass,' he said, for the two blocked up the narrow passage: 'I am fathoms below word or second look from you.' Margaret prevented him by a burst of tears; it might seem a childish and ill-timed weakness, but she could not help it. Was this the end of that noble day-dream, of all her sweet, romantic, extravagant hopes and fancies? And more—the sound of Allan's voice had the old vibration, the gesture with which he tried to pass her, the old grace, though both tone and grace were impaired; and these subtleties, miscalled trifles, it is which touch the heart. Allan paused: to leave her in tears seemed impossible, and yet to appropriate those tears to himself by any attempt at consolation, seemed a mockery of his position. He looked stricken, humbled, irresolute. Margaret recovered herself at once.

'Allan,' she said, 'I must talk to you, I must hear what you have to say. Don't be afraid of any severity; I know how hard it must have been!' This touched Allan to the quick.

'Hard!' he repeated—'my God, it has been hard! Margaret' — He could get no further without betraying the choking emotion which he wished to conceal, not so much out of shame, as

from fear lest she might think it an unworthy appeal to her sympathy; but the sentence left unfinished said much, and he stretched out his hand towards her with a gesture that essayed to express an instinct of his nature. Her presence vividly recalled the remembrance of what he had been—full doubtless of the froward faults of youth, but clear of the multifarious sins which stained his conscience now; it seemed also to rouse a dim consciousness, that if there was yet a hope of salvation for him it was in her. Margaret sent back the girl to her mother, who happily was not so ill as to be unable to lend a sympathetic ear to her strange story, and opening the door of an empty room at hand, went in, and Allan followed.

She was too much excited to sit down, but stood restlessly by the table, against which he had taken a chair, and, as if to avoid her gaze, had bowed down his head upon his crossed arms. There was something in the attitude more than Margaret could bear.

‘Allan,’ she entreated, ‘look up! So long as we are alive, we must not despair. Tell me what you can about yourself; it will do you good!’ And, in short, Allan did tell her; at least he told her of his struggles and defeats before his fall, and without exaggerating by one declamatory word the disappointments and extremities of his experience. Her presence evoked all that there was of goodness and manhood left. Still, even from its very simplicity, the story was calculated to work powerfully on the susceptible mind of his hearer. A benignant pity, a passionate sympathy, by turns expressed itself in the beautiful eyes intent on the face which gave a mournful emphasis to his recital. When he paused and ventured to look into her face, it gave him a new strength.

‘I have not done,’ he said, ‘but I will hide nothing. Whether you will cease to pity me, I cannot tell; at least you shall not pity me blindly: I should be worse than I am to dupe your goodness.’ He did not dupe it; he told her the truth so far as the truth was fit for her ears, concealing no fraction of his literary and moral degradation.

‘Now,’ he said in conclusion, ‘you have heard my story, and, Margaret, to the end of life, I shall remember you listened without shewing repugnance or contempt. God knows you must feel both; He knows I deserve it; He knows, too, how sorely I was tried.’ Allan rose up as if to cut short the interview.

‘Farewell,’ he said; ‘we can have nothing more to say: you forbear condemnation, but there is no more fellow-feeling or kindness possible.’ There was a settled hopelessness in his manner that startled Margaret to action.

‘Allan,’ she asked in reply, ‘what do you mean to do to-morrow? Not as you have done to-day?’

‘Oh!’ cried Allan with sudden passion, ‘I am past that! In vain, Margaret, in vain! I have tried with all the strength I have, but it was too weak. You know not how I have fallen, how degraded I have become, how bound to my degradation!’ Don’t

torture me with lost possibilities.' A look as of old—one of utter amaze—dilated Margaret's eyes.

'You give up life, Allan—deliberately choose the evil, and let the good go! Why, to what depths will you sink?' Then recovering a gentler tone, and approaching him tenderly: 'Allan, I wish I had the tongue of an angel to-night, to speak out what I am sure are truths. Hope never dies on this side life, and effort never should. You have no right to give up trying; you are bound, bound by God and man, to rise up and strive onwards, as if you had never fallen. What will your shame and condemnation be, if you do not? What language can convey the cowardice, the wickedness of this consentment to evil?' Her face lighted up, and her voice trembled with the intensity of her conviction. Allan flinched under her words.

'If you pity me, Margaret, have done! I could sit down and write about the beauty of penitence, the possibility of reformation, the responsibilities of life, in a manner that would make your cheek burn and heart beat. You can tell me nothing but what I know, urge nothing I do not grant; but I have lost the power of action and effort. I see—dimmer than it was once, but still I see—a golden paradise, but I have not strength to take one step towards it. I am fast losing the desire; who but a child cries for the unattainable?' He covered his face with his hands as he spoke, and struggled with his tears; Margaret smiled between her own.

'The lost never weep,' she said. 'Come, Allan, what is it that binds you to this life?'

'The impossibility of living any other: what can I do?' Margaret felt this to be a problem; felt it the more painfully at every fresh glance at his faded and reckless countenance: there was no divinity traceable in the wreck of that beauty.

'I am not prepared to answer that,' she said gravely, 'though I don't doubt, if you had the will, you would soon find the power of doing something. Do, Allan, search yourself through, and see if there be no manliness left; do think of what you are pledging yourself to, and ask whether life can be borne long amidst such shame! If anything is in my power, I will help you.'

'Help me!' Allan poured forth a torrent of passionate gratitude and incoherent admiration; for if Margaret did not succeed in stimulating him to the point she wished, she at least excited his imagination and heart. These expressions, however, Margaret gently interrupted: it was growing late, and she had the fear of Mrs Liston's displeasure before her eyes; moreover, it appeared to her that at present no more was in her power. Could she come to Allan with some practical scheme in her hand, as well as her power of ardent speech, some good might be done; but she feared the one was vain without the other. He did seem as if incapable of a decisive personal effort. She took leave of him with the promise of writing on the morrow.

Margaret went home with the full determination of wasting no time in vain regret, but to bend all her energies upon the discovery of some way of extrication and assistance for Allan. But her feelings were not so perfectly under her own control; when alone in her room, she went over in detail all he had told her, considered and reconsidered every extenuating circumstance, until she pitied him with such intensity that it became necessary for her own peace of mind to stimulate her sense of his wrong-doing. What power of resistance greater than high animal spirits and self-confidence had he brought with him for the strife? That he had fallen, was not to be wondered at; who would have been strong enough to conquer but one who brought with him the impregnable weapons of the divine armory?

'Ah!' thought Margaret, 'this is a lesson I need to learn. I have been too apt to think we are enough for ourselves, and to try to stimulate myself and others by an appeal to nothing higher than our human dignity. Very far in some natures this may go, but still the limit is sure; and with such as Allan, what would become of them if there was not a power beyond themselves? God grant he may make his appeal to it!'

VI.

When Allan was left alone, despair and passive humiliation yielded to a frenzy of complex passions. When *last* he had parted from her! was the uppermost thought, and it wrought powerfully on all the good and evil within him. To remember how he had stood before her—the conscious hero, the prospective conqueror of the difficulties and temptations under which he had sunk so signally—was enough to make him burn with shame and tremble with self-contempt. Then he had been her equal, or even, as he had thought in the conceit of his manhood, her superior; then had they stood side by side, joining hands in building their heaven-aspiring castles, and voices in narrating their heroic dreams: now, what a chasm of separation lay between them! Allan rose up and paced the floor of his narrow room. Out of place, and almost despicable as it may seem in his situation, a paroxysm of passionate tenderness straitened his heart. The words spoken then, the one kiss exchanged, the dark curl cut off from above the glowing cheek—all the details of that almost childish scene came back vividly upon his mind, both gathering something from, and lending something to, the more momentous effect of that which had just transpired. If the deep interest the enthusiastic girl had taken in his fate had captivated Allan's heart, the magnanimous pity of the almost woman touched and stirred his soul. It was not that she had suppressed her contempt; no such feeling had existed. Sympathy instead of disdain she had offered, and words of stimulating expostulation instead of

reproaches. She did not, earnest and pure-hearted as she was, throw him off, nor stand aloof from his sorrow and ruin. She still talked to him of a future: how much of it, after all, might it be in his power to realise?

Allan paused by his window, and looked down on the still crowded thoroughfare below—a great impulse was struggling into life. She had talked of writing to him on the morrow. Write she might; and deeply would he value the consolation and aid of a letter from her hand; but whether she wrote or not, whether she marked or failed to mark the working of her appeal, a last effort should on that day be made. With all the strength that remained would he strive to burst the disgraceful bonds that held him to his present life, and laying his false pride in the dust, seek to support life by any means however humble, so long as they were but honourable.

‘And should I fail,’ said he—‘to live longer thus under my own contempt and her reprobation, is impossible; I have at least the option left me to cease to struggle against death.’ The last word excited more solemn and juster thoughts than those which had hitherto occupied him; a consciousness arose that he had transgressed against something higher than his own outraged ideal, and stood bound to redeem the past by far more rigorous and imperative obligations than those which Margaret’s generosity or his own gasping sense of self-respect laid upon him.

Allan looked up to the clear starry slip of sky which overhung the narrow street—small fraction of the one mighty firmament which was at that same moment spread over the plain of the vast Pacific and the breezy tops of the everlasting hills! Some such reflection passed for a moment through his poet-mind, but it scarcely amounted to a regret. There, as in regions freer and more eloquent of His presence, God was to be found, lending an ear, ever graciously attent to the cry of his erring and struggling creatures; and Allan’s prayer and confession were none the less audible because breathed from the centre of a tumultuous city, and from a heart too full of shame, remorse, and sorrow, to find distinctive words for the one paramount necessity—pardon for the past, and help for the time to come.

When, after a sleepless night, spent in considering and maturing plans for the future, Margaret’s promised letter of expostulation and earnest entreaty reached him, it only served to deepen a resolution formed independently of its aid. Allan went out that morning, and manfully sought for honourable work. He had given up all dependence on his pen; for not only had he proved its inefficiency, but he felt unworthy to use it. He failed that day, and he tried again the next, lowering his before low requirements, but still in vain. Every employer looked askance upon one with such evident marks of the poor and desperate adventurer in his person and air. A hard fight it was with Allan at the close of this miserable day to hold aloof

from the scenes where he had been accustomed to bury his sense of wretchedness ; to sit down, cold, hungry, exhausted, in the terrible silence of his little chamber, instead of rushing out into the genial warmth of the appointed tavern, where, amidst the delirium of intoxication, and the rattle of the dice-box, the past and future were forgotten. And when the second day became a third, and so on till a week had elapsed, it was only with strong crying and tears, with passionate appeals to God, with efforts hard and cruel as a death-struggle, that he still kept his ground. It was an heroic strife, but he brought to it weakened powers, and perhaps could scarcely have sustained it long. Beyond his strength he was not tried, though to its very limit, for Margaret herself came to the rescue. She had succeeded in obtaining for him a very humble and laborious situation in the official suite of a relative, who was on the point of sailing for India to take possession of the rich government appointment which a series of lucky deaths had most unexpectedly brought him. He was only a distant relative, and a worldly, matter-of-fact man, and Margaret had had immense difficulty in obtaining this small favour : had she been asking half his province, one would have supposed she could scarcely have had more.

She urged Allan to accept it : there was some hope of advancement in it ; and, moreover, a separation from his native country seemed to her even desirable under the circumstances. His duties would be both tedious and difficult ; but would it not be well to suffer himself to be forced to exertion ? It was unnecessary to have pleaded so earnestly : had the sacrifice and hardships been double what they were, Allan would have accepted it ; and he wrote the rejoicing Margaret to that effect. The hardest thing was the prospect of the entire separation from her ; but he felt as if there was presumption in the very sorrow. It was fit he should labour at a distance. If ever his labour were crowned, if ever the second dream of his youth were fulfilled, then perhaps he might return, and seek to renew, at a becoming distance, that strange brief friendship which had had such a power over him.

There was no parting interview between them ; Allan felt he had no right to ask it, and Margaret shrunk from proposing it. She learned when the vessel sailed, and poured out on her knees passionate prayers for Allan's safety and success : it was the one deep interest, it would be the one great joy of her life. It seemed now, as if for the first time for some months, she could draw a deep breath of repose, and look round once more upon the world, to which her own sorrow had made her indifferent. True, there was no security as regarded Allan, but there was hope ; and it was her happy tendency to look to the bright side of things.

This strange episode in Margaret Stanhope's life had an abiding influence over her. Hitherto, she had been a girl of generous impulses, and had attained to many right and noble views of

things, but she had lived selfishly. Her own intellectual culture and delight, the gratification of refined tastes, had been her chief business; and in those instances where she had striven to redress the cause of the wronged, to help the poor, and comfort the unhappy, it was less the result of any steadfast, deep-rooted principle, than the strong emotions of a mind endowed with a natural magnanimity. Now, for the first time, she realised that he who lives wholly for himself, lives in vain; that life is neither college nor cloister, but a field of labour where each man should help his fellow. It may be gravely questioned, whether, in the sight of the Supreme Judge, Allan Vaughan, in the midst of his miserable career, was more guilty than are the hundreds of men of ease and pleasure who live a life of conventional prosperity, but of absolute selfishness.

To Margaret, all human temptation, conflict, and suffering, became of intense interest: the divine principle of benevolence sprang and was developed in her soul; and rising above the crude narrow theories which had before contented her, she set to work upon whatever duty she found it in her power to perform, not as a task of obligation, but as a divine privilege—sustained by the conviction, that the mercy of God was boundless as His power, that no necessity, no extremity of guilt or error, transcends its limit. It was well for Margaret that she had such a heart to work, and such sources of consolation; for her own life did not promise to be a very happy one.

For more than a year she heard nothing of Allan Vaughan, and when she did hear his name incidentally mentioned, and mentioned in honourable connection with his conduct, her deep delight was impaired by the regret that he had not himself informed her of his welfare. She comforted herself at the time by thinking that perhaps he delayed such information until he had reached a higher point; but as the lapse of time went on, and still he did not write, and still she heard of his advancement, her heart sank. Could he have forgotten her? Would it still be impossible for her to respect him as she fain would do? She felt very solitary at home, and not so happy as she was wont to be; for her father grew more irritable and exacting as age increased. Margaret might have left him, for in spite of the comparative seclusion of her life, she had had more than one offer of marriage. She felt grateful for the affection which the mingled dignity and sweetness of her character attracted; but though she loved all men as brothers, she loved none well enough to divide life with. A romantic shadowy passion might her love of Allan Vaughan be considered, but it was strong enough to exclude the entrance of any other.

The protective and stimulating relation in which at one time she had stood to him, had given perhaps a new element to, but taken nothing from her love. He might not be worthy; but love is primary, not a corollary, and from the first moment of

their meeting he had captivated her heart; the feeling had strengthened on anxiety, fear, disappointment, and renewed hope, until its strength was invincible, not to be shaken even by his present silence—even by his apparent ingratitude.

So honourably had Allan distinguished himself in India, that Mr Foster came to the point of forgiveness: 'he had always said that Vaughan, with all his faults, had his good points;' and having no nearer kith or kin, he made his will in favour of the former reprobate, communicating the same to Mr Stanhope, who communicated it to Margaret.

A tender thought did occur to the mind of the latter, that it was a pity Allan should spend his prime of youth in exile and exertion, when he had wealth secured; but it was only the feeling of the moment; the next, she acknowledged it was better as it was. Besides, better was it for him to remain at a distance, since he seemed to have forgotten her, than that her endurance should be taxed and tested by his proximity.

Three years after Allan Vaughan's departure, he returned home to England, not with any intention of remaining there, but to fulfil a responsible commission, which his efficient and honourable conduct had succeeded in obtaining for him. It is not possible, in a narrative of this length, nor is it necessary, to detail the events of that time—events which were rather those of the inner life than the outer world. Indolent and self-indulgent by nature, it was no feeble will or light conviction that sustained him in the performance of a laborious and uncongenial duty: no mere sense of self-respect, no force of ideal passion, no memory of past shame, would have been strong enough, without the addition of a higher principle, to have enabled him to resist the manifold temptations of his new position and surrounding influences, until they lost their power to tempt.

VII.

Three years was the term he had marked out for his probation, and as one form of it, he had denied himself all kind of communication with Margaret. He had come to the conclusion, that no other power of resistance was of worth than that which was self-derived, and that unless he could keep his ground without the aid of her support, or the consolations of her generous friendship, he would be unworthy of both. If, at the end of that time—but then Allan paused and denied vehemently, although in vain, to his accusing conscience, that he cherished a single hope more ambitious than that of claiming her approval and regaining her respect.

Strongly must such hopes have clung, however, if we may judge from the excitement of feeling which the prospect of seeing her on his arrival in England produced. Questions which he had

succeeded in putting from him on the other side of the ocean, gathered a painful force of importunity now. Did he expect to find Margaret, beautiful, accomplished, and gifted as she was—reader, he thought she was this, and more—and after a three years' interval, unmarried? If she were married, it was vain longer to conceal from himself what had been the golden though veiled hope, the potent though disguised stimulus of the last few years of his life, or what would be the extent of the anguish and disappointment with which he should surrender it. If she were not—presumptuous it might be, and was; but happiness was at stake, and his youth not past the flush of daring, and he would at least draw near and see how much of hope was left him. But when he had it in his power, his heart failed, and he did not draw near. His connection with the family relative procured him an entrance into Mrs Liston's house, and here he spent most of his spare time. He had learned that Margaret was not married, nor about to be so; but there was something in the idea of that dreary solitude which awed him. He might have ventured to approach her in a crowd; but not there, where the associations of his past self-confidence and fall were so rife. Besides, would he have self-control enough to hide from those clear eyes, when she held out the cold hand of decent friendship, that his fingers tingled with a lover's ardour? And how could he expect more? Had he left so rich an aroma behind him, as to overpower the silence and growing indifference of three years? Allan was something of a coward still; but shame will have its rightful dues; so, day after day, he went to Mrs Liston's, hovering vaguely round the lovely May, asking her indefinite questions about her sister, and listening patiently to her mild talk by the hour together, in hopes it might take—which it never did—a Buckinghamshire direction. Most people thought he was courting Mrs Liston's grand-daughter, and May herself had her fears. 'For I should be sorry to disappoint him,' she said, 'for I don't like him much, although he is so handsome—he fidgets me so!' She even, in one of her periodical letters to her sister, mentioned Allan—said how often he was there—how handsome he was—what constant attention he paid her—and how she did not nor should ever like him. She said nothing about his inquiries after herself, for really the circumstance had never struck May.

And now Margaret, bowing her noble head over that silly letter, owned she was miserable. She saw now how far that vague hope had gone to illuminate the dark experiences of her present and future life, what it would become, what it had become, to her. And then so much of complex bitterness was in this draught! May, the abductor of her blessedness—the careless winner of what was beyond price to her! And more than that, throwing away what she had won—wounding to the death, with the same gentle hand, the hearts of both—oh, it was hard to bear!

Margaret rose up and paced the old dining-room; there was

something of fierceness in the glow on her cheek and the glitter of her dark eyes. She had hoped so long—had such a wealth of affection, such a faculty of happiness in her throbbing bosom. The room had exactly the same aspect as on the morning she first saw Allan. The fire cast the same glow, the picture caught the same effects; beyond were lying the inundated meadows; and yonder, through a lighter mist, rose the same melancholy, ghostly trees.

She was different, though; yes, better and wiser, more womanly, more gentle; but that was not her reflection. She thought only of the elasticity of youthful spirits crushed, the hilarity and hopefulness of girlhood daunted. Softer emotions supervened; the hardness of disappointment yielded to a softer anguish. 'I suffer,' said Margaret, the tears rushing to her eyes, 'and will not he?' She sat down and covered her face with her hands; the thought of his sorrow was uppermost now—a magnanimous sympathy strongest. 'He was not bound to love me; he has done me no wrong; and he has played his part in life like a brave man since we parted. Who knows but the fallen how hard it is to rise? Surely, when the sharp battle is won, they might venture to hope to be happy. Allan, would that you were! would, ten thousand times more, that I could make you happy!'

She raised her head with a start of surprise, to listen to the unusual sound of a horse's hoofs upon the reeking gravel. Allan's leave of absence was running short, and desperation gave him courage. He had awaked early that damp misty morning of December, and by suffering his imagination to rest upon the idea that Margaret's home must just then be looking as he had first seen it, and perhaps she there alone, his heart caught heroic fire. Yes, he would go; he would read in the first glance, hear in the first tone, what fate awaited him. If disappointment—well, he was a man; he must brace up his strength once more for a harder conflict with himself. Allan knew the stable, heard that Margaret was at home; he knew the old dining-room too; and with all the old impetuosity of his nature, not yet quieted, heightened by the excitement of a rapid two hours' gallop, he made his way unannounced into her presence.

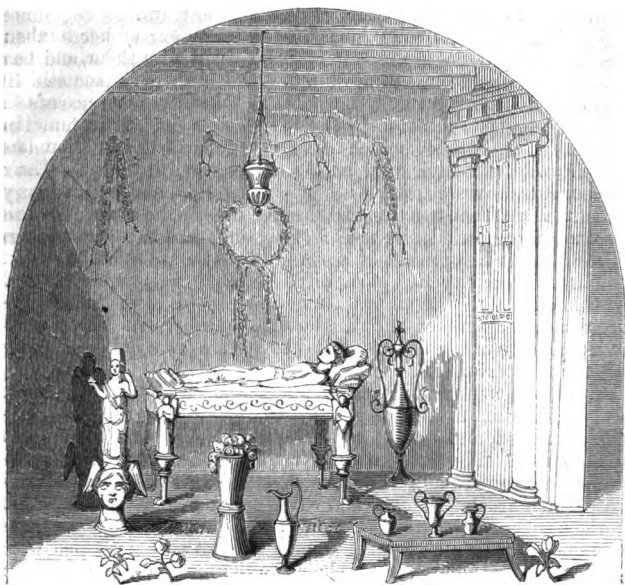
Had Margaret been prepared for his coming, she would have gathered up pride, dignity, and I know not what of womanly reserve; but she was entirely off her guard. Her strong impulsive nature had its triumph, vindicating her constant heart in the sudden exclamation with which she pronounced his name, and the instinctive movement with which she sprang to meet him. There was no time for doubt or misconception: what was May's trivial letter to balance against the voiceless arguments of his kindled glance, and the tremulous passion with which he clasped her in his arms?

That was a day of golden sands, and the winged hours left traces of their flight in the welling gladness of the heart of each.

ALLAN VAUGHAN.

By the light of the same fireside, as they discussed their earlier dreams, did they now, hand clasped in hand, discuss the united future which stretched its serene, certain shores before them. Some, perhaps, could they have overheard their talk, would have said they dreamed still; but the facts of their subsequent life vindicated the wisdom of that hour. Allan's and Margaret's life was a practical 'Excelsior'—not like that of the poet, whose hero attains his goal without a single fall over the manifold besetments of life, but that of the sons and daughters of humanity—that is, they sometimes lost their footing, but not their dauntless energy; and, even if worsted in some sharp encounter, picked up their scattered weapons and renewed the fight, sure of a stronger arm to aid their weakness, and of a final victory.





CURIOSITIES OF BURIAL.

THE rites of sepulture engaged the most serious attention of almost all ancient nations. Their noblest edifices were most frequently their tombs; and the chief pride of the living was the magnificence with which they interred the bodies of their dead. This anxious concern for the pomp of burial may easily be accounted for, when we reflect that to a people whose religion revealed not the immortality of the soul, the earthly remains of their friends and relatives would be doubly sacred. It has been argued that a future existence was anticipated by even the remotest nations of antiquity, and this assertion is founded upon the sublime doctrines of the Platonic philosophy; but it must be remembered that the belief was entertained only by the highest intellects—by the philosophers and the poets. Not in *their* pages must we seek the vestiges of old religions, for the priest

and the poet were ever at variance. Idolatry trembled before the day-star of wisdom : Socrates died for the truth.

Egypt excelled all other lands in the splendour of her tombs : the Libyan and Arabian mountains are strewn with them, and the Pyramids are the monuments of kings. There is something touching in the yearning towards immortality that prompted this race to perpetuate their bodies in spices, and their fame in hieroglyphics, both of which have endured till their nation has passed away, and their very language become a mystery. Their monuments, however, speak with silent tongues, and tell us many things. Paintings, temples, and the treasures of the tomb, afford us an unerring knowledge of the life, religion, and funeral ceremonies of the ancient Egyptian. It is of these last we are about to speak.

When a wealthy Egyptian died, his body was removed, and embalmed by the physicians, who appear to have united the profession of a surgeon with the business of a barber. The process of embalming was both tedious and expensive ; occupying seventy days in the performance.

The brains were first extracted, being scooped out at the nostrils, and the cranium filled with spices. The stomach and entrails were next removed, and their places supplied with myrrh, cassia, and other spices. The body was then laid soaking in nitre for the period just named ; and at the expiration of the seventy days it was withdrawn from the nitre, and wrapt in bandages, which were of various colours—generally brown, buff, or maroon, but sometimes salmon-colour, and even blue. These bandages were covered with pitch and gums, and adhered closely to the figure of the deceased : the face was frequently gilded, and the hair cut off and wrapt in a cloth-roll at the head of the coffin. The mummy was then returned to its kindred, and was by them adorned with rich jewels, and placed in a superb case, ready for the ceremony of conveying it to the ancestral sepulchres. A diadem was placed upon the head ; the arms were covered with bracelets, and the fingers with rings of gold, and ivory, and engraved carnelian ; a fillet of beads was suspended round the neck, and a pectoral plate representing the gods was laid upon the breast. Corn, papyrus, wooden combs, and sepulchral images, were laid in the coffin beside him ; and these latter generally represented the deceased in an Osirian dress ; one hand holding an axe, the other a hoe, and the cord of a small flat basket which was hanging at the back. Thus attired, he was supposed to enter the Hapi-moon, or Elysian fields, where he would be engaged in agricultural pursuits. The rolls of papyrus were inscribed with prayers to Osiris and Charon, for the safe-conduct of the body over the lake, at the opposite shore of which lay the City of the Dead—that is, the Necropolis, or burial-ground.

But before the ceremony of interment could take place, a solemn judgment had to be pronounced upon the dead by more than forty judges, who assembled on the opposite shores of the lake to pass sentence, and hear any accusations that might be produced against

him. If it were shewn that he had led an evil life, the honour of burial was refused him ; but if otherwise, all present joined in his praises and in the performance of the ceremony. The corpse was then deposited in the sepulchral boat or canoe, and laid upon a bier, under a rich canopy supported by four columns, with capitals carved in the form of a lotus ; the female mourners sat at the head and feet, and at the left side stood the priest, clothed in a leopard-skin—a garment to which some idea of peculiar sanctity was attached—and reading from a roll of papyrus. Before him was placed a large vase, and a similar one at the prow of the vessel, with an altar and a burning sacrifice. The rower sat in the stern, and plied two oars or paddles. Thus the body was conveyed across and deposited in the sepulchre.

Of the tombs of the Egyptians, an old historian—Diodorus Siculus—says as follows :—‘ The Egyptians consider this life as of very small consequence, and value therefore a quiet repose after death. This leads them to consider the dwelling-places of the living as mere lodgings, in which, as travellers, they reside for a short time ; while they call the sepulchres of the dead, everlasting habitations, because the dead continue in the grave for an immeasurable length of time.’ This view of life is highly characteristic of the grave and melancholy nature of the ancient Egyptians. A sombre sadness pervaded all their works, and broods even now above the remnants of their former glory. The ruined palaces of ancient Thebes—the city of a hundred gates—the solemn colonnades ; the lofty obelisks ; the long lines of sphinxes, with their mild human beauty and dumb significance ; the crumbling porticoes and painted columns—all possess, apart from the desolation of death, that national spirit of sublime grief which dictated to them the architecture of their temples ; which prompted them to hew their mountains into vast ranges of tombs ; which taught them to construct the gloomy and gigantic Pyramids, and which looks forth upon the eternity of Time from the sorrowful features of the Great Sphinx.

In ancient Greece, the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire. The Athenians occasionally interred their bodies in the earth, but it appears that by law the practice of burning was enjoined.

The origin of this ceremony is ascribed by the historian Andron—preserved by the scholiast, or commentator on the first *Iliad*—to Hercules. This hero having induced King Lycimnius to allow his son Argæus to accompany his forces against Laomedon, king of Troy, took a solemn vow to bring the youth back again to his father. Argæus, however, being slain in action, Hercules resorted to the expedient of burning his remains, and restoring them to the father in compliance with his oath. Such is the Greek tradition, which is by no means an improbable solution of the question. When a noble Greek expired, the corpse was carefully washed with water and fragrant essences, the limbs anointed with precious oils, and the body laid upon a couch of

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ceremony, where it remained for three days, that all friends and relations might pay their last respects to it.

When Achilles stands lamenting beside the slaughtered Patroclus, the following are the cares bestowed by the attendants upon the lifeless warrior:—

‘The sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honoured wound.
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and placed it o’er the rising flame:
Then heaped the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent covered with a linen shade;
Last o’er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.’

A piece of money was then placed in the mouth of the deceased, which was designed for Charon’s fare when he wafted the departed soul across the Stygian Lake: the coin was laid under the tongue of the dead. This fable was derived from the practice of the ancient Egyptian people lately mentioned, whose bodies were conveyed across a lake to the place of sepulture, and was by the Greeks received for truth. This custom, however, was disused in those parts which were supposed to be in the immediate vicinity of the infernal regions, and possessing a direct and easy road. A cake composed of flour and honey was also deposited with the corpse, which was designed to appease the fury of the dog Cerberus, which guarded the gates of hell, and thus to insure for the ghost an undisturbed and safe entrance. Hence Virgil, when he sends his hero into the lower regions, provides him with ‘a sop in honey steeped,’ which occupies the ravenous hound till he has passed by. Dante, less obliging to Cerberus, whom he styles *il gran vermo*—that is, ‘that great worm’—causes his guide to hurl a great lump of clay into his extended jaws.

While the body of a Greek remained in the house, a large vessel of water stood before the door for the use of those employed about the corpse; for, like the Jews, they held that pollution was contracted by touching the dead, and that frequent ablutions were necessary for purification. The manner in which they evinced their grief was extravagant. The friends and relatives of the deceased not only absented themselves from banquets and entertainments, but they divested themselves of their ornaments, lay upon the ground, strewed their heads with ashes, beat their breasts, and even rent their flesh with their nails. When persons of rank died, the whole city mourned; schools, senate, temples, and all places of public concourse were shut up. At the end of the third day, the funeral pyre was prepared: this was large in proportion to the wealth and station of the deceased, and consisted of the trunks of trees laid crosswise in the form of a bier. The body was

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then laid on the top; spices, frankincense, myrrh, and perfumed oil were heaped over it; and the friends of the departed cut long locks off their hair, and cast them upon it. The eyes of the dead were opened, that they might look towards heaven; and his garments were laid upon the pyre. The last valediction was then pronounced three times by the attendants, and the nearest relative kindled the pile with his face turned away from it, invoking the assistance of the gods that the winds might fan the flames and speedily reduce the body to ashes. While it was burning, those around poured libations of wine upon the fire, and called loudly upon the name of the dead.

The old Greek poets made considerable use of these funeral ceremonies in their dramas. Their three greatest writers—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote a tragedy on the subject of *Electra*—have made the offering of hair to the manes of the departed a principal incident in their plots. In all three, the arrival of Orestes from a foreign country is discovered to his sister by the lock of hair which he had consecrated to the memory of his murdered father, and which he had deposited upon his tomb. There is a very splendid description of the burning of Patroclus in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*, which we transcribe from Pope:

‘The people to their ships return:
While those deputed to inter the slain
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on every side;
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay:
Achilles covered with their fat the dead,
And the piled victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspend around, low-bending o’er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then, last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On these the rage of fire destructive preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.’

After the bodies were thus destroyed, the ashes were collected into urns by the survivors, and interred in costly sepulchres. Rings, pieces of money, cups of precious metals, lamps, and vessels containing aromatic liquids, have been discovered in these cinerary urns; and at the time of consigning them to the tomb, we are told by the poets, that they were wreathed with amaranth and myrtle, and clothed in silk and linen. When the ashes of Hector were buried, Homer says—

‘The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they rolled,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.’

CURIOSITIES OF BURIAL.

A high degree of romance was attached to this mode of burial among the Hellenic heroes. Even in death, and in the last resting-place, friendship subsisted in the urn^{as} it had subsisted in life. The dust of Achilles was mingled, at his death, with that of Patroclus; and Artemisia, queen of Caria, loved her husband Mausolus with such infinite tenderness, that she caused his ashes to be fused in a liquid, which she drank. It was a consolation to such affectionate natures to know that they should be neighbours in the sepulchre, and even to have their urns placed side by side, with the names and inscriptions touching each other.

The practice of burning the dead among the ancient Romans was attended with numerous and pompous ceremonies, and existed from a remote period. The deceased remained for seven days unburied, and on each day was washed with hot water and fragrant oils, that in case he only slumbered he might thus be awakened. In pursuance of this last chance, his friends, when they met around the corpse, uttered a loud shout (*conclamatio*) of lamentation—somewhat as the Irish keeners of the present day—hoping thus to break his slumbers. The third and last conclamation was on the seventh day; when, if he still remained silent and motionless, his body was embalmed, richly clothed, and placed on a couch near the door, with his feet towards the street—to signify that he had no more to do with life or with his home, but now only looked forth upon the road to his grave. The business of the funeral was intrusted to the *libitinarii*, or undertakers, whose profession it was to execute these last offices of the dead. They became wealthy in their sombre employment, and kept many servants, such as the *pollinctores*, *vespillones*, &c., to execute the working department. These functionaries erected a funeral-altar beside the body of the deceased, on which his friends offered incense daily; they also garnished the gates of his mansion with boughs of cypress; but this latter was only done in the case of a man of birth or fortune. On the seventh day, the people were assembled together by a crier, who went through the streets proclaiming the ceremony of interment. When all were met together, friends and strangers, the last conclamation was given; the bed was then adorned with a purple covering, and a trumpeter led the way, followed by a body of old women, called *præficae*, singing praises of the departed. If he had held any office in the state during life, waxen images of all his predecessors were borne before him in the procession. The body then came, lying upon a couch, which was carried by his nearest relatives, and was followed by his children, kindred, friends, and attendants, clothed in deep mourning. The corpse was then deposited in the Forum before the *rostra*, and the next of kin pronounced a funeral oration, which chiefly consisted of commendations on the life and virtues of the departed, and which also alluded to the services of his predecessors. If none of his kinsmen would venture on this

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public display of eloquence, some learned orator in the city was engaged to fulfil the office. The highest attainment of happiness, in the opinion of Pliny the Younger, was for a distinguished Roman to receive the last commendatory honours from the lips of the eloquent Tacitus. The oration concluded, the corpse was then conveyed to the *pyra*, or funeral pile, and there consumed. His friends first cut off one of the fingers, to be interred with a separate solemnity. When all was burned, and the flames quenched with libations of wine, the ashes were gathered together and placed in an urn; the priests sprinkled the assembled company with clean water; the oldest of the *præfices* crying aloud '*ilicet*,' dismissed all present, and the people retired, with a formal farewell to the ashes of the dead.

The urn was then deposited in a sepulchre, and surmounted by a monument: one of these, in the Campagna of Rome, which is yet standing, has been celebrated by Lord Byron, in *Childe Harold*, in the verses beginning,

'There is a stern round tower of other days;'

it was erected by a Roman knight to the memory of his wife. Another is the tomb of Caius Cestius, an old majestic pyramid which stands in a quiet spot, now the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, where so many of our countrymen have found their last home, and where Keats and Shelley sleep beneath the violets which bloom there in unexampled luxuriance. But to return to our ancient Roman funerals. The bodies of the emperors were burned with great solemnities; and, in addition to other ceremonies, were accompanied to the pyre by satyric choruses dancing and singing before the body. This ludicrous and inappropriate custom was carried to so great an extent at the funeral of Vespasian, that the Roman mime or jester, Favo, acted the character of the deceased monarch in the funeral procession, mimicking his speech and gestures. The urns of illustrious characters were of copper, silver, gold, and porphyry. Severus and Trajanus were interred in golden ones, and the latter had for his monument the superb column which bears his name. The coffin of Alexander was of solid gold; but in the earlier days of the nation, Numa Pompilius, contrary to the custom of that age, died commanding that his body should be buried in a stone-coffin, without undergoing the rites of cremation; and that his books of ceremonies, which consisted of twelve in Latin and twelve in Greek, should be buried beside him in another. The funeral of Cornelius Sylla, the celebrated dictator, was very splendid: the body was attended by the whole of the Senate and the Vestal Virgins, and hymns were chanted in celebration of his great achievements. When the Emperor Tiberius died, his corpse was burned in Rome with much pomp, and his successor, Caligula, pronounced his funeral oration. Funeral games were also established by the Romans to perpetuate the memory of their friends.

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These games consisted generally of processions, and combats of gladiators around the funeral pile. In very remote times, they sacrificed their captives to the manes of the deceased. These games were abolished by the Emperor Claudius, and the practice of burning was disused, according to Gibbon, during the reign of the younger Theodosius, in the beginning of the fifth century.

Many Roman urns have been discovered in Britain, beneath tumuli, and in fields. These have generally contained not only ashes, but silver and copper coins of Vespasian, Trajan, Adrian, Commodus, Severus, and others; but more frequently of the reigns of Dioclesian, Constantine, Victorinus Posthumus, and some even as late as Adrian. Besides coins, incense-pots, ustrinal vessels, lamps, bottles containing oils and wines, cups and lachrymatories are repeatedly found in them. The lachrymatories were small glass or earthen bottles in the form of phials, which were filled, at the Roman funerals, with the tears of the præfices and friends of the deceased, and interred carefully with the ashes, as an evidence of their grief. This offering was supposed to be very satisfactory to the soul of the departed. There was a Roman urn discovered by Cardinal Farnese containing very superb relics; amongst which were gems engraven with the heads of the gods, an elephant carved in amber, an ape of agate, a grasshopper, a ball of crystal, three glasses, two spoons, and six nuts of crystal.—(*Vigeneri Annot.* in 4 Liv.) It was contrary to the Roman laws to bury gold with the dead; a law transgressed by those emperors who were interred in urns of the precious metal. There was one exception, however, to this rule, which appears odd enough to readers of the nineteenth century—namely, *a clause which permitted the burial of such gold as fastened false teeth in the mouth of the deceased*; thus sparing the children and friends of the dead the painful task of pulling from their heads the artificial teeth which they had been accustomed to wear. It seems strange to find that these expedients of vanity or convenience were practised in Rome nearly 2000 years ago.

The usual custom of the Romans was to bury their dead without the city-walls, along the roadside; but the exceptions to this rule were numerous. Some were interred in the temples, but the most part in the open country, as the traveller who crosses the Campagna of Rome, and explores the ruins of Pompeii, may discover for himself.

The principal approach to this latter city was by a road lined with monuments, and terminated by a handsome gateway. This road was called the Street of Tombs. The grave of the priestess Mammea is the most remarkable of these, and the inscription on the base tells us that it was erected to her memory by decree of the decemvirs. It is a handsome erection of stone, with frightful and dilapidated masks affixed on the outside; within, were large piles of stone, in the midst of which stood the urns of the family,

on a small altar, surrounded by others in the niches of the wall, probably containing the ashes of slaves and dependents. An elegant stone-seat forms a semicircle in front of this grave, by the roadside, and is capable of accommodating thirty persons. Here, in the old times, green trees made a summer shade, and the women of Pompeii assembled in the quiet evenings, to visit the tombs of their departed friends, and to watch the busy throng passing through the city-gates.

The three nations to which our observations have hitherto been confined—the three greatest of antiquity—with rare exceptions, burned the bodies of their dead; but to many an ancient people this practice was abhorrent, especially to such as worshipped fire or the sun. These deemed it a pollution of that deity to offer in his element the last relics of mortality.

The Chaldeans—otherwise known as the Babylonians—were worshippers of the igneous principle. In the remotest periods, they limited their adoration to the sun and moon; but soon multiplied their divinities, by deifying Bel or Belus, one of their kings, and by worshipping Venus under the name of Mylitta. This people deemed it a sacrilege to the sun to consume the dead by fire; they accordingly embalmed the bodies in honey, and so preserved them. Their funeral ceremonies and lamentations greatly resembled those of the Egyptians.

From the same superstition, the gentle and persecuted sect of the Parsees—known likewise by the opprobrious name of Guebres in India—object to cremation as a burial rite. They practise the singular custom of exposing their dead to be devoured by birds of prey, rather than burn or bury them. M. Niebuhr, in his narrative of Eastern travels, says of this proceeding: ‘I saw on a hill at Bombay a round tower, covered with planks of wood, on which the Parsees lay out their dead bodies. When the flesh is devoured, they remove the bones into two chambers at the bottom of the tower.’ This tribe, though followers of Zoroaster, and believing in Ormuz (the god of light) and Ahrimanes (the god of darkness), pay a certain tribute of worship to the sun, the moon, the stars, and to fire, as visible images of the unseen Deity. Their veneration for this element induces them to keep a sacred fire perpetually burning, which is supplied with fragrant wood, both in their temples and in the dwelling-houses of wealthy individuals. In a temple at Bombay, there is a fire which has not expired for three centuries. The Parsees have a great dread of polluting the fire; their Mobed, or high-priest, and their Destours, or curates, wear a veil over the mouth for fear of injuring the purity of the flame with their breath.

The Magians, an ancient religious sect of Persia, whence the Parsees likewise dated their origin, were worshippers of God, whom they adored in fire, which was esteemed by them as the brightest and noblest symbol of his divinity. Their religion bore much affinity to that of the Parsees, inasmuch as they professed

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dualism, or the belief in two principles—one, the beneficent deity, Oromasdes; and the other, the evil deity, Arimanius; represented by the Hindoo exile under the previously mentioned titles of Ormuz and Ahrimanes. These people, equally scrupulous, discountenanced the burning of their dead, and, being desirous of preserving only the bones of their relatives, gave over the rest of the body for the prey of vultures and dogs.

The Bactrians, who were the inhabitants of an ancient kingdom of Asia, now called Khorassan—the same in which Thomas Moore laid the scene of one of his Eastern legends in *Lalla Rookh*—followed the same practices as the Magi, though in a more barbarous manner. Of this country, we have but little information; it is supposed to have been conquered successively by the Assyrians, Romans, Scythians, Huns, and Tatars. The original race of Bactrians were, however, a warlike and savage tribe of nomadic habits, and were considered the best soldiers in the world. Their appearance was very terrible, being of enormous stature, and wearing rough beards, and long hair streaming down upon their shoulders. These barbarians not only suffered the corpses of their friends and relatives to be eaten by dogs, but, it is said, kept large and savage ones to devour such as lived to an extreme age, or who were enfeebled and useless through long sickness. On this subject, Camden relates, that ‘never any neglected burial but some savage nations, as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas, who were wont to say—

Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.

I'm careless of a grave; Nature her dead will save.’

Diogenes, however, was not alone in his wish to afford a meal to the finny tribe. The Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters—a people mentioned by Ptolemy, and inhabiting the region which lay between Carmania and Gedrosia, bordering on the Persian Gulf—must share with the Cynic the fame of this peculiar taste. Their bodies were invariably committed to the sea; and by this means they repaid in the completest manner the obligations which they had incurred to its inhabitants; for, surely, it was but just that a nation who had, during life, subsisted entirely upon fish, should, in death, return the compliment by affording a dinner to the race they had persecuted. The Ichthyophagi constructed their huts of large fishbones, of which the ribs of the whale served them for beams and rafters, and the jaws for doors. The mortars in which they pounded their fish—the vessels wherein they set it to bake in the sun—and the bowls which formed their dishes at table, were nothing else than the joints of the vertebræ of the same sea-monster. From the accounts given by Herodotus, Strabo, Plutarch, and others, it appears that this people indeed kept cattle; not for eating, not for the purposes of barter, not for the value of their skins, but—to feed their fish withal.

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The Scythians, to whom we just now alluded as the conquerors of the Bactrian tribes, had a mode of burial, or rather non-burial, peculiarly their own. This nation was of warlike propensities, and spread in vast hordes throughout Persia, Germany, Italy, Gaul, Britain, and Ireland. Their origin was unquestionably Asiatic; but all history regarding them is enveloped in too great obscurity to be in any way depended upon. They objected to burial in the earth, drowning in the sea, and destruction by fire; and having thus rejected three of the elements, made choice of the fourth—and suspended the bodies in the air. *Ælian* records that the dead were sewn up first in skins, for fear that birds of prey should devour them; they were then suspended on the branches of trees, and so gradually decayed, the sport of every breath and every storm. Not all the Scythian tribes, however, followed one course in the disposal of their dead; it was the Colchians who hung up this strange fruit among the foliage of their native forests. We will now relate how others of the tribes performed their funeral rites. One general custom among the Heruli, another tribe, was for the women to hang themselves on the death of their husbands—not from an impulse of any great affection, but because it was fashionable to do so, and their neighbours, by avoiding their society, would have punished the breach of propriety they committed in venturing to live. In another district of Scythia, the lamenting friends and weeping relatives of the departed testified the depth of their grief and the height of their affection, by eating him—the extent of their love being gauged by the extent of their appetite. When a king of the Scythian tribes expired, horses and slaves were sacrificed in honour of his memory.

The Balearians, who inhabited the two Balearic Islands, now known by the names of Majorca and Minorca, had a still more revolting custom of inhumation, described by *Diodorus Siculus*. They used a great quantity of wood and urns of a large size to contain their dead, but dispensed with the agency of fire. They bruised the flesh and broke the bones of the corpse, crammed them into the urns, and laid heaps of wood upon them.

The ancient Germans, who believed that none would be admitted to the paradise of *Odin* but such as died sword in hand, or, at all events, who had signalised themselves by martial exploits, used to bewail the fate of such of their countrymen as lived to an old age, considering it dishonourable in this life and hopeless in the next. In pursuance of this belief, they had a custom of affectionately hastening them on their road to heaven, to preserve them from lingering ignominiously on earth. Servants, sick persons, parents, wives and children, were treated all alike; and sometimes they even extended the practice to themselves. This barbarous system prevailed in Germany till the commencement of the fourteenth century. If the intended victims desired their fate, or were prepared cheerfully to submit to what they knew was inevitable, their judicial

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murder was preceded by a fast, and their funeral was celebrated with a feast, in which a profuse hospitality was the principal feature: mead and beer were placed in abundance before the guests; and the exit of the father, mother, or brother, as the case might be, was the signal for their lamenting survivors to indulge in an excess of drunkenness. If, on the contrary, the victim was averse to his departure, and endeavoured to shun it, the ceremonies took place in silence and the deepest mourning, as a signal of their shame and grief at his cowardly terrors. Their funerals were performed with the utmost plainness, the only pomp in which they indulged on the occasion being to burn the bodies of their great warriors on a funeral pyre of some peculiar kinds of wood. This bier was not adorned, like the Grecian piles, with spices, and gums, and fragrant herbs; neither was it fed with the garments of the deceased; but his military accoutrements, his armour, sword, shield, and spear, were cast into the flames, and sometimes his riding-horse. The ashes were then gathered into an urn, after the fashion of the Romans and others, and buried in the earth. Vast numbers of these have been dug up all over the country. When an ancient German died, his wife was expected to resort to some violent death as a means of following him, otherwise she was excluded from the Paradise or *Walhalla* of Odin.

The customs of the Prussians and Venidi were in most respects identical with the above.

The funerals of the antique Danes were conducted with a much greater display of wealth and profusion. When a prince or king received the rites of cremation, the corpse was laid on a high pile of wood, and burned with great solemnity. Gold, silver, coins, and jewels, were flung into the fire, and the chief-mourners paced gloomily around the burning pyre till all was consumed, exhorting the bystanders to cast in liberal offerings in honour of the deceased. It appears that in Denmark the ceremony of burning was conferred as a mark of distinction only upon kings, princes, and military chiefs. The lower orders of the people were buried in common graves, dug in the earth. Cinerary urns have been discovered in Norway as well as in Denmark, which gives us every reason for believing that burning was a national ceremony among the ancient Normanni, in common with most northern people. These urns have been found to contain, not bones only, but other substances likewise, such as knives, pieces of iron, and fragments of brass and wood; and in one instance of a Norwegian urn, a brass-gilded Jew's-harp was discovered. Large stones were frequently found arranged so as to encircle the urns—in this respect resembling the Rollrich stones in Oxfordshire.

The mode of sepulture employed by the ancient Britons is involved in much obscurity. The descent of the nation, however, from the northern tribes, would lead us to believe that the practice of burning had been instituted among them from the earliest period. It has been supposed by some antiquaries that cremation

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was not introduced till the time of the Roman invasion; but this is expressly confuted by a remarkable passage in Pomponius Mela, wherein he states that the Druids and high-priests of Britain taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul to the youths, their disciples; and that they exhorted them to courage and fearlessness in war, that they might enjoy happiness in a future state. Therefore they burned and interred with the bodies of the dead such things as they had most needed during life. Roman coins have been found in these urns of ancient Britons, after the money of the conquerors came into use in this country; but the usual Roman adjuncts, such as lachrymatories, incense-vessels, &c., were never interred with them. Bones, skulls, ribs, and other remains, yet bearing traces of the action of combustion, are the general contents; and such things as combs, boxes, handles of small instruments, nippers of brass, crystal globes, and coloured glass-beads, have frequently been found in barrows and urns of the native Britons. Coal and incinerated wood have likewise been turned up to the extent of several yards around these sepulchral vases, which define the very spot on which the *ustrina*, or place where the pyre was erected, had stood. Funeral urns have been found chiefly in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain, Southcreek, Buxton, Thetford, Yarmouth, Norwich, Burghcastle, Thorpe, Walsingham, Brancaster, &c., beneath tumuli—or *barrows*, as they are styled in ancient topography, and *cairns*, as they are commonly called by the peasantry—or artificial hillocks. There is a difference, however, between barrows and cairns; the former being constructed of earth—generally such as is not found in the spot, but which has been transported from some distance—and the latter being composed of stones of all sizes heaped together in a conical form, with a flat stone crowning the apex. In this, again, we may trace such resemblances to the Pyramids of Egypt as might furnish speculative matter to the philosophical antiquary—as regards shape, at least, without reference to magnitude.

When the grave of King Arthur, in the Abbey of Glastonbury, was opened by command of King Henry II., Giraldus Cambriensis, who was present, beheld the bones of that monarch lying in the trunk of a tree, with his sword on one side of him, and his beautiful queen Genevra on the other. The hair of the latter was long and flowing, and as bright as gold, but which, however, sunk into dust when it was touched. The king's bones were of an unusually large size, and in his skull there appeared ten or more wounds. A large flat stone was laid a few feet nearer the surface, with a leaden cross let into it, along which was the following inscription, cut in rude Roman characters:—

HIC JACET SEPULTVS INCLITVS REX ARTVRIVS IN INSULA AVALONIA.*

The tomb was then closed, and the tablet with the leaden cross

* Here lies buried the illustrious King Arthur in the island of Avalon.

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set up in the monastery of Glastonbury, where Leland examined it; but what became of it on the dissolution of the institution is not known. The above was copied by Camden from an attested copy by Leland. This statement, the truth of which we have no reason to doubt, throws some light on the mode of interment practised in Great Britain after the discontinuance of cremation and urn-burial.

Barrows and cairns are also very frequent in Scotland and Wales. Pennant describes one in the Isle of Arran of a vast height, and measuring 114 feet in circumference. These barrows, when opened, have been found to contain urns made of calcined earth, and containing burned bones and ashes; others have held stone-chests containing bones entire; and in some were bones only, without either urns or chests. From this we may conclude that the early Gaels did not invariably consume their dead by fire, but interred some, urnless and coffinless, in a grave dug a few feet beneath the surface of their native heather. Their chieftains and heroes were perhaps those honoured with a funeral pyre. The Scotch tumuli are round, not very high, and are generally surrounded by a narrow fosse. They vary in size, and it is conjectured that they were large in proportion to the rank and power of the deceased. The sands of Skail, in Sandwich, one of the Orkneys, abound in these round barrows. Some of them are mounds of earth, and others are of stone covered with turf. In one of the former cairns a coffin was found, made of six flat stones, but too short to contain a body at full length; the skeleton was therefore found with the knees pressed to the breast, and the legs doubled along the thighs. In others, where the bones were laid at length, small bags made of rushes have been found at the feet of the skeletons, containing ashes, probably those of their children, or of some near members of their family. In one barrow, a similar bag was found to contain multitudes of small beetles; and as these insects have been discovered by Eastern travellers enclosed with mummies of the sacred ibis, it leads us to a singular inquiry whether these two people, so far removed and unknown to each other, these ancient Scotch and ancient Egyptians, could have entertained the same superstition about them, or have derived that superstition from one common source?

The skeletons found thus entire shewed no traces of burning, but others, again, whose bones were in a calcined state, retained evident marks of cremation. Many of these barrows and cairns have the appearance of raised family-vaults. Two ranges or tiers of stone-coffins have been found in many of them, which makes it probable that they belonged to one particular family; and that, on the demise of any of its members, the tumulus was opened, and the remains of the departed laid to rest with his fathers.

The ancient history of the Gauls is enveloped in so much obscurity, as to afford us scarcely any certain information of their religious rites or domestic habits. We know, however, that they

burned the bodies of their dead with much pomp and solemnity.* Whatever had been necessary or dear to the deceased while living, they burnt with him at his death; conceiving that such gifts or sacrifices would be as acceptable to his spirit as they were to his earthly nature. Slaves, mistresses, wives, horses, and treasures shared his fate on the funeral pyre. This fearful expenditure of life was but one feature among the thousand ferocities that made up the sum of the national character of the ancient Gauls. They were perhaps the most barbarous people of antiquity. Bloodshed was their employment, plunder and liberty their glory. They indulged greatly in feasting, yet their feasts seldom terminated without quarrels and murders. They were more feared by their neighbours than any other nation, and, at last, the very name of Gaul carried terror along with it. When they were not engaged in a war with some other country, they were at variance among themselves. Cæsar tells us, that not only all their cities, cantons, and districts, but even almost all families, were divided and torn by factions. Such was their passion for freedom, that on the least danger of servitude, or incapacity through sickness, wounds, or age, they put an end to their own lives, or entreated their friends to kill them; herein presenting a counterpart of the false heroism of the ancient Germans: and sooner than capitulate with an enemy, they would put their wives, children, and slaves to death, and then kill one another. The Druids of Britain were an offshoot of the Druids of Gaul, whose practices and precepts enjoined the burning of the dead.

We find by internal evidences in the Old Testament, that the ancient tribes of Judea practised both inhumation and cremation in their rites of burial. Their general and most extensive custom was to bury the bodies of their dead in caves and sepulchres, one of which belonged to one family, and served as the place of interment for many generations. So much importance did they attach to the disposal of their remains after death, that, like the ancient Egyptians, we find the purchase and preparation of their tomb was one of their chief concerns while living, if a family-vault was not in the possession of their race. When a Jew had this place of sepulture already in his family, his most earnest desire, on the prospect of death, was that his bones might be laid with his ancestors. Thus Barzillai, at the age of fourscore, petitions David the king to suffer him to return to his native city, in those pathetic and beautiful words, lamenting the deprivations of extreme age, that can scarcely be repeated too often:—‘I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? *can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?* wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king? Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again,

that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.' When the man of God, who was sent from Judah to Bethel to rebuke Jeroboam, transgressed the divine command by partaking of bread and water in the dwelling of the old prophet, the heaviest clause in his punishment was not so much the being killed by the lion that met him by the way, as that his carcass should not come to the sepulchre of his fathers. Regarding the preparation of the sepulchre during life, there is abundant testimony both in the Old and New Testament, one of the most remarkable of which is in the last chapter but one of *The Gospel according to St Matthew*, where Joseph of Arimathæa begs the body of Jesus: '*And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.*' That certain tribes of Judea burned their dead after the fashion of other nations of antiquity, is also to be demonstrated from texts of the Old Testament. For instance, nothing can be plainer than the following:—'*And it shall come to pass, if there remain ten men in one house, that they shall die. And a man's uncle shall take him up, and he that burneth him, to bring out the bones out of the house, and shall say unto him that is by the sides of the house, Is there yet any with thee? and he shall say, No.*' And again, when the Philistines found the body of Saul, and fastened it to the wall of Beth-shan, and the people of Jabesh-gilead heard of that indignity, we are told that '*all the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there. And they took their bones, and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days.*' And again, if more were needed, we have the record of the pyre of Asa: '*And Asa slept with his fathers, and died in the one and fortieth year of his reign. And they buried him in his own sepulchres, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art: and they made a very great burning for him.*'

Their funeral rites were very solemn and magnificent. When any Hebrew died, his friends and relatives rent their clothes—a custom still imitated by the modern Jews, who cut away a small piece of their garment as a token of affliction. They used then to bend the thumb of the deceased into the palm of the hand, and fasten it by a thong in that position; because the thumb then having the figure of the name of God, they supposed that the devil would not dare to approach him. When the procession arrived at the place of cremation or sepulture, they addressed the dead in somewhat the following manner:—'*Blessed be God, who has formed thee, fed thee, maintained thee, and taken away thy life. O dead! he knows your numbers, and shall one day restore your life!*' Then followed a funeral oration or eulogium in honour of

the deceased; a practice borrowed probably from the Romans. A prayer was then offered up, called the Righteousness of Judgment—the face of the deceased was turned towards heaven—the priests bade him ‘Go in peace,’ and no more remained to be done save the inhumation in the bosom of the kindly earth, or the more spiritualised and cleanly burning with fire. Like the Greeks, the Hebrews believed that pollution was received in touching the body of a dead person; and in the manner in which they washed and anointed the bodies of the departed, their funereal music, and their funereal feasts, we cannot but observe the many points of resemblance between their ceremonies and those of the various classic and barbarous nations of which we have previously treated.

The funerals of the Spartans were as characteristically simple and stern as their other institutions. Contrary to the customs of most antique nations, graves were permitted to be made within the city-bounds; they even interred their dead close to their temples. This was done to make the idea of death familiar to the minds of the people, by having it near their homes and places of worship, as it was conceived that when the tombs were at a distance, men forgot their awful and imperious necessity. No jewels or coins, or implements of any description, were suffered to be interred with the dead; lamentations and tears were forbidden in public, because their lawgiver, Lycurgus, deemed such manifestations beneath the heroic equanimity of the Spartan race; splendid monuments were also prohibited, and no inscription, however brief and modest, was permitted over the tomb of the warrior, unless he had the good-fortune to be killed on the field of battle: in that case, a short and appropriate epitaph was graven on the stone. Such women as dedicated themselves to a religious life, received the same funereal honour. The Spartan mourning was limited to eleven days.—On the twelfth, the mourner sacrificed solemnly to the goddess Ceres, and cast away his sombre weeds.

The Etrurians buried as well as burned the bodies of their dead, and were very splendid in the building and decorating of their tombs. It appears that inhumation was with them a mark of distinction; since, in some of their tombs, large urns, supposed to contain the ashes of slaves and dependents, have been found in the porticos and outer chambers, while the bodies of their masters were suffered to fall to gradual decay within the inner sanctuary.* These tombs are of three kinds—namely, those hollowed out of the cliffs in long ranges, terrace above terrace, and communicating by flights of steps cut in the rock; those made in the form of conical pits, which contain generally a small niche for votive offerings, or for the reception of a sepulchral altar; and, lastly, the tumuli, resembling those of all other nations. The rock-hewn tombs are

* For a very brief and perspicuous account of the ‘Sepulchres of Etruria,’ see *Chambers’s Papers for the People*, No. 2.

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exquisitely painted with details of the life of the deceased, and the urns in which ashes have been discovered, display some of the most elegant forms of antique pottery. Many inscriptions have been found on the walls of these sepulchral apartments; but their sense, unfortunately, remains a mystery. Could they be deciphered, it would doubtless add a most valuable and interesting page to ancient history; but it is not so. Time has swept their race from the earth; no echo of their speech yet lingers amid their native mountains; their human tongues are dust, and their thoughts extinguished for ever.

'Tombs only speak the Etrurian's language.'

Having reviewed thus briefly the funeral rites of the most remarkable nations of antiquity, we now purpose glancing over the modern ceremonies of such people as offer any curious and amusing matter for our readers.

To begin with a race who may be fairly supposed to practise at this day the same ceremonies which were performed by their forefathers many ages ago, we will select the Chinese, who are, in themselves, their belief, and their institutions, the most ancient-modern people—to use the language of Polonius—in the knowledge of man.

If we might rely upon Chinese historians, their empire would boast an antiquity of from 3,276,000 to 96,961,760 years.

Granting the Celestial Empire every advantage of unlimited antiquity, we may conclude, from their zealous exclusion of foreign improvements and knowledge, that they have remained stationary in all their customs and ideas for an inconceivable length of time; and, consequently, that their burial rites—of which we are about to speak—differ, in this nineteenth century, in no particular from the very customs of their race ages before the foundation of the Greek and Roman empires.

There is no business in the life of a Chinese so important to him as his funeral, and no object of art or science in which he is so much interested as his coffin. A wealthy man will expend 1000 crowns upon this ghastly piece of vanity; a poor man will give all he is worth; and a son is frequently known to sell himself for a slave, that he may purchase a rich coffin for his father. Of course, it frequently happens that the coffin remains empty for several years, when it has been prepared during the life of its intended occupant. The owner considers it the most attractive and valuable piece of furniture in his house; but we can scarcely believe that the vainest of Chinamen should feel any impatience at the delay.

When at last the period arrives that it shall remain untenanted no longer, and the wealthy Chinese breathes his last, the body is clothed in his richest robes of ceremony, perfumed, and adorned with every decoration to which he was entitled during life. The body is then seated, thus attired, in a chair of state, and the wives,

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•children, and relations prostrate themselves before it with lamentations and tears. The hall of ceremony is next prepared with hangings of black, white, and violet-coloured silk, and on the third day, the deceased is laid in the coffin, which has been previously sprinkled with lime, and is transported thither. Here it remains for four days longer, during which time it is visited by the friends and relations, who are formally invited to pay their respects before the day of interment. An altar is placed in the centre of the hall, on which stands an image or picture of the deceased, or else a carved ornament inscribed with his name. Flowers, perfumes, wax-lights, and incense are distributed in all parts of the room. The visitors, on entering, salute the body as they would if the man were still living, prostrating themselves, and laying their foreheads several times upon the earth; after which they make an offering of perfumes and wax-lights upon a table prepared for the purpose. Their salutations are returned by the eldest son, who stands in an attitude of dejection, clothed in white, and wearing a girdle of cord, on one side of the bier; his brothers then come from behind a curtain which hangs near him, and creeping along the ground, salute the visitors also, then rise and return whence they came. The wives and daughters, who are concealed behind the same drapery, fill the room with their cries; and the priests are the whole time chanting melancholy hymns. The visitors, when they have performed these ceremonies, proceed to an inner apartment, where they are served with dried sweetmeats and tea. Those who reside at too great a distance to pay this visit, send a note of apology. All these calls are afterwards returned by the eldest son of the deceased, and it is the etiquette of his friends not to be at home when he arrives.

When these invitations and solemnities have been fulfilled, the funeral takes place, attended by all who had previously paid their respects to the dead. The procession is very imposing. A troop of men march first in single file, bearing a number of figures in painted pasteboard, representing slaves, lions, tigers, horses, elephants, &c., to burn over the tomb—a custom which originated, doubtless, in the actual sacrifice of animals and human victims, but which had been thus modified into the mere effigies. Other men follow next in two files, with perfumes, banners, and censers breathing incense. Then musicians, playing sorrowful music upon various national instruments—namely, drums, pipes of bamboo-cane, bells, sonorous stones—somewhat resembling our rock-harmonicon—and stringed instruments of the lute species. The coffin then follows upon a kind of funeral palanquin, which is carried by sixty-four bearers. A domed canopy of violet-coloured silk is erected over the body; the four corners are richly embroidered and ornamented with tufts of white, and a costly net-work is laid over the top. Immediately behind the coffin walks the eldest son, as chief-mourner, clothed in a robe of coarse canvas, and leaning on a staff. He assumes an attitude of extreme grief,

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and stoops like an aged man. His brothers and other relatives come next, in white dresses; and after them, a great number of chairs covered with white stuff, containing the wives, daughters, and female slaves of the deceased. On their arrival at the cemetery, the coffin is laid in the sepulchre of the family, and the painted effigies previously mentioned are burned with much ceremony. A splendid banquet is then prepared in a building appropriated to that purpose, where the mourners and assistants are sumptuously entertained at the expense of the eldest son. When the feasting is over, they renew their marks of homage to the tomb of the deceased, and return thanks to the chief-mourner for his hospitality; to which he replies by signs only. The magnificence of their ceremonies is proportioned to the rank and wealth of the departed; and if he is a mandarin or dignitary of the empire, a certain number of his relations remain for one or two months as near the tomb as possible. They reside in apartments especially provided for them, and renew every day their signs of lamentation and regret. During the whole of this time, the tables are refurnished every morning, as lavishly as on the day of interment, and the priests act the steward's office in doing the honours of the 'funeral-baked meats.' A paper is hung over the gate of the burial-ground, setting forth the name, rank, and remarkable actions of the deceased. The mourning of the sons continues in China for three years, during which time wine and meat are forbidden them, and they are not permitted to be present at any public assembly, or any ceremony of the state.

The Chinese cemeteries are very handsome and spacious, and are always situated on an eminence at some short distance from the city, and planted with pines and cypress trees. The tombs are of different styles, according to the various provinces in which the burial-grounds are situated, and also in proportion to the station of the deceased. The coffins of the poor are placed under a thatched shed, or enclosed in a small brick edifice built in the form of a tomb. The monuments of the wealthy are shaped like a horseshoe, whitened, and elaborately finished; but the mausoleums of the mandarins and nobles are far more imposing and splendid. A vault is first constructed, in which the coffin is enclosed, and over this vault a pyramid is raised of tempered clay, twelve feet high and ten feet in diameter; a coating of lime and sand is then washed over this pyramid, giving it the appearance of stone, and rendering it firm and proof against any severity of season. Trees are then planted around it in regular avenues, and a large altar of pure white marble is placed before it, on the middle of which are placed vases, candlesticks, and censers of exquisite workmanship. Besides this, a number of painted figures, representing officers, slaves, soldiers, horses, camels, lions, &c., are arranged around the tomb in different rows; which, by their lifelike yet motionless guardianship, present a very solemn and imposing appearance.

The funeral ceremonies of the Hindoos are too well known

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to need more than a brief summary of the usual manner in which they burn the bodies of their dead. When a native dies, the body is washed in the sacred waters of the Ganges, and then laid upon a funeral pyre, constructed of bamboo stakes, firewood, dry straw, and reeds, on which is laid a quantity of grease and rosin. This pyre is about five feet in height, and is covered over with a sheet for the reception of the corpse. Flowers, parched rice, and betel-leaves are then scattered on the body, and some of the rice is placed in the mouth of the deceased by the attendant priests. A little earthen lamp is then lighted at each of the four corners of the pile, more firewood, straw, and rosin are laid over the body, and the nearest of his relations sets the whole on fire with a burning torch.

The frightful custom which formerly prevailed whenever a Hindoo left a widow at his death, of the unfortunate woman offering herself alive on the funeral pile, is now almost abandoned, thanks to the determined opposition of the British government in all parts of their dominions. Travellers who have witnessed the ceremony have asserted, that this fulfilment of a mistaken duty has been performed by them with the utmost constancy and courage, and was apparently quite a voluntary sacrifice. Still more terrible, however, is the religious enthusiasm that induces young men, in the bloom of life, to immolate themselves to the honour of their deities, and be buried alive. This fanaticism is most common in the tribe of Gosannees, but prevails through all parts of Hindostan. The influence of the East India Company has been exerted to the utmost in this instance, as in the former, to suppress these religious suicides, and with some success, as they are effectually prevented in all their territories. When a ceremony of this nature is made public, vast multitudes assemble to witness it, and a number of the Brahmins attend to offer up prayers on the occasion. A deep pit is then dug, in which the self-devoted victim stands upright; the earth is thrown rapidly over him until he is entirely covered; a tomb of solid masonry is immediately raised above his head, and at distant intervals in the year, solemn rites, and offerings of honey, spices, incense, rice, flowers and fruits, are performed over his tomb, in memory of his saintly death; which is supposed to have been an acceptable oblation to Siva, the deity of destruction.

The tombs of the wealthy Hindoos are sometimes very splendid; and the grand mausoleum of the Taj Mahal, which was built on the southern bank of the Jumna by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and his favourite sultana, has been designated as one of the most elegant, extensive, and perfect works of Eastern architecture. It is built of the purest white marble, on an immense platform of the same material, having a lofty minaret of light and exquisite form at each corner. All around this imperial tomb are suites of superb apartments, also of white marble, richly decorated with precious stones. The two sepulchres, which are situated in the heart of the sanctuary, are inlaid with wreaths of flowers and foliage

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in the natural colours, entirely composed of carnelians, lapis-lazuli, onyx, verd-antique, and every variety of agates, so beautifully finished, as to present the appearance of an ivory model enriched with jewels. This mausoleum cost ninety-eight lacs of native money, or L.980,000 sterling.

The Burmese practise the rites of cremation, and attach great importance to the ceremonies of their funerals. When a man of rank dies, his body is enclosed in a varnished coffin, and the *talapoins*, or priests, sing solemn hymns over it. After a grand procession, the body is laid upon a pyre of precious woods, erected near some temple; and the spectacle is frequently heightened in magnificence by the introduction of theatrical performances. After the pyre has been lighted, it is suffered to burn till a considerable part is consumed, when the body is rescued from the flames, and the remaining portion is interred in the neighbouring cemetery. The reason assigned by the *talapoins* for not reducing the corpse entirely to ashes is, that they suppose the deceased to be more happy when part of his remains escape the destructive properties of the fire. The tombs are in the form of lofty pyramids, and those of their kings are very magnificent. It was formerly the custom to bury treasures with the dead, but on discovery that the penalties of sacrilege were insufficient to control the daring robberies which were committed on the graves, that practice was discontinued, and instead of treasure, offerings of trifling value are now interred—images, painted papers, &c. Food is also buried by the side of the corpse, that, if hungry, it may be satisfied; for they are persuaded that, after death, they proceed to another world, where they will stand in need of all things that were necessary to them in this.

The Tonquinese—a people inhabiting a large and fertile country on the south-west of China, and whose king is a tributary of the Celestial Empire—resemble the Chinese in their language and customs, having originally descended from that people. Their funeral ceremonies also resemble those of the Chinese with respect to the procession and mourning, but here the similarity ceases. The Tonquinese burn the bodies, and deposit the ashes in cinerary urns. Over the tombs of the rich, a wooden tower is erected, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. The priest then ascends to the top, and utters a funeral oration in praise of the deceased, and when this is spoken, descends, and sets fire to the structure. The people who assemble to behold this imposing sight, are then regaled with a banquet provided for the occasion. On the death of the Tonquinese *bua*, or king, his corpse lies in state for a period of sixty-five days, during which time the royal tables are every day laid out with the same state as if he were yet living, and the feasts are every evening distributed among the poor people and the priests. At the end of the lying in state, a splendid procession sets out with the body to the burying-place of his ancestors; and though the journey is so

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trifling as to be accomplished with ease in a couple of days, it usually occupies, on this occasion, seventeen days of travelling. The great officers of the crown are compelled by law to mourn for three years, the nobility for six months, and the common people for three. No public amusements can take place for three years after the funeral.

The funeral ceremonies of Turkey are particularly solemn and well ordered. The body is carried by the nearest relations of the deceased, chanting passages from the Koran, and by them deposited in a mosque. From thence it is again carried to the cemetery, and buried by the *imam*, or priest, who pronounces over it a funeral-sermon. A handsome monument is shortly afterwards erected to mark the spot, and the relatives of the dead return on certain days to renew their signs of grief at the tomb. The men testify their regret by offering alms and prayers; and the women, by decking the monument with flowers and green leaves, and by watering the earth all around it. The burying-grounds round Constantinople are very spacious and beautiful. The monuments are of stone, and some of marble, and very costly. They generally consist of a flat stone, shaped like a coffin, with a pillar at the head, and a smaller one at the feet. The head pillar is ornamented with a turban, carved in stone, if the deceased was a man; and the different shapes of the turbans denote the rank or profession of the occupant. A brief inscription in gold characters sets forth his age and name. The tombs of the married women are decorated with a plain pillar, those of the unmarried have a rose carved upon the top. The sepulchres of noble families are enclosed with railings, and planted round with trees; and those of the sultan and his great officers have lamps constantly burning in them. The origin of this custom may be traced to a period of very remote antiquity. It has been suggested by Mr J. A. St John, that 'in consequence of the sepulchral monuments of antiquity having been erected as so many dwelling-places for the manes, which, in their dreary solitude, might sometimes stand in need of light, it was customary in many countries to keep a lamp constantly burning in tombs.'

When a native of Guinea expires, his wives and relations commence howling hideously, and proceed to shave their heads, and smear a chalky substance over their bodies, as outward tokens of their despair. They then equip themselves in their oldest garments, and traverse the streets of their native town or village, crying aloud the name of the deceased. The body is then dressed in its best attire, with its most valuable coral ornaments, scimitar, and other articles of personal adornment, and laid in a coffin, with its fetiches beside it. These fetiches are the idols which this nation worships; they are generally nothing more than large wooden pipes, filled with earth, oil, blood, bones of men and beasts, feathers, hair, &c., and are supposed to possess great sanctity and virtue. These idols the African is supposed to

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require in the after-life, and when his body is interred in the earth, they are buried with him. The attendants who conduct the funeral and bear the coffin to the grave, return, after the ceremony is finished, to the house of the deceased, where they are entertained for several days by the survivors.

The Congoeese maintain the practice of cremation. On the death of a native grandee, the body is placed in an amphitheatre appropriated for the purpose, which is elevated six or seven feet from the ground. The corpse is then made to assume a sitting posture, with the hands resting on the knees, and is robed in its richest garments. Fires are kindled all round the body, at a sufficient distance to preserve it from ignition; and as fast as the clothes absorb the moisture, they renew them, till the body is completely dried. It is then buried with great pomp.

The death of a Hottentot is accompanied by a dismal shrieking, yelling, and clapping of hands, in which demonstrations all his friends and neighbours concur: this uproar is kept up with undiminished energy for four or six hours, at the end of which time all the inhabitants of the *kraal*, or native village, assemble in front of the hut of the deceased. The men then form themselves into one circle, and the women into another, clapping their hands and shouting 'Bo, bo, bo!' which is 'Father, father, father!' They proceed then to remove the body for burial, and to this end, instead of bringing it out in the easiest manner, through the door, they unroof the hut, and draw the corpse up through the entrance thus effected. The deceased is then taken to some cave or cleft in a neighbouring rock, and there left; but they are careful to close up the entrance with stones and rubbish, that the body may escape being devoured by wild beasts.

For a description of a funeral in Otaheite we cannot do better than detail one as it was witnessed by Captain Cook and some of his officers and men. They found the dead body lying in a canoe, which was placed on the beach in front of the *morai*, or temple. Four native priests were in attendance; also the 'king, several chieftains, and a crowd of men and boys. As Captain Cook approached the temple, himself and followers were requested to remove their hats. One of the priest's attendants then brought a young plantain-tree, and laid it at the feet of the king, while another approached bearing a tuft of feathers. A long prayer was addressed by one of the priests to the native deities, and at its conclusion, the priests and attendants went over to the canoe on the beach, and sat down beside the dead body, which was taken out of the boat, and laid upon the ground. Some of the hair was plucked from the head of the corpse, and the left eye was taken out. It was then carried and laid under a tree, near which were placed three carvings in wood. Here the priests again commenced their prayers for the dead, and expostulated with him for having left them. The body was then conveyed to the principal part of the temple, the drums beating slowly all the time; and,

while the priests continued offering their prayers and supplications, the assistants dug a grave about two feet in depth, into which they threw the corpse, and covered it in with stones and earth. A dog was now sacrificed, and afterwards a pig; the priests carefully examining the entrails of the victims, as if expecting to derive some prophetic indications from the study. On the following day, these ceremonies were repeated. More pigs were butchered in honour of the dead and of the gods; more prayers were offered up, and the funeral was at length concluded.

The American Indians practise several different modes of burial, and some tribes have been known to burn the bodies of their dead warriors. We will describe one or two of these varieties.

When a warrior of some of the tribes expires, he is lamented by all his associates, who testify by every means in their power the most affectionate sorrow for his loss. No business, however important, is transacted till the pious ceremonies for the dead are performed. The body is first washed, anointed, and painted, as if for battle, with red and yellow ochre. The squaws then utter the most mournful cries, and sing songs, descriptive of the bravery and swiftness of the deceased, the number of scalps he had taken, and the constancy with which he had endured every privation. The men, his former companions, mourn in silence around the corpse. The whole village then assembles to witness the interment, and the deceased is dressed in his handsomest ornaments. The grave is prepared, and the Indian laid in it. Close beside him are placed his bows and arrows, his tomahawk and pipe, and all the things that he valued most in life, as well as a quantity of provisions to supply his bodily necessities during the journey he is supposed to make from this world to the next. The funeral solemnities are accompanied with feasting. After the inhumation of the dead is finished, the surviving relations remain in their wigwams for several days to indulge their grief. When a few weeks are past, however, they revisit and open the grave, for the purpose of clothing the remains of the body in clean garments, when they repeat all the previous solemnities. But the most frightful of their ceremonies is that called the Feast of the Dead. The day for this banquet is fixed by a council of chiefs, who provide everything which may contribute to its magnificence, and invite the neighbouring tribes to partake of their hospitality. At this entertainment, all who have died since the last feast of the kind are disinterred, and even such as have been buried at a distance are sought for, and brought out of their graves to this rendezvous of death, which presents a scene of horror too appalling for the pen to describe. When the banquet is concluded, the bodies are dressed in fine skins, and, after being for some time exhibited in this horrible pomp, are again restored to earth with much ceremony, and honoured by the celebration of funeral games.

Others dig a large round hole, in which the body is placed in an

erect position. The grave is then roofed in with planks, to support the earth with which it is covered. They inter with it some native money, which is called *wampum*, and is made of white and purple beads strung upon leather; also the war-weapons of the deceased and other necessities. The relations are careful not to let grass grow upon the grave, and constantly visit it, with renewed lamentations.

Some western tribes burn the bodies of their dead. An anecdote of one of these scenes is related by an officer who was present on the occasion; he says, that a boy of a western village having died, his parents made a pyre of split wood, laid the body solemnly upon it, and deliberately set fire to it. While the pile was burning, they stood gravely regarding it without any outward evidences of sorrow; but when all was consumed, they gathered the bones together with many tears, put them into a box, and carried them away.

Some tribes inter the dead in a sitting posture, and cover them with a pile of earth and stones in the form of a tumulus or barrow. Some hang their dead in trees, like the ancient nation of Colchians.

The tribes of Oonalaska and Nootka Sound inter their dead on the tops of hills, and place a little tumulus over the grave. Every passer-by throws a stone on the heap, which soon becomes of a large size, and accounts for the existence of many of these barrows in America, which have an appearance of great antiquity, and have afforded much matter for speculation to the learned.

The death of a Circassian is attended with the most solemn sacrifices of their church, which is a corruption of Christianity. The people and priests assemble in the field of burial, and there make an offering of a goat, in the following manner:—They first kill, and then flay it, and stretch the skin on a wooden cross, with the head and horns attached to it. This cross is fixed in a hedge to preserve it from the cattle, and close beneath it a fire is kindled, over which a caldron is hung, and the flesh of the goat boiled in it. As soon as it is sufficiently cooked, they eat it; and when the feast is over, the women withdraw, and the men prostrate themselves before the skin on the cross, and repeat their prayers to it. The ceremony then concludes with smoking and drinking, and frequently with a quarrel. When a Circassian wife loses her husband, she is obliged, according to their fashion, to scratch her face and bosom till they bleed, in proof of her excessive affliction. This is a great tax upon the moral courage of the ladies, who are in this country particularly beautiful. The Circassian widower must also disfigure himself, by striking his face with a whip till it produces black spots on the skin, which spots he exhibits with pride for a considerable time after, as the testimony of his grief.

The funeral of a Georgian occasions great expense to his family, in consequence of the extreme rapacity of the clergy, who thus

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receive enormous fees from the dead as well as from the living; and may be said to overact their pastoral character by a too frequent fleecing of their flock. The Georgian priest or bishop demands the extravagant sum of 100 crowns for performing the last rites, and insists upon full payment, even though it ruin the wife and children of the deceased to comply with his terms. When this fee is received, and not before, the bishop deposits a letter on the breast of the corpse, which is addressed to St Peter in the most friendly manner, requesting that apostle to admit the soul of his departed protégé through the gates of heaven; and assigning, as his title to that privilege, the generosity of his survivors in paying the 100 crowns aforesaid.

The Mingrelians, their neighbours, are even worse off in respect of their religious servitude, for their priests have still less conscience than those of the Georgians, and a still greater capacity for plunder. On the death of a relation, the Mingrelians give way to violent expressions of grief, which, on the day of interment, they contrive to drown in excessive intoxication. The principal source of their affliction is, however, the exorbitant tribute they are compelled to pay to the bishop, in surrendering to him all the personal property of the deceased, whether horses, arms, clothes, furniture, or money. The same fate awaits the reverend gentleman himself when he dies; for, by a beautiful system of retributive plunder, the Mingrelian prince, in his turn, pounces on his ill-gained wealth the moment he breathes his last. The Mingrelian clergy, however, during their lifetime, have the best of the matter, as it is in their power not only to oppress and tax the wretched people, but even to sell their wives and children for slaves, to commute the worst crimes for bribery, and to receive large sums for predicting the future.

The Tatar tribes practise both cremation and burial. The Mongol Tatars burn the bodies of their princes and chief-priests with much solemnity, sometimes walling their tombs round, and ornamenting them with high poles and draperies. The Kundure hordes do the same, and afterwards inter the ashes beneath large monuments. The Manchous and Ingrians bury their dead twice over. First they place the body in a shallow grave, leaving an aperture at the head by which the face of the deceased is left exposed; the relations then visit the tomb daily, and bring with them provisions and drink for his use; the former of which they convey to his mouth with a spoon, and the latter is left by them in small tin drinking-vessels, standing around the margin of the grave. At the end of some weeks, this disgusting ceremony is given over; a fresh, deep grave is excavated, and the body buried peacefully in the earth. The lower classes of the Tatars are interred with less ceremony, and their graves indicated by little tumuli of earth and stones. When a military chieftain of importance is buried, all his arms, his favourite horse, and even his servants are buried in the same grave; but this custom prevails only among the Calmuck

tribes. This last ceremony appears to date from a very remote period of the Tatar history, since, in a number of ancient sepulchral mounds which are scattered over a large plain near Tomsk, there have been discovered among the ashes of the dead not only treasures of gold, silver, brass, and precious stones, but the bones and trappings of horses, hilts of swords, bridles, armour, and elephant trappings. From the number of graves, and the yet unexhausted valuables which they contain, it appears that many thousands of the antique Tatar race must have there fallen and been buried. The Tatars have a legend that Tamerlane had many engagements in this part of the country with their Calmuck forefathers, whom he in vain endeavoured to subdue; but be this as it may, the vast number of graves are only to be accounted for in some such manner. Some castings of exquisite design have also been reclaimed from them; armed warriors on horseback, full of spirit and freedom, in brass and silver, are the most striking among these; and some figures of deer cast in pure gold, and of very delicate workmanship, have also been disinterred. On one occasion, when an arched vault was uncovered and opened by some Siberian travellers, the form of an armed man was seen lying upon a silver table, with his lance and bow in his hands, his sword by his side, and his shield at his feet. His countenance and attitude expressed the profoundest repose; he seemed to have lain down to rest while keeping guard in the tomb, and to be then only sleeping. As soon as they touched the body, it shrunk, and crumbled into dust. The value of the table and arms was very considerable. If the Calmucks ever surprise these plunderers of the tombs, they interrupt and punish them, and take from them all their booty; for they have a great respect for these vestiges of their former puissance, and abhor disturbing the ashes of the dead. The Jakuthians formerly burned their dead, or hung them on the trees; it is now, however, the custom of this tribe to bury them in the earth. The Theleuti practise burning and burying indiscriminately. The Tshulimzians are terribly afraid of the dead, but imagine that the dead are equally afraid of fire; they therefore kindle a large fire close to the body, and every person present leaps through it, to be free from the deceased, as beyond that boundary they think he dares not follow them. The theological knowledge of the Tshulimzians is exceedingly limited; being exhibited principally in the observances of baptisms, marriages, and fasts; in going to church, in making the sign of the cross, and in eating dead horses and offering up the skins to the devil. Not so the Wogulians, who absolutely deny the existence of the Evil Power, who believe in a great creating and preserving Power, and confidently anticipate a resurrection and a heaven. The Wogulians bury their dead without any ceremonies except sacrifices of animals and feasting. The rest of the Tatar tribes conform to one or other of the funeral ceremonies just related.

In Kamtschatka there is a striking distinction between the treat-

ment of the poor and the rich after that visitation which should level all differences of rank and possessions; and yet, we think there are few Europeans who would not, in this remote continent, prefer the ignominious lot of the inferior Kamtschatkan. The latter is dressed in his best clothes, or else enveloped in matting; and a grave is then dug for him on the sea-shore, in which he is laid by his wife and children, and covered with earth and snow. The wealthy man is, however, laid with his clothes and arms in a small boat made of the wood which is drifted by the sea upon their shores; this boat is then hung upon a sort of scaffolding made of poles, and so left to decay in the open air.

The Russians are highly superstitious about the dead. After the corpse has been washed and dressed as it was in life, a priest is sent for, who prays for the soul of the departed, purifies the room with incense, and sprinkles holy-water upon the corpse while it remains unburied. On the day the funeral takes place, the body is accompanied to the grave with many outward testimonies of grief by the relations; the priest then produces a paper, drawn up and signed by the bishop and another clergyman, which purports to be the passport that will admit the deceased to heaven. The precious document is placed between the fingers of the corpse, and the sorrowing friends having seen the earth closed over him, return to the house of the departed, where they indulge in affliction and brandy for forty days; till, under those combined influences, they are almost in a condition, at the end of that time, to send for the priest and passport on their own account. During the forty days, the clergyman says prayers every morning over the grave; for though the Russian has no belief in a purgatory, he thinks that these attentions may prove an assistance to his friend on the long and fatiguing journey from this world to the next.

The Laplander is the most superstitious of Europeans. He professes Christianity; tells all his secrets to, and places the utmost confidence in his black cat; practises augury and divination; and keeps a magic drum in his house, for the purpose of consulting with the devil. When he is dying, he is exhorted by his friends to die in the faith of Christ, and to bear his sufferings with resignation: but they take care, however, to be out of the way when his last moment arrives; and if this event happens so suddenly as to take them by surprise, they quit the place as speedily as possible, believing that his ghost remains in the body for the purpose of tormenting and playing tricks with his survivors. The deceased is then wrapt in woollen or linen coverings, and laid in the coffin by some person selected for that service; but no one can be found who will undertake the office, unless he is first protected against the ill-will of the manes by a consecrated brass ring, attached to his left arm. Christianity has not yet abolished all the funeral superstitions of the Laplander, but, before his conversion, they were singularly ludicrous. In the coffin of a man they used to place an axe, a tinder-box, a flask

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of brandy, some dried fish, and some venison. With a woman, they likewise interred her scissors and needles. All these things were supposed to be useful to the Laplander after death. With the axe, he was believed to clear away the bushes and brambles that might obstruct his path to the next world; with the tinder-box and its appurtenances, he might strike a light, should he find himself in darkness on the day of judgment; upon the provision, he was to subsist during the journey. Certainly nothing could be more considerate. For three years after the burial of a relation, they were accustomed, from time to time, to dig holes by the side of the grave, and place within them such things as were agreeable to the inmate during life, such as tobacco, brandy, and reindeer tongue. They believe that, after death, their souls will enter upon a paradise abundant in all these luxuries; that the reindeer, their zealous servant, will there partake their felicity—

And think, admitted to that equal sky,
Their faithful dog will bear them company.

In Italy, the dead are carried to the place of interment dressed in their best attire, and uncovered to the light of day. The rich expend enormous sums on their funeral processions, and with them it is a point of pride to decorate the body of the deceased with the utmost magnificence. When, however, the service has been read, and the ceremony in the cathedral been solemnly performed, the body is carried once more home, stripped of its gorgeous jewels and robes, and then buried privately. Not so the poor and the diseased; for the manner of their burial we will extract the following description from the pages of J. Fenimore Cooper, in his amusing *Excursions in Italy*:—‘A large proportion of the people of Naples die in the hospitals; and even of those who do not, perhaps half are unable to leave means for their interment. A place has, accordingly, been provided for those who are interred at the public expense.

‘The Campo Santo is at a short distance from the city, enclosed by high walls. There is a chapel near the entrance, with a few rooms for the uses of the officials. As I understand the arrangement, the earth was removed from the entire area, when the cavity was walled up into 365 separate vaults. As there is, however, so much of that soft material in this vicinity, I am not certain that the desired number of vaults have been cut in the tufa, the effect being the same in the two cases. Each vault has a large hole in the centre, that is covered by a stone, fitting closely. This stone has a ring in the centre; and a movable lever, with its fulcrum, and all on wheels, is in readiness to remove it. Each night the lever is applied to a new ring, and a stone is removed. At an appointed hour the dead arrive in covered carts. Our guide affirmed that, after the religious service, they were then *dumped*, to use a New York term, from the cart into the hole; and judging by what I witnessed, I think this probable. The bodies are next

sprinkled with quicklime, and the stone is replaced and closed with cement. At the end of the year, little is found besides bones, which are removed to a bone-house, or vault, kept for that purpose. The hole, however, is not closed for twenty-four hours, the fees paid by the curious being an inducement to keep it in readiness to be opened during that time.

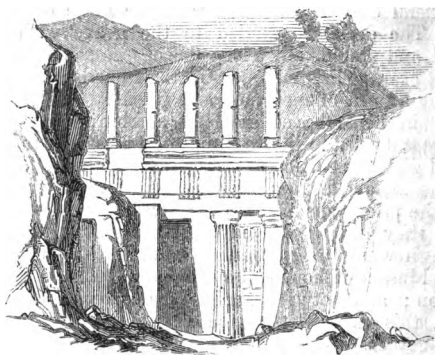
‘When W—— and I presented ourselves, we were received by a cadaverous-looking priest and sexton, on whose appearance this constant communication with the remains of mortality had produced anything but an aspect of devotion. Our wishes being known, after examining the place generally, we were desired to look into an open vault. It was quite empty, and indeed clean. The lever was then applied to the ring of the covering of the vault last filled, and a more revolting and hideous spectacle has seldom been witnessed than the one we saw. Seventeen dead bodies were lying naked beneath the hole, in a way that I can only compare to the manner in which Jack Straws fall! If they had not actually been dropped from the cart, no care had been taken even to lay them side by side; but they were placed just as chance had ordered it. A few rags served as apologies to decency; but whether they were actually brought from the hospitals in this state, I cannot tell you: the guide affirmed that they were; but one cannot confide in the information of guides.’

The funeral customs of Spain resemble those of Italy in most respects. The dead are carried to the grave with their faces uncovered, and preceded by a long line of priests singing the death-chant, and bearing lighted tapers in their hands; and the coffin is followed by a train of mourners and people. The Spanish nobles are dressed in their robes of ceremony, and buried in them; but the plebeians are buried in the costumes of friars and nuns. Young unmarried girls are carried to their graves with chaplets of flowers on their heads, and bouquets in their hands. After the corpse is interred, the priests sprinkle holy-water on the tomb—every drop of which, they protest, will extinguish a part of the purgatorial fire through which every member of their church is condemned to pass. Masses without end must be offered up on the death of any person; and notwithstanding the frequent poverty of the survivors, this expense must be incurred, even though it ruin them altogether. The repose of the living is thus frequently sacrificed to the repose of the dead. The soul of a Spaniard is, by law, liable for the claims of his creditors after death. Their priests appear to have the most accurate information of all the affairs of the other world: indeed, one might suspect them of having, like the leading journals of the present day, ‘our own correspondent’ in purgatory, for papers may frequently be seen attached to the doors of the churches, bearing this important announcement: ‘*To-day, a soul is delivered.*’

The funeral ceremonies of modern Greece resemble those of Italy and Spain in the leading features of the solemnity. As soon

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as a death occurs, the nearest female relatives of the deceased weep and cry unceasingly, and, indeed, refuse both rest and sleep until they can exist no longer without them. The procession is accompanied by priests and friars of the Greek Church, and by the friends of the departed, who utter long and dismal cries, and wear their hair dishevelled and hanging upon their shoulders. If the body be that of a young girl, it is dressed in white, and the head is crowned with flowers. The women cast roses, and scatter scented waters on the bier as it is carried through the streets. The interment is succeeded by the funeral-feast, which is provided by the nearest relation of the deceased; and with this entertainment the burial ceremonies are terminated.





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HARCELY had the roar of the cannon ceased after the great day of Leipsic, or the shouts of victory died away which had everywhere throughout Germany greeted the triumphal procession of the great hero of the Thirty Years' War, when there reached Stockholm, borne as it were on the wings of the wind, the news of another glorious victory at Lützen, filling up the measure of the national joy and exultation. The people shouted on, regardless of certain muffled sounds of wo which kept slowly approaching ever nearer and nearer, till at length every voice was still, and every ear could hear that the great Gustavus Adolphus—the Lion of the North—the mightiest of all the champions of the Protestant cause—the victor of many a hard-fought field, had met at Lützen a hero's death. So sudden was the revulsion, so deep the general depression, that it seemed

for a time as if Sweden herself was about to pass away with her great monarch. She was hurled at once from the very summit of her greatness. In the person of Gustavus, she had been the leader of a great work, which was still far from its completion. The Protestants, never famous for unanimity, and displaying in this war fully the usual amount of petty jealousy and mistrust, had been kept together by him who could both think and do, who united strength of will and strength of arm; and wherever they might now turn for a leader, it could not be to Sweden, who must henceforth, as the nation then feared, be of small account in the Protestant League, the total rupture of which seemed not improbable.

The war had now lasted for twenty-three years; the resources of Sweden were miserably exhausted; in many parts of the kingdom, loud discontents prevailed, rendering new exactions dangerous; the heir to the throne was a child, a girl of six years; the widowed queen, Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg, was a beauty with a weak mind; on one side Denmark, spurred by former jealousies, looked threateningly on; the king of Poland, on the other, like another Sigismund, was on the eve of reviving the slumbering claim to the ancient inheritance of his house; while in Sweden itself a considerable party clamoured for a republic. In this crisis, the promptitude and energy of the men to whom Gustavus had confided the government on his departure—the famous Chancellor Oxenstiern being the chief—saved the kingdom. They hastened to acknowledge and do homage to his daughter, and to proclaim her everywhere as queen.

Christina, queen of Sweden, so celebrated for her talents and eccentricities, was born at Stockholm on the 18th of December 1626. Two children had already been carried to the grave, and when the hopes of the parents were a third time revived, they were flattered and fretted with all manner of prognostications. The child was to be a prince—that was certain, the astrologers declared, by every sign, including mysterious dreams that had visited the parents. His birth, however, was to be fatal either to the king, the queen, or himself; but if he outlived the first twenty-four hours, he would rise to great celebrity; for at the birth, as at that of Gustavus, appeared the rare combination of the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and Mars. When the moment arrived, and the child was ushered into the world, its head covered with hair as with a helmet, and having a strong and harsh voice, the general hope was thought fulfilled, and the news flew even to Gustavus that a prince was born. When his sister, trembling to undeceive him, approached with the infant, he mildly said: 'I am content, dear sister, and pray God may preserve her to me;' ordered *Te Deum* to be sung, and all the usual rejoicings as for a prince, and also smilingly remarked: 'She will be clever, for she has tricked us all.' Thus was every prophecy falsified.

According to Christina's own account, her life and health in her

infancy were exposed to continual danger by wicked attempts ascribed to the agency of the king of Poland—such as a large beam falling close to her cradle, intended to crush the small occupant; but for verification of all these injuries she had nothing to shew but a rather high shoulder, which she contrived to conceal by skilful dress and gait. These attempts, of which she could know nothing, and which would have frightened no one less than herself, are chiefly the usual stories of idle gossiping attendants. Constant war demanded the presence of Gustavus, but during the short intervals spent at home, he shewed a tender interest in his daughter. On her recovery from an apparently hopeless illness at the age of two, he ordered public thanksgivings in all the churches. When in 1630 he departed, never to return, he arranged, as if prophetically, all his affairs, seemed sunk in thought, and took so tender a leave of his daughter, that she who scarcely ever shed tears, is said to have wept for three days; while, on the contrary, the news of his death affected her little—natural enough, and shewing the usual feeling of children towards the present and the absent. Two letters of Christina have been preserved, written to her absent father, one of which runs thus: ‘Most gracious and well-beloved father, because I have not the happiness of being with your majesty, I send you my humble counterfeit. I beg your majesty will with it think of me, and soon come again to me: send me, meanwhile, something pretty. I will always be pious, and diligently learn to pray. Praise God, I am healthy. God give us always good tidings of your majesty, and I will always remain your majesty’s obedient daughter, CHRISTINA.’ The other is nearly in the same words, both shewing that Gustavus had made religion an important element in his daughter’s education. Of the brilliant deeds which shed a halo over her infant days, Christina says exultingly: ‘I was born among palms and laurels; I slept under cover of their shadows; my first slumber was nourished by trophies; victory and fortune seemed to sport with me.’ By the fatal victory of Lützen, the palm and the laurel were exchanged for a darker shadow; the child-queen must sleep under the cypress, and wake to the weight of a diadem.

Early in 1633—about two months after the death of Gustavus—the States were assembled, and when the proposal was made to acknowledge his daughter as their queen, a country deputy demanded: ‘Who is she? We have never seen her;’ upon which Christina being led into the assembly, the same deputy exclaimed: ‘It is she! The very nose, and eyes, and brow of Gustavus Adolphus! She shall be our queen!’ Murmurs were turned into applause; she was seated on the throne, and comported herself, it is alleged, with all the dignity of a queen. A regency of five was agreed on, the president being Chancellor Oxenstiern, the celebrated minister; two others of his name and family were also included in the regency. By the testament of Gustavus, the queen-mother was excluded from all share in her daughter’s

education, which was to be thoroughly masculine; and he confided her to the care of his sister Catherine, the wife of the Prince Palatine, which created much jealousy, as it was feared they might attempt to marry the queen to their son. The queen-mother, who had been with her husband at the seat of war, returned with his body to Sweden; and when Christina, at the head of her court, went forth in great pomp to meet the mournful procession, her features the precise image of her father's, her mother caught her in her arms, bedewed her with tears, half smothered her with embraces, and kept her with her in entire seclusion for two years, during which she never quitted the body of her husband. At the end of that period it was interred, though her desire was never to part with it during her life. Her chamber had been hung with black, and even the windows darkened; day and night, wax-torches shed their mourning light: she lived as in a grave, and seemed a very priestess of death. Her husband's heart, incased in a jewelled casket, was suspended to her bed; every day she wept over it; and afterwards, to perpetuate her sorrow, instituted the order of the 'Golden Heart,' the decoration of which was a heart-shaped medal. Although her husband had, with good reason, shewn no confidence in her judgment, he had loved her with an extreme tenderness. The melancholy uniformity of this life in nowise either dulled or chilled the buoyant mind of Christina, who says herself, that her impatience of it caused her to spend much of her time in study, which she might otherwise have frittered away. From her eighth to her tenth year, she studied six hours in the morning and six in the evening, excepting on Saturday and Sunday—an amount of application neither natural nor wholesome, and greatly to be attributed to its being her recreation. Like all weak people, the queen-mother had strong prejudices, and one was, that she would not permit her daughter to drink water; and Christina recounts, that having a strong repugnance to beer and wine, she often suffered from excessive thirst; and having been detected one day stealing the rose-water from her mother's toilet, she was severely punished, but became a water-drinker for life. With an early dislike to everything unmeaning and absurd, she abhorred, as a relic of barbarism, the fools and dwarfs that swarmed around the queen-mother. Everything with Christina must have or subserve a purpose. Even as a child, nothing alarmed or surprised her. When only two years old, Gustavus having her with him in one of his journeys, on entering the fortress of Calmar, the governor hesitated to fire the salute, lest the noise should terrify the child. Gustavus exclaimed: 'Fire! She is a soldier's daughter, and must learn to bear it!' Far from being startled, she laughed and clapped her hands, which so pleased her father, that he thereupon conceived the unfortunate idea, little foreseeing the effect, of giving her so masculine an education, that she forgot her sex, and was even heard to regret that she had never headed an army, or seen blood flow in mortal

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strife. In her extreme youth, she liked to play the queen. When only seven, she was called on to receive the Muscovite ambassadors, but was warned by her ministers not to be afraid or laugh at their uncouth appearance and long beards. 'Why should I be afraid?' said she; 'what have I to do with their beards? Have you not also long beards? and yet I am not afraid of you!' At the audience, she comported herself with so much queenly propriety as to excite the admiring astonishment of the strange visitants.

It was only from compassion for the poor widowed queen that Christina had been so long permitted to remain under her care. At nine, she was placed, according to the instructions left by Gustavus, under that of his sister Catherine, of Axel Bauer—described as a courtier—and of John Mathias, a man both of parts and virtues, whom Christina never ceased to regard with respect and affection, though she severely tried his equanimity, as well as that of all who approached her, so great were her impatience, arrogance, and obstinacy. Before she attained the age of fourteen, she had thrown off all control, and resented the slightest opposition to her many caprices; and had not her taste led her to much and constant study, which her rare quickness rendered easy, she might have grown up as ignorant as she was arrogant. So unwearied was she in her studies, that she fatigued all her instructors. She says herself: 'The men and women who taught and waited on me, I fatigued furiously; they were quite in despair; I gave them rest neither night nor day; and when my women wished to persuade me against such a manner of life, I ridiculed them, and said: "If you are sleepy, go to rest; I can do without you."' She was an excellent classical scholar; at fourteen, she could read Thucydides in the original, and was a great admirer of the ancient heroes and poets, especially of Homer and Alexander the Great. Besides lessons in the classics, history, and philosophy, she acquired as an amusement, and without any assistance, German, Italian, Spanish, and French. She was also learned in mathematics and in astronomy; Mathias, a great theologian and pious man, constantly instructed her in religion, teaching her from Luther's Catechism, and laying before her a collection of moral maxims from the best writers. Of feminine accomplishments, dancing was the only one she applied to. In her autobiography—*La Vie de la Reine Christine, faite par elle-même, et dédiée à Dieu*, a curious fragment of a few pages, written in French, with characteristic force, but no elegance—from which we have already quoted, she says: 'I had early an antipathy to all that women do and say.' Surrounded almost entirely by men, she neglected the graces and virtues of her sex. She was insensible to cold and heat; took long walks with long strides; rode and hunted, managed a horse and used a gun to admiration. She says: 'Although I loved the chase, I was not cruel, and never killed an animal without a true feeling

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of compassion.' She was quick to discern and despise the flattery always offered even to infant monarchs. She says: 'Men flatter princes even in their cradles, and fear their memory as well as their power; they handle them timidly, as they do young lions, who can only scratch now, but may hereafter tear and devour.' An excellent code of instructions was drawn up by the regency, for the guidance of those who had the more direct management of the queen. She was to understand that the duties of prince and subject were reciprocal; she was to love and esteem her people, and be affable in her deportment towards them; while instructed in the laws and customs of other lands, she was to prefer and reverence those of Sweden; a certain number of young ladies of rank were to be educated with her; she was to be denied not only pernicious books, but all trifling and merely amusing works; to be brought up strictly in the Lutheran faith, and in early study of the Scriptures, as the basis of all knowledge and virtue. Nothing more easy than to draw up a plan; but even had Catherine and Mathias been endowed with a rare mixture of saintly patience and Spartan firmness, what could they effect with a pupil who at fourteen harangued her senate and dictated to her ministers? About this time died the Princess Catherine, on which Christina wrote a letter of sympathy to the Prince Palatine, and said 'she hoped not with words only, but in deeds, to requite to the children all the love and fealty shewn to her by their mother.' There were nominal successors to this lady, who might possibly, had she lived, attained, an influence over Christina, which it is certain no one else ever did. The queen-mother, seeing that any ascendancy for her was more hopeless than ever, and highly offended, fled secretly to Denmark, to the great alarm of Christina and the regency, the two countries being more sundered than before in political relations. She had never liked Sweden or the Swedes, and now was heard to declare that she 'would rather live on bread and water in strange lands, than feast on royal fare in Sweden.'

At sixteen, Christina began to preside in the senate; gave her opinion with promptitude and propriety; and seemed from this time to inspire a hope that experience would cool down her strange effervescences, and issue in a long and auspicious reign. During her minority, by the vigour and sagacity of Oxenstiern, the war was carried on with high credit, if not always with success, Sweden giving such generals as Torstenson and Wrangel to command the allied armies against the famous Wallenstein, Piccolomini, and Tilly. The Emperor Ferdinand would fain have made peace, on condition that Christina would give her hand to his son, believing to flatter her with the prospect of becoming empress of Germany; but to this and all other proposals of marriage, so much desired by her senate, and which now thickened upon her, she either turned a deaf ear or made them subject of amusement. Gustavus had destined as her husband the young

elector of Brandenburg; Oxenstiern, it was said, was ambitious enough to wish to marry her to his favourite son; two sons of the king of Denmark, Don John of Austria, Philip IV. of Spain, Ladislaus, king of Poland, and John Casimir, his successor, all entered the lists; but to canvass their pretensions and jealousies were idle—to all she had the same answer: she would remain independent both as a woman and a queen.

At eighteen, she was declared of age, according to the laws of Sweden, and was the only considerable sovereign in Europe who then maintained the royal dignity in person. The Emperor had become imbecile; Spain was governed by Olivarez in the name of Philip; Louis XIV. was still a minor; and Cromwell was king of England, but without the name. All eyes were fixed on Christina with wondering interest, which ripened into admiration when the wise and vigorous acts of her opening reign became known. She made salutary and profitable regulations as to commerce, taxes, and the coinage; she brought skilful shipwrights from Holland, and greatly added to her fleet; she richly endowed the university of Abo in Finland, which she had founded in her minority, and established a library, which, in a few years, amounted to 10,000 volumes; she added to the revenues and privileges of the university of Upsal, and founded at Stockholm an academy of literature.

Only a few generations had passed away since, by the prowess of Gustavus Vasa, Sweden, then an obscure corner of Europe, had been delivered from the usurpation of the Danes. The great Gustavus, by his military exploits and general political influence, had raised it to a high degree of glory and importance, which, in the minority of Christina, even when the prestige of a hero's name was gone, had been honourably maintained. Such was the inheritance to which she brought a vigorous mind, youth, health, talent, a sublime idea of her high destiny, and a salutary feeling of the tremendous responsibility it involved. True, she was proud, passionate, and capricious; but she was also frank, generous, and apparently honest in her intentions. Literature was as yet to her an amusement, not a mania. Understanding most of the modern languages, she spoke and wrote fluently in Latin, German, Italian, and French, the last being that used at court. She was her own prime minister; received and read all the dispatches, dictated, and afterwards corrected the replies. For many months she did not sleep more than three to five hours in the twenty-four; and was once, as she herself tells us, 'seized with a sickness almost unto death, through fatigue and application to business.' Foreign ministers marvelled at, and her own people admired her unwearied attention to state affairs, and the unbounded influence and resolution, before which aged and experienced statesmen bowed. She was more despotic than any Swedish monarch had been since the time of Eric XIV.; but then she was an easy, frank, generally good-humoured despot.

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In person, Christina is described as under the middle size, but well formed, except the slight deformity in her shoulder; her features rather large in proportion to her figure; her countenance mobile and vivacious, unless when she purposely controlled it; her eyes a brilliant hazel, quick and penetrating; her nose aquiline; her mouth wide, and not agreeable in repose; her smile, however, bright and pleasing, and her teeth fine. Of her profuse light-brown hair, she took little care, only combing it once a week, sometimes only once a fortnight. In dress, she was extremely negligent, never allowing herself more than a quarter of an hour for her morning-toilet; and she wore, except on state occasions, a suit of plain gray stuff, made short for convenience in walking and riding; a black scarf round her neck, and rarely any ornament. She generally wore a man's fur cap, or tied her locks with a knot of ribbon; later in life, she used a wig. She was temperate, even abstemious in eating; cared not what she ate; and was never heard to remark on any dish at table. Much as she liked to play the queen, and assume a haughty expression, daunting with a look those who approached her, in ordinary conversation she was so familiar, that no one would have taken her for a woman of rank, far less for a sovereign princess. Openly professing contempt for her own sex, she scarcely condescended to notice, far less converse with any of her women, with the exception of one of her maids of honour, the Countess Ebba Sparre, whom she always called, 'La belle comtesse.' She was young, beautiful, amiable, and unobtrusive, but did not attempt to exercise the slightest influence over her royal mistress, who never ceased to treat her with respect, and even with kindness.

Christina, too clever not to appreciate the transcendent talents of Oxenstiern—more than equal to those of Richelieu, whom he surpassed in wisdom and integrity—and too politic openly to quarrel with him, yet shewed him and his party little favour, and was mean enough to sow dissension among her ministers, that she might hold the reins more tightly in her own grasp. Not content with distinguishing by her favour Count Bruhé, grand-justiciary of Sweden, and Count de la Gardie, her grand-chamberlain, whom she loaded with honours, and opposing these to the Oxenstierns, she put herself at the head of what might be called the French party; gave much of her confidence to M. Chanut, the French minister; and finally offended them all by raising to a seat in the senate, and intrusting with the most secret negotiations, Adler Salvius, a man of the most plebeian origin. When the senators murmured at receiving him among them, Christina said angrily: 'When good advice and wise counsel are wanted, who looks for sixteen quarters? What is requisite in all employments of state is not nobility, but capacity.' An excellent sentiment, but, like other excellent sentiments, standing much in need of discrimination in the application. On one occasion—the concluding of peace with Denmark in 1645, a step rendered necessary for

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the safety of Sweden—the queen was so satisfied with the highly advantageous terms procured by Oxenstiern, that she presented him with a large estate, created him a count, and pronounced his eulogium in the senate, after the manner of the ancients. We thus see what a large measure of justice and generosity was mingled in the other qualities of a character which presented, indeed, a strange tissue of contradictions. Her name is also honourably associated with the Peace of Westphalia, concluded in 1649, after a lengthened congress, the most celebrated in modern Europe, until that of Vienna. A woman, with her fatal advice and her allowable ambition, had been the principal cause of the Thirty Years' War; a young queen of twenty-three, from her barren little kingdom in the north, now stretched forth her sceptre, and commanded peace. Another remarkable woman, the land-gravine of Hesse, shared with Christina in the glory of this peace, part of which has been claimed by the French historians for Anne of Austria, who was nothing but an agent in the hands of her ministers. In this congress, Christina was represented by John Oxenstiern, son of the chancellor, and Adler Salvius; and her correspondence with them shews a rare mixture of cunning, sagacity, impatience, and resolution. Salvius acted as a sort of curb and spy on Oxenstiern, whom she suspected of sharing his father's views, that the continuance of the war was almost certain to add to the possessions as well as to the glory of Sweden. What Oxenstiern had gained by making peace before, he now more than lost by his desire for continued war. All the eminent services of the family were forgotten, they were treated with caprice and ingratitude, and the great statesman suffered the usual penalty for having served his sovereign too well. Christina loved war and glory, often expressed her desire to lead her own armies, and devotedly admired Condé, who was her great hero. It is impossible, therefore, not to admire the strong sense, which, in the face of all these predilections, induced her, a young, wilful, powerful, and unscrupulous woman, to insist on putting an end to a long and vexatious war.

From contemporary writers—Stiermann, Arckenholtz, Puffendorf, and others, including our own ambassador Whitelocke—we learn something of the internal condition of Sweden at this period. The progress in cultivation of the arts and sciences, introduced or encouraged by Gustavus, some of which were still in a state of mediæval darkness, had not extended to the daily life, manners, and habitations of the people. They were simple, moral, and upright then as they are now; for travellers in Sweden testify that overreaching and incivility are unknown, and that you may with perfect safety leave your baggage on the highway. Whitelocke recounts, that once when travelling in Sweden, a casket of gold he was carrying with him burst open, and the contents were scattered on the highway. When every one brought to him what he had gathered, the exact sum was found to be restored. The

people, however, were so ill clothed, that even the deputies appeared at the Diets in torn clothing. Among the middle and higher ranks, luxury was unknown. The houses of the most distinguished persons were unsightly, the rooms whitewashed and without decoration, the furniture tasteless and uniform; at meals, a kind of canopy was placed over the table, in case the spiders' webs should fall into the food. Riding was usual, rarely were equipages used. The strangest old usages still prevailed in dress; and there is a grave and lengthened correspondence extant between the Prince Palatine and his mother, as to whether he should have an everyday suit made, or begin to make use of one of his Sunday suits. In 1644 lace was prohibited. In the time of Gustavus Adolphus, there was more luxury in food than formerly; still, it consisted chiefly of large joints of meat; rarely were cakes or pastry to be seen at the royal table; and the same dishes of meat were often served up the second day. The use of silver was almost unknown: at the marriage of Gustavus Adolphus, the company were served from tin vessels, 'because the king had none other serviceable.' His mother bargained for her own wine, and when a merchant presented his bill, would beg for delay. Festivals and family-meetings, baptisms, betrothals, and weddings, were destitute of all elegance; and such excesses prevailed in eating, and especially in drinking, that in 1644 an order was issued prohibiting such celebrations. At the marriage of Gustavus Adolphus, 177 awms of Rhine-wine were drunk, and 144 tuns of beer, besides other wines and spirits. Profane swearing was quite usual, even in high ranks, and among otherwise moral people—pervading even the most ordinary conversation; Christina herself being the most noted offender. Scuffles were of everyday occurrence, even among the court attendants, who used to throw glasses in each other's faces. The nobility were often most remarkable for a rudeness in life and manners, to which the long-continued war could not fail to contribute.

After the proclamation of peace, which was celebrated by Christina with public rejoicings, the States-general began again to press her on the subject of giving a king to Sweden, and now proposed her cousin Charles Augustus, the connection of which they had formerly been so jealous. In 1647, he had been appointed general-in-chief of the Swedish forces in Germany; he was brave and accomplished; he had been her playfellow in childhood, when she was wont in sport to call him her 'little husband'; he was the only suitor for whom she had a personal regard; she always treated him with favour and distinction, but had never uttered a word on which he could build any hope as a lover. When she was twenty-one, he ventured gently to remind her of her childish preference and promise; but she insisted that all should be forgotten that had passed between them, adding, however, that when she was twenty-five, she would declare her final resolution; and if she did not then marry him, she would not marry at all,

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and would take steps to secure his succession to the crown; to which he replied with much gallantry, that on any other terms than as her husband, he would reject the offered crown. She gaily rallied him on his romantic ideas; and when he would have gone on to protest, she stopped him, and said haughtily, that if he should die before the period named, it was sufficient honour for him that he had been thought worthy to aspire to the hand of so great a queen. So saying, she dismissed him. Puffendorf gives all this from a memorandum left by Charles himself; and Mathias and Count de la Gardie were present during the interview. Charles acted throughout with the most consummate dexterity, which probably would have succeeded with any other woman; but besides that Christina, unlike our Queen Elizabeth, never condescended to contemptible and absurd coquetry, she believed, probably with good reason, that the prince's affections were more pure and direct towards the throne than to her who sat on it; for when Constable Torstenson said to her, that the prince would never marry any one unless accepted by her majesty, she remarked sarcastically: 'Yes, the crown is a pretty girl.' When Mathias ventured to hint that the constitution of the kingdom obliged her to marry, he had to suffer a great outburst of wrath. 'Who upon earth,' she exclaimed, 'shall *oblige* me to do so, if I do it not of my own freewill?' Then admitting that the good of her kingdom was a powerful motive, to which she might one day yield, but would not be bound, she added: '*Nor heaven, nor earth shall force my will!*' Mathias remarked that all Europe had for years regarded the prince as her destined husband. She replied: 'What care I? When people are tired of talking about me and my affairs, they will find some other subject of conversation.' When pressed on another occasion on the score of giving an heir to the crown, she replied: 'It is just as likely I would be the mother of a Nero as an Augustus'—a likelihood which her enemies echoed, only substituting the next degree of comparison. At length the crown, by the constitution of Sweden, not being strictly elective, but the succession subject to the approval of the States, Christina having artfully eluded all expression of her intentions, suddenly declared Charles to be crown-prince of Sweden: the act was agreed to by the Diet, and signed in March 1650, the aged Oxenstiern weeping and protesting as he signed; for either his sagacity foresaw, or there had already, it is alleged, reached him rumours of the queen's intended final step of abdication.

The same year, the coronation of Christina was celebrated with prodigious pomp, the heralds proclaiming her, according to the fashion of the country, *king* of Sweden. Crowned with laurel, and sparkling with jewels, she paraded the streets seated in a car, drawn by four white horses, after the manner described by Plutarch; her treasurer marching before and scattering medals among the people. She was received at the entrance

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to the palace by the queen-mother, who had now returned to Sweden. But what most delighted the people was a triumphal car, which entered the arena during the sports, and moved along the whole length on hidden springs; also an artificial mountain, forty feet high, representing Parnassus, which glided, self-impelled, before the astonished multitude, having a company of musicians seated on its summit, habited as Apollo and the Muses, filling the air with sounds of harmony. As a memorial of the event, a lofty pyramid was erected, with an inscription on it, drawing largely on the credulity of the people, informing them, in classical parlance, that it was erected by the three Amazonian queens in honour of Christina. For the last two years, Christina had devoted herself to literature and science, to the neglect of the duties of government, which will account for the nature of the displays and the flatteries of her learning, which were pronounced in almost every language, at her coronation. She was now in correspondence with most of the learned men in Europe, and attracted to her court men of science, real or pretended philosophers, whose interest and practice it was to flatter her vanity of her new acquirements, causing her court to exhibit that mixture of scholastic pedantry and elaborate trifling so well ridiculed by Molière in his *Femmes Savantes*. The celebrated Grotius had been honoured by Gustavus Adolphus, and was afterwards, in the minority of Christina, her ambassador to France. She treated him with great distinction; and when, against her entreaties, he resigned his office, owing to failing health, she presented him with 12,000 crowns; and on his death, wrote a feeling letter to his widow, purchased his valuable library and manuscripts, and presented them to the university of Upsal. Since his death, Salmasius, the antagonist of Milton—a man whose learning Johnson says ‘exceeded all hope of human attainment,’ which he rendered vain by failing to apply it—and Vossius, the celebrated theologian and antiquary, were chiefly distinguished by Christina, and are considered to have exercised an evil influence on her, unsettling her religious opinions, and engaging her in vain metaphysical disputes. Both being men of bad lives, their moral influence was worse than the intellectual. Descartes, too, who had often boasted that he valued his liberty more than the smiles of the most powerful monarch, was won by the flatteries of Christina to visit her capital, where he died in four months—a beacon to all vain boasters to ponder the words, ‘let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.’ He had stipulated to be freed from court ceremonial, but the queen required his attendance in her library every morning at five. This exertion, and the coldness of the climate, threw him into a consumption. The single consolation he enjoyed—that of quietly conversing with and looking on the beauty of the Princess Palatine, the daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia—was denied him; and so haughtily resented by the queen, that the issue of his fatal malady was thereby hastened. On the most unworthy of her literary favourites, who

embroidered her court with their disputes, she lavished immense sums, in reward of their flattery, which degraded literature in the eyes of her simple rough Swedes. To gratify her whims, she would make grave and profound scholars play with her at battle-door and shuttlecock; and once made two famous Greek scholars perform a Greek dance for her amusement. What most deeply offended her people, however, was the partiality she shewed for a French physician called Bourdelot, an ignorant insolent quack, whose powers of pleasing consisted in singing little airs, and playing on the guitar, being knowing in the *cuisine* and in all sorts of perfumes. Having persuaded her that study would injure her health, she threw aside her books, and insulted the very men she had invited to her court. He ridiculed or slandered all who possessed her confidence, and was the cause of the disgrace of De la Gardie. Her mother remonstrated in vain, till at length the murmurs of her people could no longer be silenced, and she dismissed this creature, loaded with presents; but no sooner was he gone, than she ridiculed him in turn; and threw from her his first letter, saying: 'Fy, it smells of rhubarb!' and began now to call him her 'agréable ignorant.' During his influence, which lasted little more than a year, the rest of her former so-called learned favourites amused and revenged themselves by unmercifully pillaging her of great part of her curiosities and splendid library. Having little real taste, and no experience in art, she had been cheated to an incredible extent in medals, pictures, and sculptures. A story runs, that at the instigation of an antiquarian pedant, she offered 30,000 florins for a bronze medal of Otho; and she actually cut down some really valuable Italian pictures to fit the panels of one of her galleries.

For intrepidity and presence of mind, when sudden danger assailed, she was remarkable. Two instances in proof of this are recorded. Three years before her coronation, when attending divine service one day in the palace church, at the close of the sermon, when all had knelt down to prayer, a man pressed through the crowd, and entered the gallery where the queen sat, unobserved by all but Count Brahé, who called to the guards; which the queen hearing, she arose, and with the utmost composure, touched the chief guardsman, who was still on his knees. He sprung up and seized the man by the hair, when he was within two steps of Christina. He had one knife in his sleeve, ready to strike, and another in his pocket; and turned out to be a teacher in the Gymnasium, who had of late shewn symptoms of unsoundness of mind. The queen protected him from the popular rage, and desired him to be placed under proper restraint. On another occasion, when on her way to visit her fleet in the harbour, and passing along a plank from her barge to the vessel, Admiral Flemming, on whose arm she leaned, slipped and fell into the water, dragging his royal mistress after him by clinging to her dress. When extricated with difficulty by her equerry, she called out to

them to save the admiral, who had sunk ; and when he was afterwards loudly blamed for endangering her life, she excused him, on the plea of the strong instinct of self-preservation ; and added laughingly : ‘ You should rather praise than blame him, for he had certainly been drowned had he acted otherwise.’ She changed her dress, and dined in public as if nothing had happened. She was also the first to discover a fire which broke out in her own palace, and which lasted from six at night till three in the morning, consuming her suite of drawing-rooms, among other damage. She remained amidst the tumult, and nearly choked with smoke, till papers and valuables were as far as possible saved.

Since the Count de la Gardie had fallen into disfavour, the Oxenstierns had regained their former influence, and Bourdelot had been succeeded by the Spanish ambassador Pimentelli, a man as elegant and polished as the other was low and coarse. Being of insinuating manners and matchless political skill, the Spanish interests supplanted those of France ; and he is said to have fixed the wavering mind of the queen in favour of Roman Catholicism. At this period, all her duties seem to have become irksome to her. She who had formerly outwearied all by her devotion to business, could now scarcely be got to sign necessary state-papers. She would turn away from her secretary, and say to Prince Charles : ‘ Will you never deliver me from these people ? *Ce sont pour moi le diable !*’

During her short reign, the country had gained much in taste ; and many luxuries had been introduced and improvements effected. Several of the towns had been increased, and palaces had arisen in place of hovels ; great additions had been made to the royal palace, which was formerly of the most simple description, and the apartments provided with costly furniture ; services of silver were not only used in the palace, where tin had formerly sufficed at the wedding-feast of Gustavus, but Oxenstiern gave a banquet to Whitelocke, at which flourished a whole service of silver. While advances in taste and luxury told of outward improvement, the queen had suffered abuses to creep into the administration, and all her affairs were entangled ; her revenues were exhausted, and the crown-lands alienated by her profusion. Remonstrance was met by impatience ; she was at once jealous of her authority and weary of the restraints it imposed. She would plunge into a round of amusements, invent masques and ballets, in which she frequently performed a principal part. Once she performed the part of Amarantha in a pastoral, and then instituted the order of the ‘ Amarantha,’ which she bestowed on persons of both sexes in her court and on some of the foreign ambassadors. When not excited by such pastimes, she was moody and fretful—she sighed for the independence of a private station ; in southern climes, she might dream out an existence such as her beloved classic poets knew how to invest with every charm ; and having found, that to enact for a night the written drama only brought

satiety after it, she resolved to treat the world to a real drama, which would not only dazzle and confound the present, but all future generations.

When, in 1654, Christina first declared her intention of abdicating, it seemed so unlikely a step for a young woman of twenty-eight, fond of power and glory, her people were fain to regard it as a whim—a sort of threat to excite wonder, but which she would never put in execution. When she persisted in her declaration, the whole senate, with Oxenstiern at their head, remonstrated, but in vain. Prince Charles added his entreaties in a seemingly earnest and honest manner. All doubt was at an end when, in an assemblage of the States at Upsal, on the 21st of May, in an eloquent speech, in which she vaunted her own virtues and services to her people, she tendered her resignation, commending her successor to their loyalty and affection. The president of the senate, in the name of the nobles, the archbishop of Upsal, in that of the clergy, and the chief burgher, in the name of the citizens, severally made speeches of remonstrance. There then followed a scene, which is thus described in Whitelocke's Journal:—"In the last place, stepped forth the marshal of the boors, a plain country fellow, in his clouted shoon, and all other habits answerable, as all of the rest of the company were accoutred : this boor, without any congees or ceremonies at all, spake to her majesty, and his address was after this phrase : "O Lord God, madam, what do you mean to do? It humbles us to hear you speak of forsaking those who love you as well as we do ; can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countries, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get such another? If you should do it—as I hope you won't for all this—both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it; therefore my fellows and I pray you to think better on't, and keep your crown on your head ; then you will keep your own honour and our peace ; but if you lay it down, in my conscience, you will endanger all. Continue in your gears, good madam, and be the fore-horse as long as you live, and we will help you the best we can to bear your burden. Your father was an honest gentleman, and a good king, and very shining in the world, and we obeyed him and loved him as long as he lived ; and you are his child, and have governed us very well, and we love you with all our hearts ; and the prince is an honest gentleman, and when the time comes, we shall be ready to do our duties to him as we do to you. But as long as you live, we are unwilling to part with you ; and therefore I pray, madam, do not part with us." When the boor had ended his speech, he waddled up to the queen without any ceremony, took her by the hand, and shook it heartily, and kissed it two or three times ; then turning his back to her, he pulled out of his pocket a foul handkerchief, and wiped the tears from his eyes ; and in the same posture as he came up, he returned back to his place again.' Christina was equally unmoved by

homely as by studied eloquence. On the 6th of June following, she appeared in the hall of assembly for the last time as a sovereign. Clad in the royal mantle of blue velvet and ermine, embroidered all over with little gold crowns, the sceptre in her hand, and the crown on her head, she mounted her high silver throne, and having read the act of renunciation, she released her subjects from their oath of allegiance, and made a sign to Count Brahé to advance and remove the crown from her head. On his hesitating to do so, she took it off herself, and presented it to her successor, who received it kneeling, never wore it in her presence, and caused a medal to be struck representing this scene, with the inscription, 'I hold it from God and from Christina.' When she threw aside the royal mantle, it was seized, and torn in pieces by the multitude, each being anxious to obtain a portion as a relic.

With this strange outburst ended the popularity of the queen. The people at once began to discover in her abdication an abandonment of her duties; in her love of foreigners and foreign countries, a want of patriotism. Seeing the immense property she was carrying out of the kingdom in jewels, gold, and silver, and other articles of value, to the amount of some millions of crowns, their indignation was so great, that serious thoughts were entertained of arresting her, and forcing her either to reside in the kingdom, or to give up the pension assigned to her, and the rich treasures she was carrying off. Rumours of this intention having reached her, she changed her route in great alarm; refused the escort of armed vessels designed by Charles to convey her from the shores of Sweden; and set out so secretly, that her departure resembled a flight, her principal attendants even not knowing whither they were going. She scarcely breathed freely till she reached the frontiers, when she threw off all restraint; dismissed her women, retaining in her service only four gentlemen, two of whom were Count Dohna, her chamberlain, and Count Steinberg, her equerry, and a few inferior servants. She travelled on horseback, under a feigned name, and quitted her kingdom with childish delight, glorying in a freedom she was certain to find more irksome than the restraints from which she had escaped; for, from the grave defects in her character and education, she was still less fitted for private life than for wielding a sceptre. She had shewn no feeling on her departure, and no one regretted her. From Ebba Sparre, now the wife of Count Jacob de la Gardie, and whom she seems to have loved as well as she could love, she parted without a tear; as also from her mother, who was, we are told, 'sick with grief, mortification, and incessant weeping.' Old Chancellor Oxenstiern feigned illness, shut himself up, and would not assist at any of the ceremonies attending the abdication or coronation.

Christina, on her way to the Netherlands, took the route of Hamburg, where she resided for some days in the house of her banker, a rich Jew. The first considerable stay she made was in Antwerp, where she met the unfortunate Elizabeth, ex-queen of

Bohemia, who thus writes of her:—‘I saw the queen of Sweden at the play; she is extravagant in her fashion and apparel, but she has a good, well-favoured face, and a mild countenance.’ This from the sister of Charles, who, besides other reasons, could not be expected to judge favourably of the devoted admirer of Cromwell. Here also she met with her favourite hero Condé, of which interview Elizabeth writes:—‘The meeting betwixt the queen of Sweden and the Prince of Condé was to neither of their content, for he desired to be received as she received the archduke (Leopold, stadtholder of the Netherlands), which she refused, saying, she had done too much in that, and would do so no more; yet he came to see her *brusquement à l’improvist*, and did nothing but *railler* her in his talk, which put her so out, as she said almost not one word. This was the morning: after dinner she sent to know if he would see the play at night; he said he would obey her, but desired to know whether he should come known or as unknown; for if he came as Prince of Condé, he looked to have a *chaise-a-bras* as the archduke had. She said he had better come unknown: so he came; and she stood all the play *raillant* with *Monsieur Quito*, the prince’s favourite. The next day, the prince went to Brussels, neither of them well satisfied with the other.’ When the queen herself repaired to Brussels, she was received in great state by the archduke, although she seems to have been very distasteful to him; for Elizabeth says: ‘I believe the archduke wishes her at Antwerp, for she persecutes him very close with her company; and you know he is a very modest man.’ He seems to have lodged her for a time; for the queen of Bohemia, in her letters to Secretary Nicholas, from which we have quoted—to be seen in Evelyn’s Correspondence—thus concludes: ‘As for the archduke, he may thank God to be rid of the queen of Sweden, who is lodged at the Count of Egmont’s house in Brussels, where she stays all the winter.’ The day after her formal entrance into Brussels, on Christmas-eve, 1654, she made a private recantation of the Lutheran faith, and professed herself a convert to the Romish Church, in the presence of the archduke, the Spanish ambassador, the Count Montecuculi, and a few others. She afterwards heard mass, and received the communion. This act, though private, was celebrated publicly by balls, masquerades, and hunting-parties. Cardinal Mazarin sent a company of comedians from Paris, whose performances in French and Italian operas and plays greatly delighted Christina—rather a rare and novel way for a priest to do honour to such a solemnity, but more than solemn enough to match with the levity and impiety of her who is said, after receiving absolution from a Dominican father, to have uttered the words: ‘If there is a God, I shall be well caught.’ In a letter to Ebba Sparre, written at this time, she describes her occupations as consisting in ‘eating and sleeping well, studying a little, conversing, laughing, and witnessing French, Italian, and Spanish comedies.’ She then makes a strange perversion of the

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language of Solomon, adding: 'Every one ought to live content, eating, drinking, and singing.' When the archduke inquired what confessor or chaplain she had brought in her train, she carelessly replied, that in travelling from Sweden, she had got rid of all useless lumber. The Jesuits, several of whom had come to Stockholm after the Peace of Westphalia, and during the last two years, were said to have conversed much with her, and fixed to their faith the mind that had been set a-wandering by Bourdelot and Salmasius, wishing to believe in her sincerity, were willing now to make a saint of this illustrious proselyte, if she would have been dishonest enough to permit of it. One of them in preaching before her said: 'Your majesty shall hereafter be placed among the saints!' With a sarcastic smile, she said: 'I should like better to be placed among the sages!' This anecdote is curious as shewing that, although she delighted in the éclat of playing a part before mankind, she had no taste for others assisting her in it, which we would call a strange mixture of honesty and dishonesty, were it not that even while acting, she made no secret that it was all a trick, by which she was neither tricking mankind nor herself. Indeed, her conduct at this time, and for two years before her abdication, shews such mad levity and gratuitous recklessness, with such sudden changes of humour, spirits, and purpose, as, coming from a woman of undoubted talent, that we cannot but feel forced to the conclusion, that her intellects had become disordered.

The festivities at Brussels were scarcely ended, when news arrived of the death of the widow of the great Gustavus, and also that of the celebrated Oxenstiern, both, it is said, of a broken heart, in consequence of the queen's conduct; but we are disposed to receive most of such statements with reservation, seeing how much the human heart can endure without breaking, often destined to die many living deaths, and yet still to live on. The queen-dowager had been, it is said, 'cut to the heart by the indifference with which her daughter had parted from her, and refusing all comfort, fell into a languishing distemper, and expired.' Some of the laudatory lives of Christina recount that she was much affected on hearing of her mother's death. Oxenstiern is said to have died with the name of Christina on his lips, saying: 'Tell her she will repent of what she has done;' a message she received with a smile. She had repaid his services with ingratitude, had often vexatiously opposed to him men without talents and without character; but she was the daughter of the great Gustavus, the embodiment of the nation's glory, a glory she had now so tarnished! When news of the queen's conversion arrived in Stockholm, the first burst of the national indignation was vented on her old preceptor Mathias, who was accused of not having guarded the queen's mind against error. The accusation was unjust, but men are never just at such times: vain was every attempt at defence; he was disgraced, and deprived of his bishopric.

Had it not been for the king, to whom she wrote, appealing to his gratitude, the senate would have withdrawn the revenues granted her. She had by this time lavished all her ready money on players, parasites, and priests, and it was now time to quit Brussels, and proceed to Rome, agreeably to the most pressing invitations from the pope to take up her abode in that city. In her suite, amounting to nearly 200 persons, were now two ladies of honour, merely ornamental, however, for she never made use of their services, nor even noticed them. The men were chiefly Spaniards and Austrians, and there were only four Swedes of quality, two Jesuits, and a Dominican. At Augsburg, she is said to have shed tears when shewn the table at which her father dined after the victory which completed the conquest of Bavaria. At Innsprück, in presence of a number of the German nobility and some of the imperial archdukes, she made a grand public renunciation of the Protestant faith, and was received with great pomp and solemnity into the bosom of the Catholic Church—followed, as at Brussels, by banquets, balls, and comedies, and a general magnificence so dazzling, that she was constantly exclaiming in childish glee: '*O che bella! che bella!*' On the evening of the day in which she made her solemn profession in the cathedral, she was present at a comedy arranged expressly for her, which drew from her the remark: '*'Tis but fair that you should treat me to a comedy, after I have treated you to a farce!*' After a stay of eight days at Innsprück, she proceeded on her journey, and began to be received with greater honours the nearer she approached the Eternal City. On the 19th of December 1655, at seven in the evening, she entered Rome incognito, by the light of many torches, and with an escort of Swiss guards. She was conducted by two cardinals into the presence of his holiness, and after three low obeisances, she kissed his foot, and then his hand; after which she was seated in a chair of red velvet and gold. They then held a long and animated conversation together; and she was conducted to splendid apartments prepared for her in the Vatican, the library of which she visited next day; and after a few days spent in private felicitations, concerts, and visits exchanged with the pope, when all things were in readiness, she made a grand public entrance into Rome, seated on a white horse, presented to her by the pope, clad like an Amazon, having a cardinal on each side, and surrounded by all the principal nobility and clergy. Amidst discharges of artillery and to sound of trumpet, as if she had been a victorious empress, she traversed the streets, and entered St Peter's, which had been adorned with her arms and emblazoned with her deeds, where she was received by the pope, who testified his joy at her conversion; adding, that in heaven there would be still greater rejoicing. The Roman ladies seem to have been somewhat scandalised at her masculine attitude and attire; but on being told she had fought against the king of Denmark, they thought her Amazonian appearance quite suitable. After a second round of

festivities, she took up her abode in the Palazzo Farnese, and spent many months in inspecting the antiquities of Rome, becoming acquainted with the learned men, and visiting the various academies. One day, when loudly admiring a statue of Truth by the sculptor Fernini, one of the cardinals said to her: 'God be praised that your majesty loves the truth, which is often distasteful to persons of your rank.' 'I do not doubt it,' replied she; 'but all truths are not made of marble.'

Her letters to Ebba Sparre about this time exhibit a marked change of tone, indicating that in the midst of daily concerts, masquerades, and plays, she was beginning to feel that all was vanity, and to sigh, as the roughest and least loving and lovable of mankind will sometimes sigh, for quiet sympathy. She writes: 'Am I still as dear to you as I formerly was? or have I deceived myself in fancying I was dearer to you than any one else? Oh! if it be so, do not undeceive me, but leave me in the happy delusion, that I am beloved by the most amiable being in the world.' Poor Christina! We know not what was the reply, but the fact seems to be, that Ebba Sparre had never either loved or professed to love her, and had found her departure a relief. Christina soon began to be viewed with suspicion at Rome, caused by her levity of manner and freedom of language, also the contempt she shewed for the nobles and for women even of the highest rank. She embroiled herself with the pope by openly joining the Spanish party; a dangerous sickness also seizing her, she made use of this as an excuse for quitting Rome; and when the time of the malaris was approaching, she set out on a visit to Paris, in August 1656, having been invited thither by the French court. So low was she both in purse and credit, her pension from Sweden being as unpunctually as it was grudgingly paid, she was obliged to pawn her jewels to defray the necessary expenses of the journey. The Duke de Guise was sent to receive her, and her route seemed a triumphal procession, the honours due to a crowned head being accorded her. In the amusing Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, we have the following account of Christina, now in her thirtieth year:—'I had heard so much of her *bizarceries*, that I was afraid lest I should have laughed in her face; but though she astonished me beyond measure, it was not so as to provoke a smile.' She was of a small slight figure, a little deformed, with light eyes, an aquiline nose, a large mouth, fine teeth, and a very expressive countenance. Her dress was a short gray petticoat, laced with gold and silver; a flame-coloured doublet, also laced with gold; a lace cravat; and a black hat, with a plume of feathers.' She astonished this lady by throwing her legs over the arm of her chair, swearing and laughing loud, and even putting men out of countenance by her eccentric and audacious talk, in the midst of which she would have strange fits of absence, recovering as if from a dream. She made a public entrance into Paris, preceded by a body of 1000 cavalry, mounted, in male attire, on a superb

white charger, with pistols at her saddlebow, the Duke de Guise riding by her side. The people, who looked on her Amazonian appearance with wonder and admiration, rent the air with their shouts. She was conducted to Notre Dame, where *Te Deum* was performed, and thence to the Louvre, where she was splendidly lodged and entertained. This was the last time regal honours were publicly awarded her. At Chantilly she was met by Cardinal Mazarin; and here she gave an instance of her great penetration, by addressing Louis XIV., then only nineteen, who had mingled with the crowd, and been presented to her under a feigned name, as *mon frère*, but with no other designation of his quality. He was then timid in female society; but she exercised her powers of fascination, and they conversed with mutual pleasure. The court was then at Compeigne; and at her first interview with Anne of Austria, she is described as wearing a black wig, much disordered by the wind, and all awry on her head; her complexion was coarse and sun-burned; she had no gloves, and her hands were so dirty that the original colour could not be discerned; she wore a shirt and vest, and the same short gray petticoat, and held a riding-whip in her hand. The budding Grand Monarque actually took one of those dirty hands in his, and led her to table; and whatever may have been the amazement of the court at such a strange visitant, not only was there no expression of it, but all honours were paid, and the general opinion agreed with that of Madame Motteville, that after the first half hour, she 'could not help considering Christina with interest, and even with admiration.' On witnessing the French and Italian comedy, she laughed immoderately; loudly expressed her pleasure or disapprobation, so as to attract every wondering eye; and would sometimes retire to the back of the box and fall into a profound reverie, from which even the queen could not rouse her. Madame de Motteville says: 'She often sang in company as well as dreamed; was unequal in mood and free in talk, as well on religion as on other subjects calling for modesty in her sex; she swore; never remained long in the same place; and in presence of the king, queen, and court, put up her legs on the seats. In spite of her strange appearance and stranger habits, she always sustained her dignity, could not be approached familiarly, and seemed everywhere mistress.' She left Paris in November, all her triumphs now at an end, in a hired carriage with but few attendants, her costs through France defrayed by the king. An absurd report ran that she had wished to captivate Louis, but it never gained general credence. On her return to Rome, she felt so much the absence of all demonstration, and the evident indifference towards her, that, sighing for the quieties of France, she found pretexts—amongst others, that of witnessing a ballet in which Louis himself was to dance—for repeating her visit, and arrived at Fontainebleau in October 1657, vainly expecting a renewal of the former honours, and not yet alive to the truth, that she was no longer a novelty, or how largely her

eccentricities and conversion had contributed to the general wonder and admiration. She now appeared in 'an old worn-out vehicle, an old yellow petticoat, an old red jacket, and a dirty hood,' and was attended by Chevalier Santinelli, *called* the captain of her guards, and the Marquis Monaldeschi, her chamberlain. She took up her quarters in the palace of Fontainebleau, and there committed that strange and mysterious deed of horror at which the whole of Europe stood aghast.

Monaldeschi, her chamberlain, an Italian of good family, had long stood high in Christina's favour, and had been intrusted by her with the most important affairs, of what nature has never been explained, or her reasons for beginning to doubt his fidelity. She now watched his every motion, opened his letters, discovered his treachery, of which, when she hinted to him that some one was playing false, he accused another. She then said to him: 'What does such a traitor deserve?'

The marquis replied: 'Death on the spot; and I am willing either to inflict or endure it, for it is only an act of justice.'

'Good!' said she; 'and remember your words, for I promise you I will not pardon him.' She then sent for the prior of the convent of the Holy Trinity, Père le Bel, and telling him that she demanded from him the secrecy of his order, put into his hands a sealed packet, which he was to return to her at the time and place she should require. Meantime, the suspicions of Monaldeschi were awakened by the non-arrival of his letters; he began to wear a coat-of-mail, and seemed to contemplate flight. Four days after she had spoken to the prior, on the 10th of November, she summoned Monaldeschi into her presence. He came, pale and trembling; but at first she spoke on indifferent subjects. Soon, however, the prior entered, as she had appointed, and by another door, Santinelli, with two armed men, and the doors were instantly secured. She then asked the prior for the packet, and held it up to Monaldeschi, asking him, in a loud and angry tone, if he knew it. At first, he denied it, and maintained it was her own writing. She then brought forth the originals. After some vain subterfuges, he threw himself at her feet, and begged for forgiveness, confessing that he had pronounced his own death-sentence. The armed men now drew their swords; Monaldeschi continued his abject entreaties that the queen would listen to his justification. The scene had lasted more than an hour, when Christina, with the utmost calmness said to the prior: 'I go, and leave this man in your hands: prepare him for death.' They then both threw themselves at her feet, and begged that his punishment might be banishment for life. She replied, it was better to die than live without honour, and renewed her reproaches for his treachery. She then departed with the words: 'God shew mercy to you as I have shewn justice.' While the men stood over him with drawn swords, Santinelli, moved to pity, went out to intercede for the wretched man. The prior also again supplicated the queen

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with tears, and by the wounds of the Saviour, to have mercy, but in vain. Some writers say that Monaldeschi, still unable to believe that the queen would carry out her purpose, refused to confess himself, till she, ridiculing his cowardice, coolly said: 'Give him a stab, to shew him I am in earnest!' and that he received two wounds before confessing; but the story is too atrocious for belief. Others say he defended himself to the last with the strength of despair. It is time to draw a veil over this scene of horror. The body was interred, by desire of the queen, in the convent of the Trinity, and she gave 200 francs for masses for his soul.

On hearing of this signal violation of all law, justice, and humanity, the king, not feeling himself entitled to demand a justification which Christina, in virtue of her divine right as queen, did not condescend to offer, requested that she would not appear in Paris for some time. She remained in seclusion for two months at Fontainebleau, and was then invited to celebrate the carnival in Paris; but she was so ill received, that she saw it meet to make a speedy departure. On her return to Rome, there was still a display of respect to cover the general distrust; but from this moment there was no more liberty for her there, for the pope appointed as comptroller of her household Cardinal Azzolini, a subtle Italian, who was to be a spy on all her actions, and so completely overreached her, that false as he was, he retained her confidence to the end. On state occasions, to avoid being eclipsed by the Italian nobles, she would pledge her jewels and plate; to prevent which, and make her still more subject, the pope gave her a yearly allowance of 12,000 crowns, which, however, scarcely lessened the labour of Azzolini in settling their continual disputes.

In 1660, died Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, in the flower of his age, and midst dreams of warlike glory, leaving as sole heir an infant son in waning health. Christina instantly set out for Sweden, leaving her affairs in the hands of Azzolini. Her pretext was to demand the more punctual payment of her revenue; but there can be no doubt her real object was the resumption, if possible, of the crown. At Hamburg, she met with the celebrated Algernon Sydney, who thus writes in the *Sydney Papers*: 'She is thought to have great designs, of which every one judges according to their humour. Some think she will pretend to the crown; others, that she will be contented with the regency; and there doth not want those that say, that she is employed from Rome to sow dissensions in Sweden. I have conversed a great deal with her, and do not believe a word of all this.' Another signal proof, coming from such a man—if proof were yet wanting—of her immense power of pleasing and of dissimulating. He adds, however: 'Though all the principal persons of the senate owe their fortunes to her, no man can undertake that she may not pass the rest of her life in some castle in Sweden.' Great, indeed, were the excitement, fear, and jealousy, when her approach became known. No sooner had she passed the frontiers, than every step

was watched; she was forced to send back to Hamburg all her foreign attendants, including her confessor, and to hear mass in the chapel of the French Embassy. The payment of her pension she was obliged to receive as a favour, after signing a second renunciation of the crown; and she was required either to renounce the Romish faith or quit the kingdom. Parival says, that with tears and clasped hands she sued for her rights, as she termed them. One day when the clergy were remonstrating with her on her change of religion, and her attempt to have mass said in the royal palace, the old archbishop of Upsal enlarged on the intrigues of the pope, and how he would wish to destroy them all both body and soul, she replied: 'I know him better: he would not give four thalers for all your souls.' After a seven months' stay, she was constrained to depart, with what inward mortification and bitter repentance may be conceived, and spent a whole year in Hamburg, in the laboratory of the alchemist and the pursuit of the philosopher's-stone. In 1662, she returned to Rome, and enjoyed the triumph of seeing the pope humbled by France; but unable to remain at rest, she again left that city in 1666, and proceeded to Hamburg, whence she sent a memorial to the Swedish Diet, desiring permission to reside in the kingdom as a private individual. When she received the answer, she had advanced as far as Norköping; but on seeing the nature of the document, in which there was an implied accusation of treason, severe allusions to the murder of Monaldeschi, an affected belief that she was a tool in the hands of the pope, a decree against her residing in any of the Swedish dominions but Pomerania, or approaching the court of the young king, concluding with a cutting remark on the tendency of the family of Vasa to grow cruel and tyrannical as they grew old, she instantly left the place, and returned to Hamburg. Her old favourite, La Gardie, is said to have been among the most bitter against her, and to have boasted, that on her former visit he had made her tremble. At Hamburg, she gave a grand banquet, followed by a lyrical ballet, founded on the *Jerusalem Delivered*, in which she took the part of Armida. A gleam of good-fortune now came to cheer her. News arrived of the death of the pope, and the election of her friend Clement IX., which she celebrated by a grand fête, illuminated her palace, and exhibited a transparency of the Romish Church trampling heresy under her feet; which so exasperated the good Protestant citizens, that they broke her lamps and windows, and nearly pulled down her palace, herself escaping with difficulty. She took all in perfect good-humour, and sent 2000 crowns to the sufferers in the affray.

In 1667, the elective throne of Poland had become vacant; and as Christina was among the most eager competitors for it, her hopes were now raised to a high pitch, owing to the important aid she expected to receive from Rome, whither she returned in November 1668, when the affair was still pending. Sanguine and active, she was indulging in old visions of despotic rule, and

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of leading in person a Polish army, when Clement IX. died, to the no less regret of the Romans than of Christina; for with him died her hopes of the crown of Poland. She intrigued in vain to raise her friend Conti to the papal chair, the successful candidate being an old man of eighty, who loved ease, and had no other passion than avarice. Christina now resumed her studious habits, and spent the next few years in collecting works of art, making experiments in chemistry, corresponding with learned men and societies, and sometimes interfering in the political intrigues of the continent. Seeing she had given up all thoughts of returning to Sweden, her revenues were more regularly paid, and she was thus enabled to maintain some state, her retinue amounting to nearly 400 persons. She may almost be called the founder of the celebrated Academy of the Arcadia, which took its rise from the meetings in her palace. She fostered the genius of astronomers and poets; and if the latter sung her praises rather too warmly, it is a fault we are inclined to reckon among the virtues, just as we include ingratitude among the unpardonable sins. She raised the poet Filicaja from the depths of poverty, loaded him with benefits, and educated his family; and when he became one of the first lyric poets of Italy, we admire him all the more that he employed his genius in immortalising his munificent patroness.

We next find Christina embroiled with a new pope. The foreign ambassadors and their suites had, from ancient times, enjoyed certain privileges, which had gradually extended so far beyond their residences that the ends of justice were frustrated, there being no less than two-thirds of the city in which criminals could not be arrested. The pope resolved no longer to suffer this abuse; and after long negotiations, the different powers gave way, the privileges to be henceforth confined to their residences and the persons of their suites. One day, however, a criminal, who had been seized by the *shirri*, escaped, and took shelter in a stable attached to the queen's palace. It was locked, but he clung to the chain with the strength of despair, though they put a cord round his neck, and he was on the eve of strangulation. The noise of the affray reached the ears of Christina, who was in her chapel; and she instantly ordered Landini, now captain of her guards, to rescue the man, and cut down the officers of justice if they resisted her will. The *shirri* sunk on their knees, and resigned their victim, who was led in triumph by the populace, who kept shouting: '*Viva la Regina.*' The pope complained of the insult offered to his authority; the queen, of that to her dignity and the violation of her precincts. The pope desired his treasurer to write demanding that Landini and his companions should be delivered up to justice; to which Christina replied in a letter become famous for its pith and brevity: 'To dishonour yourself and your master is then termed justice in your tribunal? I pity and despise you now, but shall pity you more when you become cardinal. Take my word, that those whom you have condemned to death, shall live, if it please

God, some time longer; and if they should die by any other hand than His, they shall not fall alone.' It was not till after her death that the pope succeeded in abolishing these abuses. He had met his match. In everything she foiled him, abetted as she was by the French ambassador. She went about with her suite armed. When one of the cardinals reminded her it was the pope she was defying, she replied: 'What if he be a pope? I will make him know that I am a queen.' One warm day, when she had paraded the streets with her armed servants, the two offenders especially conspicuous, he sent her some fine fruit from his garden on Monte Cavallo, with a polite message. She thanked him, but added: 'Do not let the pope imagine that he can lull me to sleep with his feigned courtesies!' At length, determined to carry his point, he excommunicated the French ambassador, and withdrew Christina's pension, to which she only said: 'Tell him that I have accepted his benefits as a penance inflicted on me by the hand of God, and I thank him for having removed from me such a subject of shame and humiliation.'

A traveller who saw her at this period—when she was about sixty—thus describes her. 'She had discarded the doublet; the black wig, the laced cravat with its knot of scarlet ribbons; and her attire, though scarcely more becoming to her sex, was more suitable to her age. She was usually habited in a coat or vest of black satin, reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned down the front; under this, a very short petticoat. Her own light-brown hair, once so beautiful and luxuriant, was cut short, and combed up so as to stand on end, without covering or ornament. She was very short, fat, and round; her voice, features, and complexion completely masculine, and in no respect agreeable. Her eyes, however, retained their brilliance, and her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes.' Of her own appearance and feelings as to the approach of old age, she writes to a French lady: 'I am not grown handsomer since you saw me—far from it; and I am still as ill satisfied with my own person as ever. I envy not those who possess fortune, dominions, treasures, but would fain raise myself above all mortals by wisdom and virtue; and that is what makes me discontented. *Au reste*—I am in good health, which will last as long as it pleases God. I have an extreme aversion to grow old, and hardly know how I shall get used to the idea. If I had had my choice between old age and death, I think I should have chosen the latter without hesitation. But since we are not consulted on this point, I shall resign myself to live on with as much pleasure as I can. Death, which I see approaching step by step, does not alarm me. I await it without a wish and without a fear.'

Bishop Burnet visited Rome in 1687, and she seems to have been very facetious with the bustling, learned prelate: she told him she had now become one of the *antiquities* of Rome. She said to him: 'Providence had need have a special care of this Holy See of ours; for since I have lived here, I have seen four popes, and (with an

oath) all fools and blockheads.' Christina was a great patroness of music, and even in Sweden had some of the best Italian musicians in her service; and the first theatre for operas in Rome was erected in 1671, partly under her auspices. Dr Burney says: 'The year 1680 is rendered memorable to musicians by the opera of *L'Onesta d'Amore*. . . . This early production of Scarlatti was performed in the palace of the queen of Sweden.' This elegant and original composer, the founder of the Neapolitan school of music, and the precursor of Handel and Purcell, always remembered her with the most lively gratitude. She had a perfect passion for medals, and once contemplated giving a history of her life in a series of these, the designs by herself. Nearly one hundred were indeed engraved, the last of which has her head on one side, a bird of paradise on the other, soaring far above land, sea, and clouds, with an Italian inscription thus translated: 'I was born, have lived, and will die free.' When sitting to Dahl, the Swedish painter, she asked him what he intended to put in her hand. 'A fan, please your majesty.' 'A fan!' she exclaimed, starting up with a tremendous oath—'a fan!—A lion, man! a lion is fitter for the queen of Sweden!' One day, when she was laughing and talking during mass, the pope, as a gentle rebuke, sent her his own rosary. Her reply was a vulgar Italian expression, signifying that she had not become a Catholic to tell her beads.

It appears that in her last days, wearied of her standing dispute with the pope, she had entered into negotiations with the view of erecting for herself an independent principality in Germany; but the hand of death arrested her, and a malignant fever, with which, from her naturally strong constitution, she struggled hard, twice recovering after she had been given over, at length carried her off on the 19th of April 1689, aged sixty-three years and four months. In her last moments, she sent to solicit pardon of the pope for her offences against himself; and he, apparently, as forgiving as she was humble, sent her a plenary absolution for all her sins. Azzolini drew up a will, by which, with the exception of a few legacies, he was made sole heir to her property, amounting to about L.500,000 of our money. Her medals and antiques, the finest in the world, were purchased by the Odescalchi family; her books and manuscripts, by a future pope, and they are now to be seen in the library of the Vatican. The pope had offered her 60,000 Roman crowns for the pictures hung in her presence-chamber. Pictures once belonging to her, now adorn the walls of Stafford House, the Bridgewater Gallery, and the National Gallery. The funeral was celebrated with great pomp in the Church of St Peter, the pope officiating, all the cardinals and chief nobility assisting at the ceremony. She had desired that her only epitaph should be these words: *Vixit Christina anni LXIII.* (Christina lived 63 years); but there is said to be a long Latin inscription on the cenotaph in St Peter's, erected to her memory by Cardinal Albani. Cardinal Azzolini died three months after Christina, and

thus derived no personal advantage from his vast inheritance, Christina left behind her several works in manuscript, some of which were lost, and a great collection of letters. Arckenholtz published her *Reflections on the Life and Character of Alexander the Great*. She left some maxims, after the manner of Rochefoucauld, a few of which we give.

'Fools are more to be feared than the wicked.

Whatever is false is ridiculous.

There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.

We should never speak of ourselves either good or evil.

There is a star above us, which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

Life becomes useless and insipid, when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

We grow old more through indolence than through age.

The Salique law, which excludes women from the throne, is a just and a wise law.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and cowardice.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

To speak truth, and to do good, is to resemble, in some sort, the deity we worship.'

The fragment of her autobiography—a late thought, which she did not live to complete—is solemnly dedicated to the Author of her being, 'as having been, by His grace, the most favoured of all His creatures.' She thanks Him for having made subservient to His glory and to her happiness, the vigour of her mind, the possession of health, fortune, royal birth, greatness, and all that could result from an assemblage of noble and admirable qualities. To have made her absolute sovereign over the bravest and most glorious nation of the earth, was, she says, assuredly the least of her obligations to Him, since, after having bestowed upon her all these blessings, He had called her to the glory of making the most perfect sacrifice of all her fortune, her greatness, and her splendour, for His sake, and greatly restoring what He had so graciously lent her. She then gives a list of her faults, which she says she had the power to dissemble, but did not take pains to correct. 'I was distrustful, suspicious, ambitious to an excess. I was choleric and hasty, proud and impatient, scornful and sarcastic.' She says she had many other faults, which she passes over in silence, only with this complacent remark, 'because there is nothing perfect in this world.'

Christina prided herself much on her prophetic powers, and on her vast penetration; on that acute spirit of calculation as to the springs of human action, and the necessary results, to which she gave the name of 'terrestrial astrology.' It was one of her maxims, 'Terrestrial astrology is better than celestial.' In a letter to Olivekraus, she says: 'Without being an astrologer, I predicted

everything that has happened to the king of England; and the affair of the persecution of the Huguenots of France, has been the last fatal blow to this poor prince, who, too much of a bigot, and too little of a politician, has brought about his own ruin, by allowing himself to be governed by the cursed race of Jesuits and monks, who always spoil everything they meddle with.' She saw in Cromwell another Gustavus Vasa, and loved to compare him with her great ancestor; and ridiculed the pomposity and laborious trifling of Louis XIV., at a time when he was either feared or lauded and deified by the whole of Europe; and Cromwell, on the other hand, scorned and vilified, denied even the possession of talent necessary for the maintenance of his usurpation. Then at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the sage and grave Chancellor Le Tellier exultingly left the presence of his master, after receiving his signature to the fatal deed, and before the ink was dry, devoutly pronounced the *Nunc dimittis*; when the easy, pleasant, and humane Madame de Sévigné was writing to her frigid, ungrateful daughter, in high delight at the news, saying how fine a thing it was, compared to which no king had ever done or ever could or would do aught so memorable; when the highest masters were profaning their sacred, divine-lent talent—one drawing pictures of hideous forms flying at sight of the chalice, another representing the writings of Huss and Calvin, with an enormous bat covering them over—Christina could proudly say: 'I remonstrated against all this;' and her admirable letters to Louis himself, and to the Chevalier Terlon, are still extant, to attest the clearness, the policy, and the humanity of her views. When misery and wretchedness followed—when many districts of France were nearly depopulated—when, in one silk-mill, the number of workers was reduced from 700 to 70, and other manufactories in nearly the same proportion—while, scared and terrified at the appalling effects of their own work, the very men who had shouted and exulted, and led the van in the dire work of persecution, were, many of them, sheltering the wretched Protestants, and assisting them to escape from the fair land of their birth, carrying industry and prosperity to many a barren spot, now to blossom and triumph over desolate France—again Christina could lift her voice and say: 'I foretold all this.' We are glad to give this testimony to her moderation and her prescience, saddened, however, by the regret, that those qualities did not extend to, or, rather, begin with her own conduct and the regulation of her own affairs. Wonder, however, we do not, seeing that the wisdom even of the wisest of men is too often exercised exclusive of themselves—so rare is the combination of coolness and insight, the faculty, or the willingness to use it, of seeing as clearly with the eyes of others as with their own. Passion, prejudice, or what we think to be our own interest, first settles the matter; then comes the mock-trial at which the judgment performs no higher part than that of a

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suborned witness. A fresh, untutored, even unsound mind, nay, a child, may thus pronounce a better sentence for us than we can for ourselves. Now, Christina we hold to have been of decidedly unsound mind; not of that description of unsoundness which freed her from responsibility, but which, leaving her still among 'the unconfined,' rendered her dangerous both to herself and others. In her very soberest moments, her character abounded in the most unexampled contradictions; and when her passions were excited, she made a total wreck of reason and humanity. She saw into every inconsistency, and yet was inconsistent to the last degree. She left a maxim against egotism, and was the greatest egotist of her day. She was honest and open to a fault, reckless of appearances and in giving of offence; her frankness startling and abashing mankind, her audacity causing them to tremble; and yet from the meanest and most paltry motives, and to serve the most petty ends, she would pursue for weeks and months a steady, sure, and skilfully-laid train of dissembling, in which she, the most impatient of human beings, exhibited all the patience we are wont to ascribe to those who have attained an entire mastery over their passions. She could shew the greatest magnanimity, could forgive the offender and raise the fallen; with untiring benevolence she could foster genius, and minister to the necessities of the poor; and yet she was cruel and revengeful, standing like a vulture over its prey, and quite as impervious to pity. She could receive Jesuits at her court, and send to Spain for others still more famous for skill in controversy; hold long and deep converse with them, affect to be convinced by their arguments, and profess to be guided by their principles; then act out the whole trick of her conversion, in which she neither deceived herself nor the world: and afterwards, when boasting of her insight and the fulfilment of her prophecies, she could unceremoniously set them aside as 'a cursed race who spoil everything they meddle with.' Not that her insight had not its bounds. We say nothing of her being duped by an impudent, ignorant quack like Bourdelot, for that was only for a time; but to the very last, the false and subtle Azzolini ruled her by a system of such matchless duplicity, the very perfection of the art, bowing and cringing and ensnaring, ruling her absolutely, while she imagined she ruled, that she continued to regard him as one of the first of men, and spoke of him as greater than Oxenstiern, who, with open front and honest heart, had spoken the truth to her, who had borne with all her ingratitude, and wept bitter tears when he put his hand to that deed which placed it beyond his power to serve her longer.

There is a curious old book, published some two centuries ago, called *The History of the Sacred and Royal Majesty of Christina Alessandra Queen of Swedland; with the Reasons of her late Conversion to the Roman Catholique Religion; as also a Relation of the several Entertainments given her by divers Princes in her Journey to Rome, with her magnificent Reception into that City*—written

evidently by a devout Catholic, desirous of doing all honour to so illustrious a convert. There is much amusing prolixity in describing her great devoutness, and the wearisome ceremonies it was necessary to go through on the way. We are told, that when she got beyond the Swedish boundaries, 'she was taken with a plurisy, or stitch in her breast, which forced her to stay eight daies;' that when she heard at Brussels of the death of her mother, 'she quickly retired to a house without Bruxells, called Tervoren, and remained there three weeks, to divert her afflictions, returning thence afterwards to the city, where all did condole with her majestie; she likewise put on mourning in her mind, depriving it of all recreation and pasetime;' that at Cullen (Cologne), where 'she was welcomed by all the canon on the walls,' there also 'the magistrates gave her the accustomed present of twenty-five great bottles of wine, which the queen caused to be given to the Carmelite discalceat nuns, together with other almes, the effects of her generous piety:' in another place, 'the magistrates presented the queen with fish, wine, and oats—presents usually made to all princes and great persons, by the imperial cities of Germany.' We are told how Holstenius, and Father Malines, the Jesuit, were despatched by the pope to meet the queen at Innsprück, and the letter of His Holiness is faithfully given: 'To Our most dear Daughter in Christ, Christina, the illustrious Queen of Swedland;' and concluding, 'given at Rome at St Maries the greater, under the seal of the Fisher,' &c. And then how 'the queen very reverently received it, and with a modest blush, shewed evident signs of the joy in her heart.' Then follows an account of the public profession made by Christina in this city, at which 'the queen was cloathed in a gown of black silk, very plain, and without any ornament but a crosse of five faire and rich diamonds at her breast;' and how 'Father Standacter, a Jesuit preacher, made a sermon in Dutch, so elegant, learned, and so fit for that action, that it ravisht the affections and applauses of all;' and how 'the *Te Deum* was accompanied by the roaring of above fifty pieces of artillery, many mortar-pieces, and an infinite number of muskets, as likewise with the ringing of the bells.' At the church of St Dominique, in Bologna, 'she beheld the five books of Moses, written in Hebrew in thin leather by the prophet Esdras, and read some of the words.' At Ancona, she saw 'the tip of the iron of the lance which opened the side of the Lord Jesus; the right foot of St Anne, the mother of the most glorious Virgin Mary; and the queen kneeled before them, and kissed them with great devotion.' At Loretto, this devotion reached its height. 'As soon as she discovered the top of the holy house, she alighted out of her litter, and kneeling with very great devotion, kissed often the ground, then returned into her litter, going on to the bending of the mountain, when afterwards she alighted again, and walked to the church.' Here she completed her renunciation of all the pomps and vanities of the world, by laying down 'at the feet of

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

the holy image her crown and her royal scepter, empailed with jewels of great value.'

We are not here to account for the discrepancies of authors. We think we have fairly represented the character and career of Christina. She has been charged with gross immorality; we are inclined to think without reason. It is easy to imagine how such a charge should arise; difficult, indeed, to see how she could escape it. Her strange recklessness and waywardness—her unwomanly ways, manners, and language—all she did, and all she left undone, formed one of those unaccountable medleys to which the vulgar must add a climax, in their uneasy, restless dislike to everything that is mysterious. Her desertion of her people when they were still willing to have her rule over them, even after she had begun to be negligent of their interests; her open contempt for her own sex, and the sums she lavished on unworthy objects, would naturally sharpen the imaginations of many to recount wonderful stories after her departure, which had no previous existence or foundation. Many zealous Protestants, also, must have been too seriously offended by her change of faith, to deal out even-handed justice to her. But when, on the other hand, we find Catholic authors, in their natural exultation over a distinguished convert, not only concealing the worst of her eccentricities, and clipping her down into the shape of an ordinary mortal, but proceeding thereafter to dress her up in the garb of a saint, we are entitled to demur. She will ever remain a striking example of the worse than uselessness of great talents, high station, and splendid opportunities, without that sobriety of mind, that steadiness of walk, that appropriation and application, and well-measured use of great gifts, which can alone render those available.



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